

antique looking box left round and
dated Oct 21. 1679 - Last Page









The Hon^{ble} S^r Robert Howard

FIVE NEW PLAYS,

VIZ.

The { Surprisal,
Committee, } Comedies.

AND

The { Indian-Queen,
Vestal-Virgin, } Tragedies.
Duke of Lerma, }

As they were Acted by His MAJESTY's
Servants at the *Theatre-Royal*.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

The Second Edition Corrected.

London,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be Sold by
R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet.

M DC XCII.

PR
3517
.43
1692
GENERAL

06-23231143

5/3/2005

13045 002

475.00

TO THE READER.

There is none more sensible than I am, how great a Charity the most Ingenious may need, that expose their private Wit to a publick Judgment; since the same Phancy from whence the Thoughts proceed, must probably be kind to its own Issue: This renders Men no perfecter Judges of their own Writings, than Fathers are of their own Children; who find out that Wit in them which another discerns not, and see not those Errors which are evident to the unconcern'd. Nor is this self-kindness more fatal to Men in their Writings, than in their Actions; every Man being a greater Flatterer to himself than he knows how to be to another; otherwise it were impossible that things of such distant Natures shou'd find their own Authors so equally kind in their affections to them, and Men so different in Parts and Virtues, should rest equally contented in their own Opinions.

This Apprehension, added to that greater which I have of my own Weakness, may I hope incline the Reader to believe me, when I assure him that these Follies were made publick as much against my Inclination as Judgment: But being pursu'd with so many Sollicitations of Mr Herringman's, and having receiv'd Civilities from him, if it were possible, exceeding his Importunities; I at last yielded to prefer that which he believ'd his Interest, before that which I apprehended my own Disadvantage: Considering withal, That he might pretend it would be a real Loss to him, and could be but an imaginary Prejudice to me; since things of this nature, though never so excellent or never so mean, have seldom prov'd the Foundation of Mens new-built Fortunes, or the Ruine of their old; it being the Fate of Poetry, though of no other good Parts, to be wholly separated from Interest; and there are few that know me but will easily believe I am not much concern'd in an unprofitable Reputation. This clear account I have given the

To the Reader.

Reader of this seeming Contradiction, to offer that to the World which I dislike my self; and in all things I have no greater an ambition than to be believ'd a Person that would rather be unkind to my self, than ungrateful to others.

I have made this excuse for my self, I offer none for my Writings, but freely leave the Reader to condemn that which has receiv'd my Sentence already. Yet I shall presume to say something in the justification of our Nation's Plays, though not of my own; since in my Judgment, without being partial to my Country, I do really prefer our Plays as much before any other Nations, as I do the best of ours before my own.

The manner of the Stage-Entertainments have differ'd in all Ages; and as it has increas'd in use, it has enlarg'd it self in business: The general manner of Plays among the Ancients we find in Seneca's Tragedies for serious Subjects, and in Terence and Plautus for the Comical; in which latter we see some pretences to Plots, though certainly short of what we have seen in some of Mr Johnson's Plays; and for their Wit, especially Plautus, I suppose it suited much better in those days than it would do in ours; for were their Plays strictly Translated, and Presented on our Stage, they would hardly bring as many Audiences as they have now Admirers.

The serious Plays were anciently compos'd of Speeches and Chorusses, where all things are related, but no matter of Fact presented on the Stage: This Pattern the French do at this time nearly follow, only leaving out the Chorus, making up their Plays with almost entire and discursive Scenes, presenting the business in Relations: This way has very much affected some of our Nation, who possibly believe well of it more upon the account that what the French do, ought to be a Fashion, than upon the Reason of the thing.

It is first necessary to consider why probably the Compositions of the Ancients, especially in their serious Plays, were after this manner; and it will be found, that the Subjects they commonly chose drove them upon the necessity, which were usually the most known Stories and Fables: Accordingly, Seneca making choice of Medea, Hippolytus, and Hercules Oetus; it was impossible to shew Medea throwing old mangled Aeson into her Age-renewing Caldron, or to present the scattered Limbs of Hippolytus

upon

To the Reader.

upon the Stage, or shew Hercules burning upon his own Funeral Pile : And this the Judicious Horace clearly speaks of in his Arte Poetica, where he says,

non tamen intus
Digna gerit promes in Scenam : multaq; tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet :
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus,
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunq; ostendit mihi sic, incredulus odi.

So that it appears a fault to chuse such Subjects for the Stage, but much greater to affect that Method which those Subjects enforce ; and therefore the French seem much mistaken, who without the necessity sometimes commit the Error ; and this is as plainly decided by the same Author in his preceding words ;

Aut agitur res in Scenis aut acta refertur :
Segnus irritant animos demissa per aurem ;
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator,-----

By which he directly declares his Judgment, That every thing makes more impression Presented than Related : Nor indeed can any one rationally assert the contrary ; for if they affirm otherwise, they do by consequence maintain, That a whole Play might be as well Related as Acted : Therefore whoever chuses a Subject that enforces him to Relations, is to blame ; and he that does it without the necessity of the Subject, is much more.

If these Premises be granted, 'tis no partiality to conclude, That our English Plays justly challenge the Preheminence ; yet I shall as candidly acknowledge, That our best Poets have differed from other Nations (though not so happily) in usually mingling and interweaving Mirth and Sadness through the whole Course of their Plays, Ben Johnson only excepted, who keeps himself entire to one Argument ; and I confess I am now convinc'd in my own Judgment, That it is most proper to keep the Audience in one entire disposition both of Concern and Attention ; for when Scenes of so different Natures immediately succeed one another, 'tis probable the Audience may not so suddenly recollect themselves, as to start into an enjoyment of the Mirth, or into a concern for the Sadness : Yet I dispute not but the Variety of this World may afford pursuing

To the Reader.

ing Accidents of such different Natures ; but yet though possible in themselves to be, they may not be so proper to be Presented ; an entire Connexion being the natural Beauty of all Plays, and Lan-
guage the Ornament to dress them in, which in serious Subjects ought to be great and easie, like a high-born Person that expresses Greatness without pride or affectation ; the easier dictates of Na-
ture ought to flow in Comedy, yet separated from obsceneness, there being nothing more impudent than the immodesty of Words :
Wit should be chaste ; and those that have it can only write well.

Si modo-----

Scimus in Urbanum Lepidose ponere dicto.

Another way of the Ancients which the French follow, and our Stage has now lately practis'd, is to write in Rhime ; and this is the dispute betwixt many Ingenious Persons, Whether Verse in Rhime, or Verse without the sound, which may be called Blank Verse, (though a hard Expression) is to be preferred ? But take the Question largely, and it is never to be decided, but by right application I suppose it may ; for in the general they are both proper, that is, one for a Play, the other for a Poem or Copy of Verses ; a Blank Verse being as much too low for one, as Rhime is unnatural for the other : A Poem being a premeditated form of Thoughts upon design'd Occasions, ought not to be unfurnish'd of any harmony in Words or Sound : The other is presented as the present Effect of Accidents not thought of ; so that 'tis impossible it should be equally proper to both these, unless it were possible that all Persons were born so much more than Poets, that Verses were not to be compos'd by them, but already made in them. Some may object, That this Argument is trivial, because, whatever is shew'd, 'tis known still to be but a Play ; but such may as well excuse an ill Scene, that is not naturally painted, because they know 'tis only a Scene, and not really a City or Country.

But there is yet another thing which makes Verse upon the Stage appear more unnatural ; that is, when a Piece of a Verse is made up by one that knew not what the other meant to say, and the for-
mer Verse answered as perfectly in Sound as the last is supplied in Measure ; so that the smartness of a Reply, which has its Beau-
ty by coming from sudden Thoughts, seems lost by that which rather looks like a Design of two, than the Answer of one. It may be said, That Rhime is such a confinement to a quick and luxu-
riant

To the Reader.

riant Phancy, that it gives a stop to its speed, till slow Judgment comes in to assist it ; but this is no Argument for the Question in hand, for the dispute is not which way a Man may write best in, but which is most proper for the Subject he writes upon ; and if this were let pass, the Argument is yet unresolv'd in it self ; for he that wants Judgment in the liberty of his Phancy, may as well shew the defect of it in its Confinement ; and to say truth, he that has Judgment will avoid the errors, and he that wants it will commit them both. It may be objected, 'Tis improbable that any should speak ex tempore as well as Beaumont and Fletcher makes them, though in Blank Verse ; I do not only acknowledg that, but that 'tis also improbable any will write so well that way ; but if that may be allowed improbable, I believe it may be concluded impossible that any should speak as good Verses in Rhime as the best Poets have writ ; and therefore that which seems nearest to what it intends, is ever to be preferr'd : Nor are great Thoughts more adorned by Verse, than Verse un beautified by mean ones ; so that Verse seems not only unfit in the best use of it, but much more in the worse, when a Servant is call'd, or a Door bid to be shut in Rhime. Verses (I mean good ones) do in their height of Phancy declare the labour that brought them forth, like Majesty that grows with care ; and Nature that made the Poet capable, seems to retire and leave its offers to be made perfect by Pains and Judgment : Against this I can raise no Argument but my Lord of Orrory's Writings, in whose Verse the Greatness of the Majesty seems unfullied with the Cares, and his unimitable Phancy descends to us in such easie Expressions, that they seem as if neither had ever been added to the other, but both together flowing from a height ; like Birds got so high, that use no labouring Wings, but only with an easie care preserve a stediness in Motion : But this particular Happiness, among those multitudes which that excellent Person is Owner of, does not convince my Reason, but employ my Wonder : Yet I am glad such Verse has been writ for our Stage, since it has so happily exceeded those whom we seem'd to imitate. But while I give these Arguments against Verse, I may seem faulty that I have not only writ ill ones, but writ any ; but since it was the fashion, I was resolv'd, as in all indifferent things, not to appear singular, the danger of the Vanity being greater than the Error ; and therefore I followed it as a fashion, though very far off.

For

To the Reader.

For the Italian Plays, I have seen some of them which have been given me as the best; but they are so inconsiderable, that the Particulars of them are not at all worthy to entertain the Reader; but as much as they are short of others in this, they exceed in their other Performances on the Stage; I mean their Opera's, which consisting of Musick and Painting, there's none but will believe it is much harder to equal them in that way, than 'tis to excel them in the other.

The Spanish Plays pretend to more, but indeed are not much, being nothing but so many Novels put into Acts and Scenes, without the least attempt or design of making the Reader more concern'd than a well-told Tale might do; whereas a Poet that endeavours not to heighten the Accidents which Fortune seems to scatter in a well-knit Design, had better have told his tale by a Fire-side, than presented it on a Stage.

For these times wherein we write, I admire to hear the Poets so often cry out upon, and wittily (as they believe) threaten their Judges, since the effects of their Mercy have so much exceeded their Justice, that others with me cannot but remember how many favourable Audiences some of our ill Plays have had; and when I consider how severe the former age has been to some of the best of Mr Johnson's never to be equal'd Comedies, I cannot but wonder why any Poet should speak of former times, but rather acknowledge that the want of Abilities in this Age is largely supply'd with the Mercies of it. I deny not but there are some who resolve to like nothing; and such perhaps are not unwise, since by that general resolution they may be certainly in the right sometimes, which perhaps they would seldom be, if they should venture their Understandings in different Censures; and being forc'd to a general liking or disliking, lest they should discover too much their own Weakness, 'tis to be expected they would rather chuse to pretend to Judgment than good Nature, tho' I wish they could find better ways to shew either.

But I forget my self, not considering, That while I entertain the Reader in the Entrance with what a good Play should be, when he is come beyond the Entrance he must be treated with what ill Plays are: but in this I resemble the greatest part of the World, that better know how to talk of things than to perform them, and live short of their own Discourses.

And now I seem like an eager Hunter, that has long pursued Chase after an inconsiderable Quarry, and gives over wear, as I do.

THE

THE
SURPRISAL,
A
COMEDY.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.



London,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by
R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet.
M DC XCII.

B

Dramatis Personæ.

Castruccio, Uncle to *Miranzo*.
Miranzo.

Cialto, Friend to *Miranzo* the late General.

Brancadoro, A rich Senator's Son.

Villerotto, A bold Fellow cashier'd by *Cialto*, and got into *Brancadoro*'s Service.

Moreno, Father to *Emilia*.

Bottolo, His Servant. Two or three *Bravoës*.

Baptista, Servant to *Miranzo*. A Friar.

W O M E N.

Samira, Sister to *Miranzo*.

Emilia.

Taccola, Her Governess. A Nun:

Scene S I E N N A.

PROLOGUE.

Since you expect a Prologue, we submit :
But let me tell you, this Excise on Wit,
Though undiscern'd, consumes the Stock so fast,
That no new Fancy will be left at last.

Wit's not like Money ; Money though paid in
Passes about, and is receiv'd agen :
But Wit when it has once been paid before,
There it lies dead, 'tis currant then no more.
Nor must we plead for what we do present,
As in Law-Cases, by a Precedent :

Poets and Mountebanks in this strange Age
Practise with equal hopes upon the Stage ;
For 'tis expected they shou'd both apply
To every Humour some new Remedy :
And one's as likely every man to please,
As t'other to cure every man's Disease.

---But you are welcom all ; and what men say
Before a Feast, will serve before a Play :
Here's nothing you can like : Thus he that writes
Or makes a Feast, more certainly invites
His Judges than his Friends ; there's not a Guest
But will find something wanting or ill-drest.

The Proverb but thus varied serves I fear ;
Fools make the Plays, and Wise-men come to hear.

T H E

THE SURPRISAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Miranzo and Samira.

Mir. **T**IS strange, Sister.
Sam. 'Tis true, Brother.
Mir. Perhaps it is; but few such Wonders have
been heard of.

Mir. There needs indeed a powerful Charm to raise up Spirits fet-
tered long in Age: (They say, that) Love is the Soul's busines here,
when Youth seems to promise it shall have a long share in Time; but
his is fitted for its Journey; Age already hath pack'd up all his Facul-
ties.

Sam. Fie, fie, 'tis otherwise with him; he endeavours, nay, and (I
think) believes he shall grow young again: the warmth of Love serves
for the heat of Youth.

Mir. Where (in the name of wonder) could this Love find entrance
in his breast? or how live there? it has no blood to feed on; Nature
sure in him is at low ebb.

Sam. There needs small Fewel (Brother) to assist her influence; she
like the Sun, warms all things with her sight, yet is not wasted with
expence of heat.

Mir. You speak a Miracle, Sister. — [He studies.]
Sam. — You seem troubled, Brother.

Mir. Not much — but — I did believe, when my dear Father left us
to his care, he did not apprehend my Uncle apt for such a folly; and I
little thought to have been first saluted with this News at my return from
Travel.

Sam. My Uncle still pretends to remain just to us; and I believe he
will.

Mir. It may be so: But when is this hot Lover to be married?
Sam. To morrow morning.

Mir. But what mov'd her consent to take this Mummy in her Arms?
Sam. She's all obedience to her Father, and with him my Uncle's
Wealth pleads high. I do believe she thinks choice were a sin, and
would seem guilty to her self, as if she fell from perfect Innocence, if
that a partial thought for any should make a way for passion in her
breast.

Mir. Then it seems her Father woos; I hope my Uncle spares his
pains. — But Sister, since we are in discourse of Lovers, 'tis not

unseasonable to ask for yours, the brave *Cialto*; the last Intelligence I had was of his glorious Victory; such a Lawrel ne'r yet adorn'd a Brow so youthful. Believe me, Sister, though you may be cruel, and unconcern'd, I must confess I share in all that's his good fortune.

Sam. Alas, Brother, since that time his condition is much alter'd.

Mir. Ha — you amaze me: — Why do you appear so sad? He is not dead I hope.

Sam. No, perhaps his Life is now the greatest part of his misfortune.

Mir. Still I am lost in admiration. What changes a little time produceth?

Sam. The Story is too long to tell you; only for what concerns my self, I have observ'd, that since the loss of all his Fortunes, he shuns all occasions of seeing me. — My Uncle will be with us presently; I would not therefore ingage my self in a disorder, which the relation of his miseries cannot but bring upon me.

Mir. Where is my Uncle?

Sam. Abroad upon a strange desigⁿ. He has employ'd the best Wits in *Sienna* to make a Song, or indeed an Apology, for his doting at these years; and that which he likes best when he salutes his Mistress, must to morrow be presented before her Window.

Mir. I am amaz'd; yet I'le suspend my thoughts and trouble (if I can) till fitter time.

Sam. See, Brother, where he comes; [Enter Castruccio.] Bus'ness and Love are mingled in his postures.

Mir. How he mumbles to himself! sure he does chew the cud of some set Speech. What an amorous look was there? — with that amiable smile? — which only adds a few wrinkles in new places.

Sam. Pray let's stand close; He's near beginning; a rising wind you know is ever usher'd with a murmur.

Castr. How am I swell'd by expectation! as the day breaks before the rising Sun, so is *Emilia*'s fair approach prepar'd within me, by a precious sense of happiness.

[He studies and searches his Pockets for Papers.]

Sam. Peace; he has hit a fault, and now begins to hunt again.

Castr. O, these be they; now to my choice; for I resolve to morrow, 'fore the Wedding, one of them shall be sung, that which I judge will best describe my Passion. — Let me see, —

Couldst thou be yet more fair or good,

[He reads.]

This Fool begins with impossibilities,

I'le have none on't: — What this other?

Since fancy makes all Women fair, —

Worse and worse, he lies abominably: What ways are our Poets got into, they cannot make a Song without a Lie, a Vapour, or Impossibility? There's none of these has hit my fancy yet: Once again. — Oh, this I like well; a very pretty Masque, short, and full of variety; the Charges wont to be great, — let me see, — here is a *Hymen*, a *Cupid*, a *Charon*, and the *Destinies*: for the *Hymen* a saffron Robe and a Torch, — hang cost at such a time; it shall be presented instead of a Song before her Window, when I first appear; 'tis better than after the Wedding at night, when every body's sleepy. Now I'le go see my Nephew, and bid him welcome from his Travels.

Sam. Step out, Brother, there's your Cue.

Mir. Can these Lovers see, trow?

Castr. My dear Nephew! — were thy brave Father living, thou could'st not fill his Arms and Breast with a more welcome joy; I'le be sworn thou

thou

The Surprisal.

5

thou art return'd with all advantages in Fame and Person.

Mir. Your kindness, Sir, sees more in me than your Eyes.

Cast. Nay, believe me, Nephew. I joy in't; and that I could not do, were it not visible what cause I have for't.

Mir. I wish I may continue, Sir, worthy your fair Opinion.

Cast. And how, Man? Merry still?

Mir. I take nothing to heart, Sir; It seems you do; for my Sister tells me, I am come seasonably to see your Joys made perfect every way, at least as you imagine.

Cast. Oh, Nephew, 'tis past Imagination. Nephew, thou canst not phancy what she is; in Woman-kind no president is found to shew thee her: But you it seems do apprehend that all my future Actions will shew me more her Husband than your Uncle.

Mir. You mistake me, Sir, neither my Nature nor my Fortunes yet are prest with such mean thoughts; what I have said was more my care for you than for my self; I would not have your last days shut up with Folly or Misfortune.

Cast. Fear not, fear not; I must be happy; it is an injury to her to doubt it.

Mir. He is unreasonably posses'd.

Aside.

Cast. But I forget —— My dearest Niece, you shall perceive that neither my concerns nor passion hinder my just care of thee, my best *Samira*. I have provided such a Fortune for you; *[Samira starts.* Nay, start not at it. —— 'Tis the rich Heir, young *Brancadoro*; this day he comes to visit thee, we'll quickly make it up. —— Come, good Nephew, I have much to do; within I'll tell thee all my mind.

Sam. How ——

Mir. Peace, Sister.

[Ex. Castruccio and Miranzo.

Sam. Marry *Brancadoro*! Is that the happiness I hope, I may depend? I shall enjoy with him the Curses of his ill-got Wealth, and rise upon the poor *Cialto*'s ruins. Oh what a Crime was my feign'd Cruelty! Methinks I am as guilty as this thriving Asses Father, and seem an accessory to all *Cialto*'s wrongs, because I did not openly declare my Passion for him; that would have rendred me uncapable of being now a Party: It is too much.

That poor *Cialto* at one time should find

Both me and Fortune equally unkind.

[Exit.

Enter *Brancadoro* and *Tayler*.

Tay. Morrow to your Honour; how do you like your Cloths?

Bran. I like my Cloths well enough, but my Man *Jocamo* says, you are such a dear cheating kind of *Tayler*, that I vow he'll have me turn you away; my last Mourning Suit did not cost me half so much.

Tayl. Your Man is a pick-thank Knave. Call me Cheat! I'll ne'r work stitche for ye more as long as I live, unless you pay me for calling me Cheat.

Bran. Nay, stay, stay; what a devilish Fellow are you now to exact upon me, because you see I love you? The Devil take you for me; what Composition must you have?

Tayl. I'll have forty shillings, and I'll have it in Gold too.

Bran. Pox take you for me; will not Silver serve your turn, when you know I love Gold so well? Pray ye heartily, now *Jack*, take Silver.

Tayl. I vow Gold, or fare you well.

Bran. Stay, and be hang'd then; here, here; now are you good Friends,

Friends, *Jack*? nay, I vow now speak truth.
Tayl. Yes, I vow I forgive you.

Enter Man.

Bran. Look ye here's my Man. What a devilish Rogue are you to rail at my *Taylor Robin*, and say he cheats me?

Serv. Pray Sir view his Bill; in the first place here is fifteen Shillings a Yard for Stuff of half a Crown.

Bran. Why look ye there now *Jack*; what a strange Rogue are you now to cheat me so?

Tayl. What a strange piece of Ignorance is your Man, to call it Stuff? I protest my Lord 'tis o' th' same piece that the King of *France* his Wedding Suit was on; the Stuff is call'd *Adam man hee*; King *Haccamantacu* sent the King of *France* three pieces of it; and I bought this of his Tayler a purpose for you; and your wife Man calls it Stuff, forsooth.

Bran. Look you there now, you blockheadly Fool you; what would you more? prethee how do ye call the Stuff, and the King that sent it, *Jack*.

Tayl. The Stuff is call'd *Adam man hee*, and the Kings Name is *Haccamantacu*.

Serv. What a Mountebank Rogue is this?

Bran. I vow that's fair satisfaction; I wou'd not for my Money but know this; I vow, I vow, 'tis very pretty.

Serv. Pray ye ask him why he sets down forty Shillings for making a riding Coat.

Bran. Nay, but I vow, *Jack*, the Devil take ye for me, for being so base; why forty shillings now?

Tayl. There is ten Shillings for making your Coat, and thirty Shillings for a Port-hole for your Sword to peep out at.

Bran. Why, is not that very fair now? Why, art thou grown a stark Fool now? Prethee, *Jack*, what is a Port-hole? I vow thou hast the prettiest Names.

Tayl. A Port-hole is, as the vulgar have it, a kind of Slit; but in *France* it is call'd Port-hole, and is made with a whiff down here, and a whiff down there; they are very chargeable.

Bran. I vow, thou art a pretty Fellow: but has the King of *France* his Port-hole made with a whiff down here, and a whiff down there, as mine is?

Enter Villerotto.

But here's *Villerotto*; I vow I must talk
 A little wiser to him.

[Ex. *Tayler and Servant*.]

How dost thou like my Cloths, *Villerotto*; are they not brave, fit for
 my quality?

Vil. Exceeding brave, Sir.

Bran. I long'd to be out of Mourning, to shew my self; for whilst
 my Father liv'd I never could appear.

Vil. No, he was ashamed you shou'd.

[Aside.]

Bran. Besides, I hate this Mourning, it makes my hands so devilish
 dirty; and I will not wash them till my Mother dies; and when I have
 done Mourning for her, I'll wash them for good and all. — Well, and
 what says my Council?

Vil. Why, they say, Sir, by these Writings *Cialto* has no justice to
 redeem, nor can it bear dispute in any Court of Equity.

Bran. Why, this 'tis to have a wise Father;

As

As he has order'd it, 'tis not a Farthing matter
If I were an arrant Afs.

Thou saist, my Council says,
There's no relief can now be had.

Vill. None, Sir, — but by the Senate.

Bran. That were fine i'faith,
To save him they had a mind to ruine,
Which my Father help'd to do (Peace be with him)
And dy'd when he had done ; two Courtesies at once.

Vill. But suppose, Sir, the Senate wants his Conduct,
They can be kind again on such occasions.

Only the obeying part of Men
Observe the rules of Honour in their Friendship.
They can as quickly too produce the sum,
And compel you to give him up his Land.

Bran. But they won't, I hope.

Vill. So do I ; but how if such a thing shou'd be ?

Bran. Pish, pish, they'l not displease me,
They use to borrow money of my Father ;
Yet for all that, it puts me just in such a sudden sweat
As the stumbling of my Horse uses to do.

Aside.

Vill. I shall hardly work him to't. —
But, Sir, 'tis not amiss to talk of things
That may be ; Plots of prevention are not made
Extempore ; nor is haste a Friend to Counsel ;
Besides, I take it,
You go the ready way to make *Cialto*
Yet more your Enemy.

Bran. How so ?

Vill. You are about to rob him of his Mistres,
The fair *Samira* ; what kindness can you expect,
When you posess at once his Love and Fortunes ?

Enter Messenger.

Bran. What care I. — How now ? — what's your business ?
Mess. Signior *Castruccio*, Sir, presents his Service to you,
And has by me sent you a Counter-part
Of the Writings which concern your Marriage.

Bran. Oh, I thank him ; 'tis very well.

Vill. How's this ? it seems strange to me,
You should agree with him, and never ask
The Ladies free consent.

Bran. Why, dost thou think I need doubt that ?
Would any Woman be so simple to refuse me ?
Why Man, there have been many of them have fallen
Stark mad for me at first sight.

Vill. Will it not be dangerous for you to go ?

Bran. Whither ?

Vill. To visit your Mistres ? you may meet *Cialto* there.

Bran. Let him be afraid of me if he will.

Vill. I doubt he will not.

Bran. I am told the pittiful Fellow dares not come near her now ;
This 'tis to be poor : And I go boldly ;
This 'tis to be rich.

Vill. But if he should hear you were like to have her,
It might perhaps move him —

Bran.

Bran. To what?

Vill. To cut your Throat.

Bran. Let him be hang'd: But if Signior *Castruccio*
Admit such Russians in his House, I'll send her word
Flatly, I'll have nothing to do with her.

Vill. But your Writings and Covenants, —
You can't in honour break them.

Bran. I care not; who dares sue me? If any do,
I am rich enough to make them weary on't;
Though I confess I like the Gentlewoman well enough.

Vill. Yet there's another way would do your busines.

Bran. Saist thou so? nay, and there be another way,
I care not if I take it, so I may do nothing
Unbefitting my Estate and Quality.

Vil. You'l pardon, Sir, this liberty I take;
It springs from my affection to you;
For ever since I came into your Service,
All your concernments have been mine.

Bran. I do believe it, and have trusted thee
With every thing; and for my part, I have told
Thee my mind, I care for any body
As little as they care for me;
Thou may'st see I love thee,
Otherwise I regard no body that is not richer than my self.

Vill. What an insensible stock have I to work on?
But you forget what I propose, Sir.

[Aside]

Bran. No, I do not; 'tis that I should have *Samira*;
Why say no more, I will have her.

Vill. You consider not the danger of *Cialto*'s revenge.

Bran. I care not for *Cialto*, nor her neither;
I can let her alone, if there be such ado about her.

Vill. But you may prevent it.

Bran. How, prethee?

Vill. Why, if *Cialto* were once dead,
There were no further trouble;
You might enjoy his Mistress, and his Fortune.

Bran. Wou'd he wou'd die then.

Vill. Men do not use to do it for a wish.

Bran. Why, how then?

Vill. Wou'd you hang your self if *Cialto* shou'd desire it?

Bran. It may be I would, if I were as poor as he;
For this is the case, — say now —

Vill. Now will he ramble again into another matter. —
But, Sir, he does not think himself so poor
As you imagine, while he lives in hope
That what you now possess of his may once
Again return; yet if he be unwilling
To depart this World, he may be forc'd.

Bran. Which way, which way?

Vill. Why, for a little money, Instruments
May be found.

Bran. To do what?

Vill. To kill him.

Bran. Um, that may be found out,
And so good-night to my Estate.

Vill. Nay, if you please, Sir, he shall live, and do you

[Aside]

The

The Surprisal.

7

The Courtesie to cut your Throat.

Bran. Talk no more, good *Villerotto* ; another time, Another time, and that in privatetoo. I hope no body has heard us ; men may hear At a distance : I have heard of a Conjurer That could make a *Glais* for a man to look in, And hear his Enemies forty miles off.

Vill. Do you believe such stories ?

Bran. The Devil may do much, that's certain : But for the present I am going to see my Mistress, Fair *Samira* ; 'tis fit I shou'd see her Before I Marry her.

Vill. 'Twere strange if he should Marry her Before he saw her. —

Aside.

Why, are you near marrying her ?

Bran. To morrow, man, to morrow ; her Uncle and I Make, but one businels on't.

Vill. To morrow, Sir, and her leave yet unask'd !

Bran. What needs that ? her Uncle has done it for me. Thou haft the Agreements ; I must away.

Exit Brancadoro.

Vill. This suits with my Designs : —

And yet it startles me, To have so dull a Fool to work on : But easie paths do seldom lead us to revenge ; Let them be rough, as are the ways Through troubled Seas, I'll tread 'em. The base injury I receiv'd from *Cialto*, Cashiering me from my Command for a petty plunder, And a Rape (as the Wench call'd it) was the first cause That brought me to *Brancadoro*'s Service, Whose Father was his mortal Enemy ; By which means I hope to find a time To right my wrongs upon *Cialto*'s heart.

Exit Villerotto.

Enter *Moreno*, *Emilia*, and *Bottolo*:

Mor. Come, my best Daughter, this day thou shalt Be made a happy Woman ; fear not, fear not, Nor look upon his age with prejudice ; Age is far steadier than Youth, *Emilia* ; He'll never make thee jealous.

Bot. No more than an Eunuch wou'd, I dare swear for him. — *Aside.*

Emil. You speak, Sir, as if you thought me alter'd, Or else as if I still had been an Hypocrite ; But truly, Sir, you need not doubt me, I do believe I shall be happy with him, Because a Blessing waits upon Obedience : You might command me 'gainst my inclination, But I am blest with such indifference, That 'tis no trial of my Duty, Sir, To give my free consent.

Mor. That's my best Girl ; get thy self ready, The Bride-groom's near at hand ; I must about, There's nothing done if I be not at their elbows.

Exit Moreno.

Bot. The Devil had as good be there.

Why, how is it, Mistref ?

Emil. Very well, *Bottolo*, I thank you.

C

Bot.

Bot. I wish it may continue so, Mistress.

Emil. Dost thou fear I shall be sick?

Bot. Nay, I can't tell; it may be the Palsey
Or Cough o'th' Lungs is not infectious;
You are going to venture, Mistress.

Emil. What dost thou talk of?

Bot. Why, of that which is nothing else
But talk, of Old Age;
Sure, Mistress, it will never agree with you;
Has not your Father perswaded you
Y'are above Fifty? And that you were born
Before the Battle of *Lepanto*?

Emil. Why should he do that?

Bot. Why, 'twere convenient he should
Either perswade you, that you were old, or
That *Cafruccio* were young.

Emil. Away, you Fool.

Bot. Well, Mistress, hang me if ever frosty day
Did well at Fruit-time; for my part, I wonder
The old Gentleman has no more Conscience
Than to marry you—

If I were worthy to advise you, Mistress,—

Emil. Peace, you Fool, and be not rude.

Bot. Go thy way.— I am half perswaded
Thou art no Woman, or at least
Thou dost not know thou art one,
More than by thy Petticoats.— Well,—

If thou art pleas'd, thanks to the Powers Divine;
For my own Cares I'll try the power of Wine.

[*Exit* Emilia.]

[*Exit*.]

A C T II. SCENE I.

Enter Miranzo and Cialto.

Mir. I Should not thank you for this Visit then.—
Fie, my dearest Friend.

Cialto. Forget that Name, and me; I try'd
To begin first no more to think on you;
But I was womanish in my temper;
My fondness of you had a power above
My generous Reason.

Mir. Is there a generous Cause for breach of Friendship?

Cial. It were a guilt to say I am your Friend:
Wonder not; for I'm grown so miserable
That Friendship would be paid to me
As unseasonably as to Men in graves,
Where dissolution wraps up every Title,
And buries Names with Things.

Mir. What storm tosses his noble Soul!
Why does my Friend thus wrong himself and me?
I did not think the brave *Cialto*'s Mind
Had been so much within the reach of Fortune;
Use her as thou wouldst a fantastical Woman,
If thou would have her kind, slight her.

[*Aside*.]

Cial.

Cial. Pray say no more ; you understand me not ;
Nay, spare your Lectures ; after this I fear
That we must meet no more. — Farewel. [Cialto offers to go out.]

Mir. You are too quick ; think with your self ;
Sure you may be perswaded, e're you go,
To see my Sister.

Cial. Ha ! — that was too severe ; departing Souls
Are sometimes thus call'd back with cruel kindness,
To share more miseries on Earth. —
Did you not name your Sister ?

Mir. How he's mov'd ! — [Aside.]
Yes, I did ; my Sister *Samira*.

Cial. You might have spar'd the Explanation ;
I have her Name engrav'd in several Characters,
By Love and Fortune. — Why do you stare upon me so,
As if you were amaz'd at my disorders,
That are not ignorant of my disasters,
Nor of my Passions ? What do you think ?
Is't not a pretty mingle ? [Enter Samira.]

Mir. See, my Sister.

Cial. How, *Samira* ! — 'tis she. —
With what an horror now that lovely Shape
Appears, that I have so much joy'd to gaze on !
Such a confusion would an Angel bring
Upon a Man loaden with Sins,
As I am with Misfortunes. —

I am so much amaz'd I cannot find my way ! [He offers to go.]

Sam. *Cialto*.

Mir. Stay ; what means this strangenes ?
Come, 'tis too much forc'd.

Cial. Cruel *Miranzo*, cruel in your kindnes,
That only holds so fair a Mirrour to me,
To let me see how much I am unhappy.

Mir. You are mistaken, and throw a blemish on her ;
She is the same she ever was.

Cial. Why, that was cruel still to me.
I complain'd not, fairest *Samira*,
That you were so, when I was Fortune's Favorite,
And sure I will not hope for pity,
Now I am turn'd her Slave.

Sam. As my thoughts were never mov'd
With Arguments drawn from Prosperity ; so believe,
I shall have no aversion for the Virtuous,
Although Unfortunate.

Cial. Oh, do not with mistaken Charity
Attempt to palliate my Disease ;
'Tis Fortune's Plague, that's never to be cur'd ;
I shall infect those I come near, — and yet —
I love you still — above — all —
I have such Tides of Passions when I but name you,
Much more now I see you, that my words
Are over-flown, and like drown'd men
Disorderly pop up, and sink agen.
Distempers seize me, — I talk wildly too, I fear.

Sam. I understand you not ; pray recollect
Your self, speak freely to me. [She weeps.]

Cial. Why do you both express such wonder in your looks?
Is misery so strange?

[He sinks down.]

Mir. Why, Sister, you are still insensible;
If you ever lov'd *Cialto*, tell him now;
And be not like the rest of the mean World,
To own nothing that is unhappy.

Sam. If I say little, Brother, I give you leave
To think my grief stops more my words,
Than want of kindness for *Cialto*:
Yet to content you, hear me—

[He starts up.]

Cial. Hold—
Your pity, if y'ave any, comes too late;
Those gentle Tears that once had been my Blessing
Do now but aggravate and hasten my destiny.
Just so the drops of Heaven, which first caus'd
The thriving Plant to spring and flourish,
When by some rough and fatal accident
Its shaken roots have lost their hold,
Then the soft rain no longer gives it life,
But makes it perish faster.

Sam. Oh my heart! The throng of all his griefs
Has crowded in my Breast, and I must speak
Or burst.—*Cialto*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Mir. What's the matter?

Serv. Your Uncle, Sir, is coming hither,
And with him Signior *Brancadoro*.

Mir. Signior Coxcomb.—Mischief on his unseasonable Visit.
Has not my Uncle pres'ed you, Sister,
To morrow when he Weds, to Marry with
This Fool *Brancadoro*?

Sam. Most earnestly, even to threatening me.

Mir. He may be injurious.—

[Studies.]

Cial. How! would the Fool purchase my Love,
As his damn'd griping Father did my Fortune?
I have not mortgag'd sure my Wishes to him.
If I am urg'd this way I shall grow weary
Of politick patience, nor with tired hopes
Wait longer the false Senates leisure.

— Still ador'd *Samira*, am I not too confident,
That in all my miseries, when I do not nourish the least hope
Of e're enjoying you my self,
I should now seem jealous of you.

Sam. Have I shew'd my self so easie, that you need fear
I will be sacrific'd unto a Fool?

Mir. Peace, they come; be temperate, *Cialto*.

Enter *Castruccio*, and *Brancadoro*.

Caff. Come, Nephew, (for so I dare venture to call you.)

Mir. Heaven send us joy of our wife Kindred.

[Aside.]

Bran. Ha, upon my conscience that's *Cialto*;
I know him by his fierce looks; 'tis he, I vow:
I am like to have a fine wooing on't.
Wou'd I were hid under a Bed,

Or

The Surprisal.

II

Or behind the Hangings, I wou'd breath
No more than a Mouse that sleeps all the Winter.
Why, wh, what a terrible look was there !
D' hear, Uncle ? I protest I left one of my Gloves
Behind me in the Window, and I'm afraid
It will be stoll'n.

Cast. Why, you have them both on.

Bran. I had forgot, like an Ass as I was, to hide one.

Aside.

Cast. Come, come on.

Bran. Nay, as I am an honest Man,
There's my Almanack with Notes and *Memorandums* in't,
I'll go back and come presently.

Cast. Fie, Nephew, my Niece sees you.

Bran. You can't tell how she likes me, can you, Uncle ?

Cast. O, fear not that.

Bran. Never stir, Uncle, I have mighty need —
I must needs do you know what.

He looks vengeance surley :
He makes me wink as bad as a flash of Lightning wou'd.

Aside.

Cast. Come, Nephew, what are you bashful ?
Niece, this is the Person I told you of,
That to morrow will make you an happy Woman,
And be an evidence of my care and kindness.

Sam. I need no such testimony, Sir.

Bran. What does she say, Uncle, that she has no need of me ?
Why then I have no need of her ;
I'll be beholden to no body living.

Cast. No, no, you are too mistrustful.
Come, Niece, prepare against to morrow,
To be made Mistress of the greatest Fortune
Sienna boasts of.

Bran. I think I can tell some few particulars without Book,
Of some small Lordships that serve my turn
To cover this poor out-side, and some slight
Equipage of Servants and Attendants. —
Now dare not I proceed to particulars, for fear
I should come to name that wild-looking Mans Estate,

Aside.

Which shou'd make up the Catalogue.
I'll tell you a pretty Jest, Mistress ;
A Friend of mine would have had me married
A Kinswoman of his, — and —

Sam. I wou'd you had, Sir.

Bran. Why, how shou'd I have had you then ?

Sam. I must have been content, Sir.

Bran. Nay, I thank you for that ; so I might have forfeited
My Covenants to your Uncle ; I may be sued
If I don't marry you to morrow.

Cial. How's this !

Mir. Peace, does this Coxcomb move you ?

Aside.

Cast. 'Tis as he tells you, Niece.

Sam. I wonder, Sir, you should dispose of me so absolutely,
Without allowing me some larger time.

Cast. You had need consider indeed for such a Fortune.

Sam. Is there nothing but Fortune to be thought on ?

Consent springs not alone from Wealth :

Marriage you know admits no separation ;

And

And if Affections shou'd not be united,
The Persons must be miserable.

Cast. Hey day, no more of this Love-Logick :
What, you would have it a Romance,
And after some long time, and strange Adventures,
Discover pity for your Knight Errant.
Remember, your Father left you to my care ;
If you marry not *Brancadoro* to morrow,
I'll throw you out of it.

Sam. 'Tis strange, Sir, that you shou'd press me thus,
So suddenly to dispose my self for ever.
What say you, Sir ? I hope you are so civil

[To *Brancadoro*.]

As not to urge it.

Bran. Why, I say, 'A bargain's a bargain.

Cial. This is monstrous ! I can hold no longer.

[Aside.]

Mir. Consider, you may do hurt.

Cial. I care not — Signior *Castruccio*,
I think it does not much become you
To force your Niece to any thing ;
Her Father ne'r believ'd that you would use
The Trust which he repos'd in you, to such an end.

Bran. Nay, for my part, if she be'n't as willing as I,
A fig for her, and you too.

— I am horribly afraid.

Mir. How the *Af* shakes and bristles both together.

[Aside.]

Cast. Signior *Cialto*, I wonder more that you
Shou'd give your unask'd Counsel, to disturb
The Advancement of my Niece and Family.

Cial. He can make large Jointures indeed,
Thanks to his Father's base and griping practices.

Cast. You are uncivil in my House.

Cial. You are old, and *Samira*'s Uncle ;
These are Protections ; you may say any thing :
But I would not advise this wealthy Coxcomb,
For all your Articles, to venture upon Marriage ;
'Twill be dangerous, Signior *Brancadoro*.

Cast. Pray leave my House, Sir ; I desire no such
Rude Company.

Sam. Pray, Sir, go ; this does no good.

Mir. Come, you are to blame ; you may do injury.

Cial. Pardon me, fair *Samira*, I am gone ;
My Prayers were heard, could but your happiness
Be divided from all Mankind, though I am one.

[Exit *Cialto*.]

Bran. He's gone ; — wou'd I might never live
If I han't a great mind to bolt the door after him.
Now perhaps I shall venture to say something,
If I knew what. — He won't pop back trow, will he ?

Cast. Come, Niece, you will hereafter thank me for
This happiness ; I know you will command
Him and his whole Estate.

Bran. Nay, she may do what she will in reason ;
But if I'm urg'd I am as stout and surly
As the stoutest of 'em, let it be Man or Woman.
This Gentleman thought to bluster me
Out of my Bargain ; but I think he was deceiv'd ;
He had best let me alone.

Mir.

Mir. Seem to comply, dear Sister ; I'll tell you why hereafter. *[Aside.]*

Sam. I hope Sir, you will allow me a few hours

To think, perhaps to perswade my self

To an obediency which you press so much.

Cast. Do, my good Niece ; for to morrow

I must needs have your Company :

Speak for your self, Nephew.

Bran. I can't tell what to say, for fear
This blustering Fellow shou'd peep in again :

[Aside.]

Yet I'll set a good face on't.

Did you know my Father, Mistress ?

Who's that at Door ?

[Aside.]

Sam. I have seen him, Sir.

Bran. I doubt he listens ; — well, I care not,
I am resolv'd *Villerotto* shall get his Throat cut,
That he shall. — And now I will speak boldly,
Why, Mistress, he would have been your Father-in-law,
Had he liv'd to't, I had help'd you to a wise Father,
I can tell you that.

[Aside.]

Mir. Wou'd he had had a wiser Son.

Bran. As for my Mothers part —

[Aside.]

Mir. She brought forth an Ass.

Bran. I'll speak a bold word,

[Aside.]

Though I say it, that shou'd not say it, —

Sam. You promis'd, Sir, to leave me to my thoughts
For a few hours.

Cast. Well Virgins will be modest ; Come, Nephew,
We'll leave her to her self to day ; to morrow
She shall be yours, or mine no more.

Your Brother, I hope, is more sensible than you
Of your own good ; you know my mind ; Farewel, —
Be wise.

Bran. Your Uncle gives you good Counsel, Mistress ;
Farewel till to morrow ; In the mean time
I'll go find *Villerotto* ;
I dare not for my ears venture to marry,
Unless he makes safe this furious *Cialto*,
Then I shall keep all quietly,
Or else I may perhaps be invited to an honourable Duel,
Which how I can endure —

Cast. Farewel, Niece, and prepare to make
Your self and me truly happy. *[Exeunt Castruccio and Brancadoro.]*

Sam. Now, Brother, to what purpose

Did you advise me to seem willing ?

Mir. I have some thoughts which only want of time
Yet hinders me to ripen ; I like not
My Uncle's picking Quarrels thus, all's in his power,
He may do mischief ; therefore seem to consent ;
Yet fear not, though the Wedding is so near,
At the last Minute I know a way to free thee ;
Within I'll tell thee my design :
This Mushroom never shall be yok'd to thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Brancadoro and Villerotto ; They whisper.

Vill. Now, Sir, do you yet believe it is a consequence,
That you must not expect to live, if proud *Cialto* does ?
Or wou'd you have the Parish Priest to make you Friends,
And all the Neighbourhood invited to the reconciling dinner ?

Bran. Why thou feest I look'd thee out for the nonce
To know if thou canst have him quickly dispatch'd ;
Why Man, I cannot marry else.

Vill. Well, be secure, reckon that insolent Enemy
To your Repose and Fortunes, in his Grave :

[Enter Montalto and his Companions.]

— But see, Sir — yonder are an odd parcel of Men,
I think I have seen the face of one of them before ;
If I mistake not, they are a sort of People
Fitted by their own wants for my designs.
Retire, Sir, and leave me to found them.

[As he goes out he returns and speaks.]

Bran. But be sure, Man ; be sure, I say :
If thou should'st mis', and *Cialto* find me married, —
Um — I might give my life for a farthing. [Exit Brancadoro.]

Vill. Fear not, fear not. Save you, Gentlemen.

Mont. And you, Sir.

Vill. You seem Persons that have not been
So kindly us'd by Fortune as your merits
Might justly challenge ; your carriage speaks you
To have been Men of Action.

Mont. We have seen danger, Sir, and have not shrunk ;
When those that live at ease have shook to hear
The Story told.

Vill. 'Tis pity, at least to our frail Reason it so appears,
That neither Virtue nor Courage shou'd be safe
From mixtures of Necessity.

Mont. We are us'd as our Swords are ;
When the danger's past, hung by.

Vill. And yet if such as you, whose haughty minds
Brook not the sight of other Mens Enjoyments,
Or think it barbarous injustice to starve
Amidst that Plenty which your Swords
Secur'd or purchas'd ; if such Men as you
But snatch at some small share,
You wou'd be punish'd certainly.

Mont. We have found that.

Vill. Nay, the Clergy wou'd declare your Souls
In dangerous condition.

Mont. Yes, damn'd, without dispute.

Vill. Come we are betray'd and fool'd ;
Those that have power over us
Confirm themselves by Cruelty and Cheating ;
One they call Justice, th' other Policy.
Mean while the poor must starve, or else be whip'd ;
The Souldier out of War want, or be hang'd ;
Nature's relieving Laws are lost in theirs ;

And

And she whispers unto man his own advantage ;
If he be guilty then in that pursuance,
The fault still rests in those that urg'd the Act ;
The rich and powerful part of Men
Are answerable for those deeds
To which they force the poor and the necessitous.

2 Com. Oh admirable Reason !

Mont. 'Tis most profound, and never to be answer'd.

Vill. Are you convinc'd then ?

Mont. 1 C. & 2 C. Yes, yes, yes.

Vill. Then I may tell you, I have a business for you,
If you dare attempt it, in which there will not be
Much danger, but great profit.

Mont. Pish, Danger's our Companion ;
Name the thing, Sir.

Vill. Follow me then to a more private place,
Where you shall know your task ; my own Sword
Shall share a little with you, as far as I dare ;
I may, for ought I know, keep with the boldest.

〔*Exeunt.*〕

S C E N E III.

Enter Cialto solus.

Cial. No News yet, and the dangerous time so near !
And she for ever may be lost to me,
And forc'd into a Fool's Embraces !
For though she never can be mine, I cannot
Suffer she shou'd be another's.
— I hardly can be jealous of *Miranzo* ;
Yet Friendship it self is not security enough
To give him credit for *Samira* ; I dare not trust
That Treasure thus uncertainly ; I must prevent
The quietest way ; Friendship and Fate
Have their flow pace ; but Passions will not wait.

〔*He offers to go on.*〕

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Whither so fast ? hey day, which is now
Predominant, Love or Fortune ? One of 'em
Is ever vexing thee.

Cial. 'Tis well you can continue merry.

Mir. Come, what's the matter ?

Cial. Nothing.

Mir. That's unkind.

Cial. Pray urge me not.

Mir. Is there any thing to be conceal'd from Friends ?

Cial. Yes, trouble and misery.

Mir. No more, or find some other friend.

Cial. You do not well to press me thus ;

It will not please you when you hear it.

Mir. Pray let me know it.

Cial. You shall ; but I must beg another thing.

Mir. What's that ?

Cial. Only to save you and me trouble ;

Pray when you have heard it give no Counsel.

Mir. O, by no means, Sir, not for a World.

D

Cial.

Cial. Why, 'tis no great matter, — I'll kill Brancadoro.

Mir. How!

Cial. Nay, your Wonder is as unnecessary as your Counsel.

Mir. Have you consider'd what you said?

Cial. Yes, and I find it reasonable, I admire you do not.

Mir. Faith not I; I think 'tis an unreasonable thing

To kill an Afs; some think that Fools are damn'd

For their original Ignorance; thou wou'dst not

Send him to Hell on thy Errand, wou'dst?

Cial. Ha, ha, shou'd I for fear of sending him to Hell,

Let him enjoy my Heaven here! —

Perhaps it grows indifferent to you.

Mir. Do you suspect that Brancadoro's wealth

Has brib'd me, Sir? I thank you.

Cial. I do not say, it has; but yet —

Mir. But yet! it looks scurvily: A Friend when he's jealous

Is like a Child that's froward;

He knows not why he's out of humour.

Come, trust all to me, you shall not be deceiv'd;

I've a design; spare me but for a few minutes.

Cial. Methinks your kindness gives me greater joy

Than a bare Friendship cou'd: — all thoughts

Of my revenge on others vanish; — yet —

When I am too much press'd with Misery,

Be but so kind to give me leave to die.

[Exit Cialto.

Miranzo stays and studies.

Mir. It shall be so, if I can frighten him,

And make him decline the Marriage with my Sister;

'Twou'd be excellent; for certainly he's a rank Coward:

See where most luckily he comes.

[Enter Brancadoro.

Now Fortune; — yet if this fail I've a sure remedy at last.

Noble Signior, I was going to look after you.

Bran. What, I warrant your Sister sent to me;

I am coming.

Mir. No, Sir, 'twas a business of another nature.

Bran. Nay, I cannot stay to talk of business now.

Mir. You must, Sir.

Bran. Must, Sir!

Mir. I think you must; your Honour will enforce you.

Bran. Why, what has my Honour to do with't? Must!

Mir. It concerns it; and I must beg your pardon,

That am th'unwilling Messenger.

Bran. Why, if you be unwilling, let it alone;

I'll excuse you.

Mir. I dare not, Sir; I am oblig'd so far
In common ties, that every Gentleman
Is bound unto another by; I was
Unhappy that it was requir'd from me.

Bran. Well, another time, another time.

Mir. None but this can serve, Sir; 'tis the last request
That you will have from Signior Cialto.

Bran. The last! well, that mollifies somewhat; What is't then?

Mir. Why it seems reasonable, that you have his Fortune,
And are now going to possess his Mistres;

He but desires that you wou'd now be pleas'd
Fairly to take away his Life too.

Bran.

[Aside.]

Bran. What's this ! I hope I am not discover'd
By *Villerotto* ! Fairly, quoth he !

Mir. Life in his condition is but useless to him.

Bran. Why, he may hang himself.

Mir. That he's unwilling to do ; you shall try
To free him with your honourable Sword.

Bran. Ple not try, Sir.

Mir. You must, Sir ; and for that end he stays for you
Held by the Nunnery, in the Cypres Grove.

Bran. There let him stay ; you know, as well as I,
I am engag'd, and cannot come.

Mir. No ingagement, Sir, ought to be above your Honour.
Besides, mine will engage me not to receive
So slight an Answer.

Bran. Why, 'tis your Sister I am going to marry ;
Is it not ?

Mir. I consider not that, Sir.

Bran. If *Cialto* sends me a Challenge,
. I hope I may appoint my Time and Weapon.

Mir. That I think you may. Sure he dares not fight, does he ? [Aside.]

Bran. Why then tell your Friend from me, I'le meet him the
Next day after I'm married, any where :
I'le not delay such matters as these.

Mir. Why, he has Courage sure.
But, Sir, 'tis handsomest to end these matters quickly.

Bran. So 'twere, Sir, if a man were free ;
But since I am engag'd I will be married first ;
And then have at him.
If he be in haste to fight, let him fasten a Quarrel
On somebody else, to pass away the time
Till I am married.

Mir. 'S'id, he amazes me.

Bran. Thus, Sir, I shall preserve my Honour every way ;
I hope he understands himself as well as I do.

Mir. There is no help, this will not do.
How the Rascal has couzen'd me ! — well —
Who knows but he may be valiant ?
This is your resolution, Sir.

Bran. I marry, Sir ; nor will I alter it.

Mir. I shall acquaint *Cialto* with it, Sir,
And then attend you to your Nuptials :
Farewel, *Signior*.

Bran. You shall be welcome, Sir ; there will be
A fine fight, I pay some on't.

Ha, ha, how I have couzen'd 'em !

Miranzo has no mind I shou'd have his Sister,
And so they agreed to frighten me from't ; I found it ;
Poor silly Fellows, 'twas too late ; I have promis'd
To meet *Cialto* the next day after I am married,
That is the next day after he is dead ;
'Tis the same thing ; — 'em — but
If *Villerotto* shou'd fail I were in a fine case,
Positively engag'd to fight with him ;
I'le look him, and make sure work ;
I grow horribly afraid to think of fighting,
Though I never intend to come to't.

[Ex. Miran.]

[Exit.]
SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Montaldo *solus.*

Mon. What has this Rascal perswaded us to !
 Nay, rather, what have I perswaded my self to !
 To fancy I have Courage, and know all the while
 What a dangerous Lie 'tis to own it ;
 For I had talk'd so loudly of my killing,
 That 'twas very probable I shou'd be set to work ;
 And as luck is, 'tis to kill one
 That will not easily be kill'd, unles
 I cou'd catch him asleep :
 Wou'd this Rhetorical Gentleman had his Money again.
 He gave me Earnest very formally.
 The Devil's to raiſe Forces, and he's his Agent
 To give the Presſ-money.
 Here come my engag'd Friends : [Enter 1, 2 Companions.]
 What made ye stay behind ?

I Com. Why the Gentleman, you know who — —*Mon.* That hir'd us to do you know what.*I Com.* Had still more to say to us, he's very earnest*Mont.* I had rather he were in jest,*Aside.**I Com.* He promises to double our Reward,
 If we strike home, and lose no opportunity ;
 We shall hardly have such another Bargain.*Mont.* That's likely ; for 'tis very probable
 We may be hang'd for this :*I* find I have more Conscience than I thought I had.*I Com.* As good hang as starve ; nay, Captain,
 If you'r in Dialogue with Fear and Consciencee,
 I ha' done.*Mont.* I do but cast the worst to try your Spirits :
 I am a Villain if Fear be not Gentleman-usher
 To Conscience ; I thought I had had no such thing ;
 Now, I am afraid, I find,
 I have a most troubleſom Stock of it.*— Um* — the Devil has ſent his Resident again ;
 The Fiend knew I had a good thought or two,
 And his Agent's come to treat for 'em ;
 Yet if I fall back, he'l cut my Throat, that's certain.*[Enter Vill.]**Vill.* Gentlemen, ſome new thoughts made me overtake you ;
 'Tis to tell you, I am now resolv'd
 Still to keep near you, that no opportunity be lost,
 Nor I robb'd of my part in th' Action.*Mont.* I wou'd afford any one a penniworth of my share.*Aside.**Vill.* It were a fault to doubt your Courages ;
 But words waste time ; no more :Go preſently and stay for me
 In the Cypress Walk that leads unto the Nunnery.
 This Captain methinks looks ſomething ſuspiciously ;
 I muſt not be long from them :
 My Sword ſhall make ſure work.
 How — my wife Master ! [Enter Brancadoro.]
 What buſineſſ ſends him hunting after me ?*Bran.*

Bran. Villerotto, hast bargain'd ? Castruccio has sent
Me word that he has got his Nieces consent :
But all's one for that ; if thou canst not get
Him kill'd they sha'n't get me to marry,
For a reason best known to my self :
Yet prethee bargain as cheap as thou canst ;
For all that I dare trust thee though
To use thy own discretion.

Vill. I will do more than use my own discretion ;
I'll use my Sword too : Go marry, Sir,
And think not of a dead Man.

Bran. Hast got him dispatch'd already ?

Vill. As good, Sir ; 'tis sure.

Bran. But had I best marry before it be quite done ?

Vill. Fear not, Sir ; trust to my care and faith.

Bran. But be sure.

Vill. Nay, if you suspect me, Sir.

Bran. Why then I'll venture, fall back, fall edge ;
Let him meddle with me if he dares.

Dispatch quickly, good *Villerotto*.

[Exit Brancadoro.]

Vill. Yet again !

He needs not doubt me, if he knew all ;
But when 'tis done I must propose
Some considerable Conditions to set up for my self,
And leave his wife Worship :

He dares not but consent ; the guilty must
Submit to be the Slaves of those they trust.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Bottolo.

Bot. HOW that Fire-brand the Cook sputters !
There's no coming near to have a cut for Breakfast.
I am a Villain if the Butler too
Be not grown as outragious a Beast as he.
What coil's here ! — O Mother. — how ! — *[Enter Taccola.]*
What, you in a pelt too ! Do the Quinces prove rotten ?
Or is all the Bisket-flabber spilt ?

Tacco. Out upon thee, thou tak'st care for nothing ;
She has been my Charge these seventeen years,
And I do not mean to quit my care yet a while.

Bot. Yes faith, Mother, you must deliver up ;
She's going to have another Gouvernour,
And as luck will have it, as old as your grave self :
We are like to plant our fair young Twig
In hopeful soil ; does it not trouble you, Mother ?

Tacco. What's that to thee, Sirrah ? Thou art ever full
Of roguish thoughts ; the Man may do well enough,
Age is not so contemptible.

Bot. Nay, I dare swear, Mother, you believe
You cou'd entertain the youngest of them all
With wondrous prowes.

Tacco. Come, leave your prating ; the Bride-groom's

Near

Near at hand, with such a gallant Troop ;
 They are hard by : Nay, I'll tell thee what —
 Out upon't, — what do I here !
 The Jelly will be spoil'd.

Bor. O take care of that by all means ;
 The old Gentleman will need it.

[Exit Taccola.]

Enter Moreno.

Mor. How now, Sirrah ? what, loit'ring here ?
 The Company's just coming to the Gate ;
 Get you gone, and mind your business within.
 — Why Daughter, Daughter.

Emilia appears above.

Emil. Your pleasure, Sir.

Mor. Be ready there, Daughter ; the Bride-groom
 Will salute you with Musick presently.
 I had almost forgot the chiefest News ;
 This day the fair *Samira*, *Castruccio*'s Niece,
 Must marry the great and rich *Brancadoro*'s Heir.
 Be ready, Daughter, I cannot stay. — Hark, — they come.

Emil. Governess. Taccola.

Taccola appears above.

Tac. Here, Sweet Charge.

Emil. Come, it must be your part to tell me the Names
 Of every one ; have you inform'd your self ?

Tac. Yes, yes, I know them all.

Emil. Peace then, and observe.

Enter first some bearing Bays and Rosemary, then Moreno and Castruccio, then Brancadoro and Samira, then Miranzo and others ; As these pass over the Stage they speak above.

What be these Men ?

Tac. They bear Love's Ensigns :

You know the Gentleman that follows.

Emil. Yes, yes ; who's he that leads his fair Niece ?

Tac. The wealthy *Brancadoro*, who is to marry her this day ;
 They say he's an Ass, though his Trappings be rich.

Emil. A sudden Wedding ! But what young Man
 Is that which follows next ?

Tac. I marry, that's his fine Nephew *Miranzo*,
 Newly return'd from Travel.

Emil. Peace, they begin.

As soon as the Masque begins the Curtain draws, and Emilia appears ; Miranzo keeps his eyes fix'd on her all the while the Masque is presented.

The Persons being all plac'd about the Stage,

Enter a Cupid, who waves an Arrow, and speaks.

Cup. Hymen, O gentle Hymen, come away.

Enter

The Surprisal.

21

Enter Hymen.

Hym. When Loves great God Commands, I never stay.

Cup. Then light it thy Torch.

Hym. For that I hither came,

And see 'tis ready to receive a flame,

Whenever by thy powerful Summons prest.

Cup. Then light at that aged Lovers breast.

Hym. Where Time has been destroying, can there be
A warmth for him, much less a flame for me?

Cup. Those grosser flames that feed on wanton hearts,
Burn not in his; the sharpest of thy Darts
Had found no way, where Nature frozen lies,
But that 'twas thaw'd by fair *Emilia's* Eyes.

Hym. Call hither all thy Votaries to gaze,
That with such Fires thy Altars still may blaze;
Not fed with loose Desires, but purest Hearts;
So I my Torch may save, and thou thy Darts.

Enter Charon.

Cup. But stay, what dismal Apparition's this,
That mingles horror with approaching bliss?

Char. Charon I am, that o'r the Stygian Waves
Waft only Fares that first have pass'd through Graves:
From thence I came, where all the Destinies
Do sit and smile at these unequal ties:
'Tis vain to sing an Hymeneal note;
Light not thy Torch, for I prepare my Boat.

Hym. Why, *Charon*, why?

Char. Know, I did lately view
The Fatal Sisters, whilst his Thread they drew;
The last remains were on the Distaff put,
And one prepar'd the feeble twine to cut.

Hym. Fond Fool, go back again, and thou shalt find
So fair a Thread with his so firmly twin'd,
No Destiny will venture to divide
A Life that is with fair *Emilia's* ty'd.
Gaze, and submit.

Char. What's this appears more bright,
Than Souls prepar'd for the *Elysian* Light?
Appear, appear, you Fatal Sisters, come
Before a Power that can reverse your doom.

Enter Destinies.

See, they obey; 'tis just that Love and Fate
Shou'd on the fair *Emilia's* Nuptials wait.

Cup. First I resign my Arrows and my Bow.

Hym. The Fates submit their dreadful Ensigns too.

Char. *Charon* will leave his unfrequented Shore,
And at *Emilia's* Feet lay down his Oar.

Hym. Ascend, ascend, you happy Shades, and move
In various measures with the God of Love.

Enter Spirits.

Char. They come, they come, hark, hark, our charmed Ears
Are struck with Musick from the moving Spheres.

*The Spirits first dance an Antick; Then the Destinies join
in a grand Dance.*

Mir.

Mir. How my Eyes are chain'd unto that glorious Object !
She acts like what she is, a Miracle ;
And I am lost in wonder !

Cast. Good Morning to my fairest Mistress :
May but my Joys this day, be yours for ever ;
I know not how to wish you more.

Bran. Uncle, must I bid her good-morrow too ?
These Spirits have so amaz'd me, I can scarce fetch my breath.

Cast. By all means.
Bra Why then, — Good-morrow, Mistress ; 'tis Signior Brancadoro
Bids you good-morrow : I wish you as good luck as my self.
As I suppose, you may have heard of me ;
For I am going the way of all Flesh too.

Mir. If I cou'd speak, I find I cannot join
In Wishes of this nature : How my Soul struggles in me !

Mor. Come down Daughter, and meet us in the Hall,
So to the Temple, where all Complements
Are quickly ended. Come, Son, your Ceremony
Desers your happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Curtain draws. *Manet Miranzo.*

Mir. The lovely Apparition's vanish'd ; O for a spell
To call it back again ; but the black Spirits only
Are subject unto charms, and not the brighter Angels :
At what a distance she surpriz'd !
Had the great God of Love us'd other Eyes,
He had at rovers vainly shot his Dart ;
Hers had the power alone to carry level to my heart.
How hapless must my destiny needs prove,
That in one instant both despair and love !

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Taccola and Bottolo.

Tac. Good Bottolo, set these things upon the Shelf ;
I must stay here to give my Lady her Things,
She's coming down this way ; I had forgot
Her Vail ; nay, prethee do so much for me.

Bot. Well, well ; Pox on't, I take no joy in this Wedding.

Tac. Nay, prethee no discourse now, honest Bottolo.

Bot. O rare ! honest Bottolo ! before night
You'l scold at this honest Bottolo.

Tac. Thou deserv'st it twice, where I do it once, Sirrah.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. What's the matter ?

Bot. Nothing, Mistress. — Ah, 'tis a thousand pities. [*Exit Bottolo.*]

Emil. Have you brought my Things, Governes ?

Tac. Yes, my sweet Charge.

Emil. Where's the Company ?

Tac. They all stay for you in the Hall.

Emil. I go, I go. [*As she offers to go, enter Miranzo.*]

Mir. Stay, stay, fairest Maid.

Emil. What's your pleasure, Sir ?

Mir. I dare not tell her 'tis to gaze on her.

[*Aside.*
Madam,

Madam, the busines I must acquaint you with
Deserves a privacy ; please you to command
Your Woman for a minute to withdraw.

Emil. Leave us a little, Governes.

Tac. By my troth a comely Gentleman ; had luck been,
This might have made the better Husband.

Pray, Sir, be not tedious, here's busines to be done.

Emil. Not by the old Gentleman.

I am a stranger to you, Madam ;

My busines will seem strange too.

Emil. Pray quickly, Sir ; I am staid for.

Mir. That's part of it.

Emil. Of what ?

Mir. Why, of my busines, to desire you not to go.

Emil. What mean you, Sir ? why do you gaze so wildly ?

I hope your thoughts are not so much unsettl'd

As your looks ; why do you desire me not to go ?

Mir. Why, you go to be married, do you not ?

Emil. Yes ; what do you mean ? Pray leave me.

Mir. I must not, nay, I cannot leave you.

Emil. Not leave me ! What is the busines
That thus unseasonably you stay me for ?

Mir. I know I have done ill to trouble you ;
But who can help it ; Love and Whirlwinds
Will have their giddy courses.

The story's short, I saw and lov'd you.

Wonder not ; Lightning burns at a flash,
When lesser Fires do by degrees consume.

Emil. It is not well to give me this strange trouble.
How did you come to meet me ?

Pray say no more ; I must obey and marry.

Mir. Do, and be happy. — 'Tis true,
I might have dy'd without afflicting you ;
For that I ask forgiveness.

Emil. I forgive you freely.

Mir. This then finishes my Wooing.

Emil. Hold ; you do not mean so madly !

Mir. I mean thus, soberly.

Emil. Where is your Reason and your Justice, Sir !
Think on't ; wou'd you rob another of his right ?
Your near Relation too !

Mir. Not by dying, do I ?

Emil. That offends Heaven, at whose disposal
You ought to be.

Mir. I am so ; you are my Heaven here,
And you dispose me to my Fate.

Emil. Why d' you cruelly disturb me ? I know
You dare not be so injurious as to
Destroy at once your self, and all my peace.

Emil. You mistake ; Alas ! I have not courage enough to try
Whether or no I can endure to live.

Emil. Oh, you have ruin'd me ! what shall I do !

Mir. I am sorry I have troubled you, indeed I am ;
But you began to plague me first :
I was at peace with Woman-kind ; that is,
I lov'd none till your eyes began the quarrel.

[*Exit Tacco.*]

Emil. What wou'd you have me do ? how can I now
Avoid this Marriage, ready for the Temple,
Ingag'd by my Obedience, and my Promise !

Mir. You may pretend a sudden sickness, Madam.

Emil. I need not much pretend it ;
But what is your design in this ?

Mir. I dare not name a Pardon at the first ;
I only beg to be Repriev'd, that I may try
If it be possible to love you less,
And you may try to love me more :
But if you think it too much mercy to Reprieve me,
Pronounce my Sentence quickly, you shall find me
Your faithful Executioner.

Emil. You press me strangely ;
I dare not be the cause of any murther :
Live——I will not marry ; by all that's good I will not :
But from this time see me no more,
Cruel disturber of my Peace.

Mir. I lost mine first by seeing you ;
And though I promis'd to obey one Sentence,
Yet this is too hard, dying's easier :
I cannot promise never to see you more and live.

Emil. Be gone, and leave the most unhappy of all Women.

Mir. I go, remember only this Vow I leave behind,
Never to live to see you wretched or unkind.

[Exit.]

Emil. Ah me !—— I need not wholly counterfeit
Sickness ; I have an Ague in my thoughts,
Which shakes my Soul ; I shall grow faint indeed.
Governess.

[Enter Taccola.]

Tac. O, sweet Charge, there's old calling for you.

Emil. I cannot go yet ; lead me to my Chamber ;
I fear I shall grow ill.

Tac. How, how !

Emil. Prithee peace.

Tac. Why, what, a God's name, hath this young Fellow done ?
What is he gone and left you ?

Emil. Nothing, nothing ; prithee along, I faint.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Bottolo.

Bot. Hey day, what doings there's within !
Signior Brancadoro has lost his Mistress ;
By this time they are hunting on a cold scent,
Or else have quite given her over.

I wonder my Mistress had not the wit
To run away, and hide for good and all,
From her old Caterpillar.

Hark, there's a new Noise within,
And louder too than ever ; I'm a Villain
If I don't fansie I hear Taccola's shrieks
A note above them all ; what shou'd this mean ?

[Noise within.]

Enter Brancadoro.

Bran. O, Bottolo, didst thou see my Mistress ? As I live and breathe,
I ne-

I never took more pains a Squirrel-hunting,
Than I have done in ſeeking her ;
I would give any thing in reaſon to any
That could but bring Tale or Tidings of her.

Bot. That reasonable Reward would prove a *Julio*.

Bran. Come, *Bottolo*, prithee come and help to look her.

[Exit Brancadoro.

Bot. I had rather help to hide her from ſuch
A covetous vapouring Coxcomb.
How now !

Enter Moreno *hastily*.

Mor. O *Bottolo*, *Bottolo* ! run, run, *Bottolo*.

Bot. Whither, Sir ?

Mor. Any whither ; run, run, fetch a Physician quickly.

O, my Daughter, my Daughter !

What, art thou here yet ?

Bot. Why, what ails my Mistress ?

Mor. Dying, dying ; ſhe fainted ſuddenly,
And lies without a ſign of life.

Bot. A pretty Wedding towards ; poor Soul,
Who can blame her to be afraid to be clasp'd by an old Ivy,
Whose embraces never ſuffer any thing to proſper ?

Mor. Art thou not gone yet ? Run quickly, Sirrah,
To *Leonardo* the Phycian ; make all the haſte thou canſt.

Bot. I knew there wou'd no good come of this Wedding,
First or laſt. I go, Sir, I go.

[Exit *Bottolo*.

Enter Caſtruccio.

Caſt. O miſchief ! No hearing of my Niece !

Mor. My Daughter, my Daughter's going.

Caſt. And my Niece is quite gone :
Every corner has been ſearch'd, but no finding her.

Oh, oh, what a ſad day is this !

Mor. Never a hopeful Morning ſo o'recast !

Caſt. O my Miſtress ! O my Niece ! Undone, undone.

Mor. Let's in and advise together ;
I have ſent *Bottolo* for a Physician.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. There's yet ſome hopes ; the subtle Politician,
That cannot reach his ends in peace, throws all
Into diſorder.

He ſnatches others first from their enjoyments,
And that makes way for his designs.

I find we are alike ; for Peace muſt be
More fatal than Love's Civil War to me.

What a world of thoughts now offer
Their troubleſom ſervice to me !

Wou'd my Man *Baptiſta* were come :
Heaven prevent miſchance ; I cannot doubt his truth :

I trusted him to help my Sister's flight to the Nunnery ;
No way was left at laſt but that,

To cozen *Brancadoro* of her :
 The Fool had almost flown her to a Mark.
 O *Cialto*,—I have strange News to tell thee.

Enter *Cialto*.

Cial. Your looks express as much.
 I thought sorrow and wildnes
 Had hung upon no brow but mine.
 Where have you been? What is the Wedding finish'd?
 Why are you thus confus'd? — ha! — where's *Samira*?

Mir. Not married to *Brancadoro*, nor ever shall.

Cial. O, my best Friend, pardon my fears ;
 How safe I am in thee! But where is she?

Mir. You shall know presently ;
 I appointed my man *Baptista*
 To wait my coming to this place ;
 But an accident has brought me sooner than I thought.

Cial. Bless me! What accident?
 In thine eyes appears
 A strange disorder.

Mir. No, no, no great matter; we may be friends, Sir,
 Now at your own rate; I am turn'd Lover too.

Cial. Why, 'tis impossible! Who *Miranzo*!
 He that us'd to brag his heart was fortifi'd
 With scorn and chearfulness!

Mir. O, Sir, I rejoice you are in such perfect memory ;
 But see, *Baptista* is return'd. Now, — what News?

Enter *Baptista*.

Bapt. As you directed, Sir, I found an opportunity
 That favour'd the design your Sister had :
 The idle Persons, that had no business
 But to mind others Actions, I got
 Into the Cellar, whil'st she made her escape.

Mir. To the Nunnery.

Bapt. Thither she told me she would go.

Mir. 'Tis well.

Cial. How! to the Nunnery! she may be willing to stay there,
 'Tis probable; for nothing here below
 Is worth her Love: I find I cannot yet
 Submit; my Passion will resist,
 Though Heaven it self does prove my Rival.

[*Exit Cialto hastily*.]

Mir. *Cialto*, friend *Cialto*; he's gone.
 Hey day, how Love tumbles us about!
 Yet I admire not now at this distraction;
 For mad men wonder not at one another.

Bapt. But, Sir, I have strange News to tell you;
 The fair *Emilia*, with her old Governess,
 Is fled to the Nunnery too.

Mir. How! is't possible?

Bapt. 'Tis certain, Sir; and to that purpose
 She left a Note upon her Table:
 All the House is in an uproar,
 And fancy 'twas a Plot between the Ladies.

Mir. Above my hopes she then has kept her word,
 Not to bestow her self; but what a Devil

Does

Does she do at the Nunnery ?
That may be worse than th' other ; if she shou'd
Turn Nun now ; like enough ; when people are croſ'd
And vex'd, they grow Religious preſently.

I muſt do ſomething. — How my thoughts work,
Heaving like labouring Moles within the Earth !

[He studies.

Ha, Baptiſta.

Bapt. Sir.

Mir. Haſt thou not told me thou haſt a Brother is a Friar ?

Bapt. I haſe, Sir, in the next Convent.

Mir. Cou'dſt thou not prevail with him to lend me
A little of his holineſs ?

Bapt. What mean you, Sir ?

Mir. Nay, I mean none of his Prayers nor Meditations ;
At this time I haſe no use for a good thought :
'Tis his Habit only for a few hours ; I'le not abuse it,
On my honour ; Thou darſt trust me, darſt not ?

Bapt. You cannot doubt that, Sir ; and I am ſure
My Brother's thoughts of you are as mine are :
I'll try preſently, if you please, Sir.

Mir. Come, I'le go along with thee ;
For my design requires ſome haſte :
Thy care and love ſhall be requited.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Moreno.

Mor. Worse and worse ; my Daughter, my Daughter !
Couzen'd, abuſ'd and cheated !
Signior Caſtruccio, Brancadoro, where are you ?

Enter Caſtruccio and Brancadoro.

Caſt. What's the matter ?

Mor. Oh, my Daughter ! gone, fled, run away,
With her old Beldame.

Caſt. How, fled and gone !

Mor. Gone, gone.

Bran. My Miſtress ſhew'd her the way.

Villerorto ſhall let him alone now,
If I cou'd but find him. No Wedding, no Killing.

[Aside.

Enter a Servant.

Caſt. How now ? any News yet ?
Where's my Nephew Miranzo ?

Serv. He's not in the Houſe, Sir.

Mor. We are all abuſ'd and cheated.

Bran. I am couzen'd too of my Miſtress ; but as long
As I can keep my Money, the care's the leſs.

Caſt. It is in vain longer to vex our ſelves ;
Let's in and consult ; then, if we judge it fit,
We'l go together to the Nunnery,
And there make our demands,

You for your Daughter, I for my Niece.

Mor. You advise well ; come, let us not delay :
Signior Brancadoro, you muſt along too.

Bran.

Bran. With all my heart ; I long to see
What the meaning of these tricks are :
Every body's couzen'd, as well as I.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE. VI.

Enter Montaldo, and two Companions.

Mont. We are marvellously kept on duty ; not one Allarm yet ?

1 Com. Our Scout is watching for Intelligence ;
To say truth, the Gentleman takes a world of pains.

Mont. Wou'd he wou'd take less ; he pays well,
And 'tis no matter how long 'tis a doing.

2 Com. What are you squeamish still, Captain ?

Mont. Pox on't, I can't conceal my villainous apprehensions
From these Rascals ; without doubt the Rogues
Are as timorous as I am, though they hide it better.

[*Aside.*]

[*Enter Villerotto with another, and pulling in Samira.*
How now ? what's here to do ?

Vill. Nay, do not seem angry :
This is strange rambling on your Wedding day.

Sam. Impudent Rascal, unhand me :
How dare you assume the boldnes to examine me ?

Vill. Spoil not your good face with frowns ;
'Tis to no purpose ; You must be my pris'ner.

Sam. Your Prisoner, Slave !
Vill. Yes mine, till I know

In what condition you have left my Master ;
Your flight's suspicious ; perhaps y'ave murther'd him.

Sam. No, the Fool's alive to thank you
For your officious rudeness.

Vill. If he be not, your life shall satisfie.

Mon. 'Tis not in our bargain to deal with Women.

[*Aside.*]

Vill. There's something more than ordinary ;
For guilty persons use such flights ;
Here, take her away.

Sam. What, will you murder me ? help, help.

Vill. Stop your mouth, or I'll spoil the passage to't,

[*He shews a Dagger.*]

And make an hole to let your Clamours out
By th' way, before they climb up to your Throat.

Enter Emilia and Taccola.

What have we here ? more Quarry on the wing ?

How the Covie's scatter'd ?

Sure 'tis she ; 'tis, 'tis *Emilia*.

Here has been some mischief practis'd ;
I'll seize her too, else t'other will want company.

Stay, who are you ?

Emil. Ah me !

Vill. Whither this way so fast ?

May be you cannot speak for want of Air,

I'll give you vent. — I thought so, — 'tis she.

[*He unvails her.*]

Emil. Oh, I am ruin'd.

Vill. Troth, like enough ; and possibly you have deserv'd it.

Emil. Pray stop me not ; but rather, if you have pity,

Con-

Conduct me to the Nunnery.

Vill. O, do your mischiefs prompt you to a refuge ?
I'll find you out a place of safety.
Two of you come along with me ;
Bring them along too.

Tac. Rascal, what dost thou mean to do with us ?

Vill. Nothing with your Antiquity.

Sam. Conduct us to an Officer of Justice ;
We dare appear, Sir.

Vill. Stop her mouth ; I'll consider what to do with you ;
Bring them along, I say.
Do you wait here till I return ;
A minute brings me back.

*[Exeunt with the Women Villerotto,
and the second Companion.]*

Mont. Why, this is horrible Injustice ;
We must only it seems do the worst work.
Why, methinks one might serve this unconscionable stomach :
But it may be we, like Serving-men,
May be permitted to fall to after him.
This plunder though ought to be divided
Among us that did the duty.

1 Com. 'Tis but reasonable ; perhaps he thinks
That full temptation cannot live
In our hunger-starv'd bodies.

Mon. Before I saw these sprightly Wenches
I thought so too ; but I am not hungry now :
A Man has never any stomach
When he is over-heated.

Enter Villerotto hastily, with the second Companion.]

Vill. Whist, whist ; this way, this way :
Now bravely seize the prey, he's coming directly to you.

Mont. Pox o'th' News : Now have I no mind
To the Wenches neither ; this fear can lay that Devil,
That will obey nor hunger, nor poverty.

Vill. Come, follow me ; thrust home and sure.

Mont. I, I, so we might.

Vill. Doubt not your full reward.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Miranzo in a Friars Habit, with a Friar and Baptista.]

Mir. Thanks, holy Sir ; and pray be confident
That I have no design nor thought
Which may abuse this habit.

Fri. You are too noble.

Mir. In that rest assured ; now Sir retire,
I need no farther your protection.

Fri. Heavens direct and send you peace of mind.

Mir. Thanks, holy Father.

Baptista, wait at my Uncle's House till you hear from me ;
I shall need nothing now but an old Shooe cast after me.

Bap. I will not fail, Sir. This is strange !
He uses not to be so disturb'd.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Cialto *solus*.

Cial. Love's constant diet is not hope, I see ;
 For mine wou'd then be starv'd ; but it is still alive,
 And strangely on despair knows how to thrive.
 Yet think, *Cialto*, how preposterous 'tis
 To fear the loss of that which 'twere unworthy
 In thee now to wish.
 But though the Sun must at a distance shine,
 It would beget an horror in Mankind,
 Shou'd they but fear he wou'd for ever set.
 Though in this place she rises a degree
 Up towards Heaven, yet she sets to me.

Enter Villerotto, Montaldo, and two Companions, with
 their hands on their Swords.

Ha ! who are these, whose dismal looks
 Are seconded by their postures ! —
 Which is your way, Gentlemen ?
 You stare as if you had lost it.

Vill. No, we know our way, 'tis to thy heart,
 And thus we force it.

Cial. 'Twill be hard to find.

*As they fight, enter Miranzo in his Friars Habit ; he snatches
 a Sword from one of them, and by his help the Assailants
 are beat off.*

Mir. What horrid Act is this ! How, *Cialto* !

Vill. Villains, make up ; sure I have sped him.

Cial. So bold, Sir ?

Vill. Bold as your self, Sir. — It is in vain ;
 Hell take these Rascals.

Mir. What caus'd this foul play, Sir ?

Cial. Holy Sir, you know as much as I.

Mir. How do you feel your self ?

Cial. Hurt, Sir ; but not to any danger, as I guess ;
 Yet I bleed : Your timely aid
 Makes my life yours ; I shou'd not have expected
 Such a relief from any in your Habit.

Mir. How, *Cialto*, do you not know me ? — not yet ?
 Look again ; sure if you lov'd me,
 There's no disguise cou'd hide *Miranzo* from you.

Cial. How, *Miranzo* ! O, my Friend, what means this Habit ?

Mir. You bleed ; I dare not spend the time to tell you.
 All my story ; I doubt here was foul play.

One of these Villains I know to be *Brancadoro*'s Servant ;
 But whither were you going ?

Cial. To the Nunnery ; but prethee satisfie my longing,
 What's to be done in this disguise ?

Mir. A very pious work, I can assure you ; — why, —
 I am going to confess my Mistress.

Cial. Thy Mistress !

Mir. You may remember my Uncle was in a fair way
 To Marriage.

Cial.

Cial. Why, is he not married?

Mir. No.

Cial. How so?

Mir. I frightened his Mistress away, and in this Nunnery
She has taken Sanctuary ; her I am going to confess ;
I should be abominably out of Countenance —

Cial. At what, Man?

Mir. Why, if she shou'd confess, amongst her sins,
That she lov'd me, for one.

Cial. You wou'd absolve her, wou'd you not?

Mir. Yes, and her Penance shou'd be to continue in her Sin ;
But we trifle here, forgetting thy condition.

Cial. Pish, I scarce feel my hurts.

Mir. Come, our Adventures lie together ; lean on me ;
Nay, yet more ; counterfeit enough, 'twill move the more
Pity ; thy Wounds and my Habit will without doubt
Open these charitable Gates.

[They knock.

A Nun appears.

Nun. What is your businels, Father?

Mir. I am sent from Father *Vincentio*, unto the Lady *Emilia*.

Nun. Here's no such person.

Mir. How ! 'tis not the Custom of holy places to deny truths.

Nun. Nor is it now practis'd.

Mir. Why her Father sent away Father *Vincentio*,
Immediately to dispatch some holy Man,
To reconcile her troubled Spirit,
Which caus'd her to fly hither.

Nun. She came not to this place.

Mir. Nor *Samira*, *Castruccio*'s Niece ?

Nun. By all that's holy, neither.

Mir. I dare not but believe you,
Pardon me for preffing you so far.

Nun. All Peace dwell with you.

[Exit Nun.

Cial. How, not here ! did you not mistake, *Miranzo* ?
And have forgot, and sent her to some other place ?

Mir. I am amaz'd !

Cial. Do not wonder ; you cannot lose your Sister, sure.

Mir. Not lose her !

Cial. I hope so ; for 'tis probable she knows your mind.

Mir. I scarce understand yours, nor do you know your own ;
If you do, 'twill be ingenuous to speak it plainer.

Cial. If I shou'd be jealous, or dislike any thing,
'Twou'd seem ridiculous ; such humours
Are only fit for thole that either hope,
Or else are in possession. — Farewel. —

I wish your Sister happy.

[He offers to go out.

Mir. Stay ; — consider this is the second time
That you have started into mean suspicions :
You will repent.

Cial. I do repent that I purſu'd your Sister
With a Passion that hath out-liv'd all my prosperity,
As if a Ghost shou'd love ; for 'tis not I,
But 'tis *Cialto*'s shadow that you gaze on.

Mir. 'Tis indeed his shade, or something less,
That bears no shape of him, nor of his mind.

Cial. I know it but too well ; — yet perhaps
You may have so much Friendship left, at my request,
To give it out that I am dead.

Mir. What's your design in that report ?

Cial. You will not do it then.

Mir. I wou'd know why.

Cial. Nay then.

Mir. Come, your humour shall have its course,
I'll do't without a question :

But why shou'd I report that you are dead ?

Cial. You said you wou'd not ask me ; nor need
You fear to give out an untruth ; it may be shortly so :

In the mean time I must disguise my self,

As from henceforward I shall every day

Resemble less and less what once I was.

Things running to decay grow every moment

More unlike themselves ; and so do I.

That at the last the name of Friend

Will not fit you or me ; for I shall be decay'd,

Never to be repair'd again ; and we must part

Still more and more, till at the last our distance

Will grow so great that none will gues

We ever were united : So Lines

Both from one Centre drawn, still more and more divide,

Till for the World at last they grow too wide.

[Exit.]

Mir. I forgive thee, poor *Cialto* ; for I am sensible
What a distraction governs thee, by the confusion
That throws my thoughts into as much disorder ;
For I have rais'd a War where Peace still flouris'h'd,
In the calm Empire of *Emilia's* Breast ;
And she is fled from me back to her peace.

— Yet —

What is the meaning that my Sister fails ?
I know not what to think ; I stand like one has
Lost his way, and no Man near him to enquire it of.
Yet there's a Providence above that knows
The roads which ill Men tread, and can direct
Enquiring Justice : The Passengers that travel
In the wide Ocean, where no paths are,
Look up, and leave their Conduct to a Star.

[He studies.]

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Montaldo, and his two Companions.

¹ *Com.* **T** Roth, Captain, I did not perceive
That daring Valour you talk of.

Mont. Thy fears blinded thee, else thou might'st have seen
What furious thrusts I exchang'd with that Devil
In a Friars Habit. You are a Courteous Gentleman,
To lend your Sword at such a time.

² *Com.* He came behind me on the sudden,
And wrench'd it from me :
Who wou'd have suspected a Friar for such tricks ?

¹ *Com.*

1 Com. All our reward is lost ; if we might have it,
I think we shou'd be ashame'd to ask it ;
He that hir'd us was hurt himself.

Mont. Why, 'twas his own cause, and his own fault ;
As for Example, I'll shew you what he shou'd have done ;
Observe me. —

Enter Miranzo, and Baptista following at a distance.

How now — what Apparition's this, as a Friar ?

I hope, 'tis not another fighting Friar.

'Slid, 'tis he ; my villainous apprehensions
Go as true as a Sun-dial.

What an unlucky posture he has found me in,
Wou'd my Sword were up to th' hilts in him
Or a Dunghill, or any thing that wou'd but hide it.

Mir. What, more mischief towards ? I am provided for them now ;
They are those very Rascals : — I know that blustering
Fellow again : Now Heav'n prosper my designs ;
I have a fair occasion to improve them.

How now, Gentlemen ? What means a Weapon drawn ?

Mont. We, Sir, are Men that have been us'd
To handle Swords ; when there's no War to employ them,
We play with 'um in Peace : I hope 'tis no offence
To have a kindness for our best Friends.

Sure he knows us not. —

Aside.

1 Com. Alter your Countenance as much as possible,
Captain ; perhaps he may not know us.

2 Com. I'll seem blowing my Nose, and so hide my face. —

'Slid, I have no Handkerchief to do it with.

Mir. You stare as if you did not know me.

Mon. Know you ? how shou'd we know you ?

Mir. No ? that's strange ; one of you was so civil
To lend me a Sword lately ;
Can you yet call me to remembrance ?

Mon. We know not what you mean ; if we were Friends,
We are not now at leisure to answer idle questions. [He offers to go.

Mir. Nay, you must stay ; come, no blustering ;
I am provided now, look you — [He shews a Sword under his Gown.
I shall not trouble you for a Sword again.

Mont. Wou'd he had mine, where I cou'd wish it.

Mir. I am sorry I have an unpleasant question to ask you ;
But yet it must be answer'd.

Mon. Must !

Mir. Yes, must ; and you will do it calmly,
For all your stormy looks.

Bladder, if thou continuest thus to swell,
I'll make an hole to let out your vain humour.

Mon. 'Tis well you are a Man of Peace, or else —

1 Com. Not half so much as he is.

Mir. Never at peace with Murtherers ; Impudent Villains,

Who hir'd you to that damn'd act

Of murthering the generous Cialto ?

Had not your feet been nimbler than the Sword,

I'd paid you your just hire, Sir — Come, confes.

1 Com. We are undone. — Lord, how our Captain looks big,

And trembles all at once !

Mon. We do not understand you.

Mir. Well, I cannot stay to parley ;
Here, take away these Rascals Swords.

Mon. How, our Swords !

Mir. Come, come ; nay, it must be so ;
I know your gentle natures.

Mon. Why, Sir, I deny nothing to one of your Coat,
Or else —

Mir. You wou'd deliver them however.

1, 2 Com. Good Sir, disgrace us not.

Mon. Pox on't, wou'd that were the worst ;
How the Rogues stand upon their credit ?

Mir. Disgrace you ! is that possible ? Come, deliver, deliver,
Or you shall have ours, d' see, where you do not wish them.

Mon. Well, our Religion obliges me to this ; but it shall be upon
Condition you use it well till you return it ;
'Tis a good Blade. [They deliver their Swords.]

Mir. If the Blade be good, you shall have a Knife out of it,
'Tis your only Weapon, this was not well mounted.

Mon. Well, Sir, you are merry, and we take out-leaves.

Mir. O, by no means ; you must deliver your selves up too.
Here carry these Gentlemen Murtherers
To Cialto's Kinsman ; these are the Rogues

He has been looking for ; I leave them to his Examination.

Mon. O, good Sir, we will do any thing.

Mir. Away with them ; I'll follow at a distance,
If they stir ; and d' hear — He whispers to Baptista.

Bapt. Yes, Sir. — Come, my Masters. [Exit Miranzo.]

Mon. What say you Friends ? umh —
This was a good Bargain ; we shall never have such another :

How plaguily you gues'd ! we are not likely

To live to make another : What say you

To a Dialogue with Fear and Conscience ?

1 Com. Why, if we hang we shall be in no more wants,
And you'll be in no more frights, Captain.

Bapt. Come along, Gentlemen of the peaceable Blade :
But, d' hear ? if you can yet be honest,
And confess truly and penitently,
You may 'scape, I'll undertake it.

Mon. We will confess all we know, Sir.

1 Com. Yes, and more too, if that will do't.

Bapt. Come, despair not then. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter, as to the Nunnery, Castruccio, Moreno, Brancadoro, and Bottolo.

Bran. If they be here, we'll fetch them out with a vengeance ;
Knock, Bottolo, break the Gate down. [Bottolo knocks.]

Bot. They are deaf, or else at Prayers.

Bran. I, so they had need, to ask forgiveness
For all their tricks. How out of Countenance, Uncle,
Will my Mistress be when she sees me ?

Cast. And my Mistress too, Nephew.

Bran. Why there's one comfort yet, they did not run
After other Men ; I'd have made any Man smoak

That

That shou'd have been so bold to have ventur'd
On my Mistress. —— What, no body come yet? —— Knock again;
These be fine tricks.

Bot. Not a distressed Damsel yet appears
Out of the sacred Castle : —— Now one bolts ; [Enter Nun.]
We shall have a godly Exhortation,
Whether we get any Women, or no.

Nun. What means this earnest knocking at the Gates?

Bran. What a foolish question's that? we wou'd come in.

Nun. Our Laws forbid that men shou'd enter here.

Bran. Fiddle faddle, I'll come in, and fetch others out too ;
See who shall say me nay,

Nun. Use no rude force, 'twill be a disrespect
To Heaven, as well as want of manners :
Is there a cause for all this passion?

Bran. Yes, that there is ; here you shelter every Run-away ;
Bring 'um out, or I'll freeze you.

Bot. Why he'll beat her ; 'tis a fierce Hector.

Nun. What is it you demand, or whom?

Bran. Why, we demand *Samira* and *Emilia* ;
Here is her Uncle, and the others Father :

My Name's Signior *Brancadoro* ; you have heard on't,
I warrant you, e're now.

Nun. I know not what you mean.

Mor. 'Tis true, holy Maid, such we have lost,
And hither they are fled.

Nun. Certainly, Sir, there are none such here.
But I'll go in and ask the truth.

Cast. We thank you.

[Exit Nun.]

Bran. 'Slid, if she had not left her tricks and denials,
I wou'd have hit her a dowse in the chops.

Bot. Like enough ; perhaps he ne'r struck any body in his life,
And now wou'd flesh himself upon a woman.

Enter Nun.

Nun. Here are no such persons as you enquire for.

Bot. How, how! why my Daughter *Emilia* left a Letter
Upon her Table, expressing she fled hither,
For some trouble she had within her.

Nun. There's some abuse in this ; for but e'en now
There was a Friar that enquir'd for these Ladies ;
He held a Gentleman seem'd hurt to death :
He was earnest, as you are ; but he was satisfi'd,
As you may please to be.

Bran. No, it does not please us to be satisfi'd,
Nor will we be satisfied ; let's in and search.

— That hurt Gentleman was *Cialto*, without question.

— Now if I cou'd but find my Mistress.

[Aside.]

Nun. I hope you do not mean to be injurious.

Cast. I hope you do not think it lawful
To conceal Children from their Parents ; this wou'd be
The refuge then of every wilful Child.

Nun. Pray believe you are not now abus'd ;
By our best hopes there are no such Persons
Within our Walls ; we wou'd not for a world deny a Truth.

Mor. This is strange ; but we must believe.

Bran.

Bran. But we may chuse whether we will or no.

Nun. Heaven restore all you have lost,
And then preserve it to you.

Cast. We thank you.

[Exit *Nun.*]

Bran. I'll not thank her ; a pox of her truths ;
I'll not be couzen'd by any holy Jugler of them all.

Mor. Come, let's not neglect to enquire some other way ;
'Tis vain to linger here.

Signior Brancadoro, what course take you ?

Bran. I'll go about a little business, and presently
Set some to enquire ; if she be above-ground, I'll have her.

Cast. Farewel, *Signior* ; we'll lose no time neither ;

[Exit *Castruccio* and *Moreno.*]

Bran. Some comfort yet, that I have such fair hopes :
Cialto's dead ; now I shall keep my Estate quietly ;
And if I cou'd but find my Mistress, I shou'd have her too.
Now the roaring Lion's dead, I dare look after my Prey.
Well, ——what's best to do ? let me consider.

Enter *Villerotto.*

Vill. What, is he studying ; why the Devil
Does he thus seem to search for prudent thoughts,
That has not lodging in his Brains for one ?
Yet he studies ; something is in the matter.

Fortune, that brought those beauteous Prisoners under
My power, prosper me now in driving of my Bargain.—Sir.

Bran. How now ? ——O *Villerotto*, come just in the nick ;
I want thy advice and help ; my Mistress
Is not here at the Nunnery.

Vil. How, Sir ! not at the Nunnery ! why, you told me that
Emilia had left a Note upon her Table,
That she was fled hither ; and is neither here ?

Bran. Pox of her Note ; neither she nor *Samira* are here.

Vil. Who told you this ?

Bran. Why, a little harlotry Nun.

Vil. She lyed sure.

Bran. I said so ; I was going once to hit her a Cuff o'th' Ear,
But that she told me some good News.

Vil. What was that ?

Bran. She told me a Gentleman was dying, and a Friar
Has carried him away ; that's you know who.
Hast heard any News ?

Vil. Yes, your Enemy is dead.

Bran. For certain ?

Vil. So 'tis reported generally.

Bran. Why, I have nothing then to fear but his Ghost ;
And if that shou'd be troublesom, I'll quiet him,
If Christendom can afford a Conjuror.
Now if I cou'd but find my Mistress.—But *Villerotto*,
If any of the Rogues shou'd be taken that know thee.

Vil. I hope not, Sir.

Bran. Hope ! — is't come to that ? Art not sure,—ha ?
Now shall not I sleep one wink this Night ;
I shall do nothing but think and dream,
And dream, and think of Judges, Serjeants, Bars,
And Hangmen ; wou'd I had ne'r medled with it.

Vil.

Vill. There is a way, Sir, to secure you.

Bran. Name it, name it, good *Villerotto*.

Vill. I must go plant, Sir, in another Country ;
Then you are safe.

Bran. Why, faith and troth I shall be loth to part with thee ;
But what must be, must be ; Friends must part.

—Wou'd I were well rid of him.

[*Aside.*]

If thou think'ft it fit, I shall be rul'd.

Vill. And consent I shall be gone.

Bran. But against my will, as I'm an honest man ;
For let the worst come to the worst, I know thou woud'ft not
Betray me, —wou'dst thou, *Villerotto* ? —ha ?

Vill. Nay, I cannot tell what operation

A Rackand Torture might have on me ; I am flesh and blood.

Bran. So am I too, I know it by my shaking.
This was a bugs word ; —wou'd he were gone.

[*Aside.*]

Nay, *Villerotto*, 'tis for thy safety too as well as mine,
That I consent ; when wou'dst go ?

Vill. Soft, Sir, something is first to be consider'd on.

Bran. What's that ? what's that ?

Vill. First tell me, Sir, is there no news of the Ladies ?

Bran. No, no ; neither tale nor tidings.

Vil. Have Signior *Casttruccio* nor *Moreno*

Heard nothing neither ?

Bran. Not a syllable ; I have told you all.

Vill. Are not the old Gentlemen much troubled ?
You bear your Losses pretty well, Sir.

Bran. I have took on too, that I have,
As much as the best of 'um ; it has made me
Ready to hang my self ; but while my Money's left
I shan't part with this World easily ; yet I wou'd give somewhat
More than I'll say, to get my Mistres once again.

Vill. What wou'd you give, Sir ?

Bran. Nay, nothing, unless I were sure to have her,
And then sure she wou'd not runaway agen.

Vill. What wou'd you give to marry her ?

Bran. I, I, that's the busines that I am to look after ;
I must get some Heirs quickly,
For fear the *Brancadoro*'s Race shou'd cease.

Vill. That were pity. —

[*Aside.*]

But if I cou'd be instrumental, nay, the only means
To find your Mistress out, and then marry her to you ; what then ?

Bran. Why, she may run away afterwards, for ought I know.

Vill. But what if I shou'd put you to Bed together ? after that
'Twill be too late for her to take her flight.

Bran. I marry, Sir ; do this, and I'll give thee twenty Crowns.

Vill. I thought so. — You are wondrous bountiful :
But not to trifle longer, look you, Sir,
If you sign this for my comfortable Subsistence, I'll be gone ;

[*He shews a Writing.*]

'Tis to secure you in a certain Safety :
And into the Bargain I'll help you to your Mistress ;
You shall wed her, and Bed her.

Bran. What is't ? let's see.

Vill. There's the Sum, Sir.

[*He points in the Writing.*]

Brancadoro reads it.

Branc.

Bran. How ! Two thousand Crowns a year /
I'll give two thousand of my Teeth as soon.

Vill. Why then, Sir, take your chance, and I'll take mine :
I must not starve, nor will I.

Bran. But if thou shou'dst not help me to her.

Vill. Then I'll be gone, and forfeit my Reward.

Bran. I wou'd fain have her ; but I wou'd fain keep my Money :
But if I don't, he'll betray me, or cut my Throat ; [Aside.]
'Tis a terrible dogged Fellow.

Well, *Villerotto*, I'll think on't ; come along, we'll go try
If we can drive a Bargain : — But dost know where she is ?

Vill. That I do not tell you ; 'tis enough, I'll run the venture.
Hark you, Sir. [He whispers.]

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Ha ! — 'tis he ; 'tis *Brancadoro* and his Rascal,
That did attempt *Cialto*'s Life : Fortune sure
Has offer'd them thus fairly to me, to make some use of :
I hope they know me not ; I'll try :
Save you, Gentlemen ; — may it not appear rude to ask you
If you know one call'd *Signior Brancadoro* ?

Bran. Yes, I know him as well as I know my self.

Mir. I have a little busines with him, Sir,
And wou'd be glad to know where I might find him.

Bran. Why, did I not tell you I knew him as well as my self ?
That's as much as to say, I am he, if you mean
The Honourable *Brancadoro*, Son
And Heir to *Brancadoro*, who was lately
The great rich Senator.

Mir. 'Tis he, Sir, I mean, whose known worth
Made it a duty in me to acquaint him
Of a black Scandal some wild Tongues have cast upon him.

Bran. What's the busines ? if they talk of me,
I'll make 'em hold their Tongues.

Vill. How's this ! [Aside.]

Mir. It will deserve your Ear, Sir :
The cause that made me knowing of your wrongs,
Such I dare call 'em, was by some discourse
That happen'd of the unfortunate *Cialto*'s Death ;
There 'twas reported, that an idle Fellow,
Who takes on him the Title of a Captain,
Gives out that he was hir'd by a Servant of yours
To murder him ; and they talk as if the Captain,
And his lewd Companions, had been secur'd,
At least search'd after, by the direction of a Friar,
But what Friar I cou'd not hear.

Vill. Plague on that holy Rascal. [Aside.]

Bran. Hey, hey, a Friar ! what *Friar, Villerotto* ?

Vill. Why the Devil do you ask me ? I know no Friar.
O the damn'd Coxcomb ! [Aside.]

Mir. They grow concern'd ; it works. [Aside.]

Bran. *Villerotto*, d' hear ? if thou cou'dst be sure to help me
To *Samira*, and then wou'dt be gone into another Country,
I wou'd sign the Writing.

Vill. I'll do it, Sir ; nor shall you set your hand to't,
Till I have shew'd you I can do it : — But hark you, Sir,

If you shall then refuse it, I'll betray all.

Bran. Like enough ; I must do't.

[*Aside.*]

Vil. Ha, — a lucky Fancy mingles on the sudden
Among my crowding Thoughts ; 'tis excellent ;
This Friar may be a fit person, — I'll try him. —

Let me see, — 'tis right. — If I joyn *Brancadoro* to his Mistress,
That way my Fortune's gain'd ; and to be safe,
This Friar shall make *Emilia* mine ;
That done, her Friends will ne'er endure to see
Her Husband hang'd ; though *Brancadoro* share part of the Feast,
Yet by his leave I'll taste both Dishes first. — Sir,
Pray give me leave to ask this honest Friar
Some Questions in relation to your Service.

Bran. With all my Heart.

Vil. You cannot tell, Sir, whether these Rascals
Are yet in Custody, or not ?

Mir. No, Sir.

Vil. Nor cou'd you hear what Friar this is ?

Mir. I am almost a Stranger in *Sienna*.

Vil. I like that. —

[*Aside.*]

You have express'd a great Kindness and Respect
For my Master *Brancadoro* ; possibly, Sir,
I cou'd propose a Service you might do him.
That might deserve a large Reward.

Mir. I shou'd be glad to have that in my power, Sir.

Vil. Perhaps men of your Profession may scruple
To do a thing in private, without the allowance of all Parties.

Mir. What mean you, Sir ?

Vil. Hark you, a word in private.

Mir. Let me alone, Sir, to make good the Title,
And fit the Party ready for possession.

Vil. O happy Accident ! I am ravish'd with my good Fortune.

Mir. What means all this ? I'll try the bottom of it. —

[*Aside.*]

Vil. Come, Sir, be cheerful, and be confident.

[*To Brancad.*]

In a few hours, I'll make you safe and happy.
If your Occasions, reverend Sir, permit you
To undertake what I have mention'd to you,
I'll shew you suddenly your Clients.

Mir. I am ready, Sir.

Vil. You must engage to Secrecy.

Mir. Upon my holiness.

Vil. Nay, you have forsworn that already in your discourse.

Mir. Upon my life, Sir.

Vil. Come, Sir, to your House then, there you shall fee

What I will do in order to my promise. — Sir,

I hope this reverend person shall receive

Rewards proportionable to that Service

He is engag'd to do you : — but —

When we come there you must be pleas'd to use

A little patience, till I have brought together

The persons you must tye in sacred Bonds.

I'll on before, Sir,

[*Exit Villerotto.*]

Mir. I shall observe all you direct.

Bran. What does he mean, trow ?

Mir. I cannot guess ; but I believe 'tis something

In order to your Service.

Bran.

Bran. Nay, 'tis a notable Fellow ; and you wou'd say so,
Did you know as much as I :
As cunning as my Mistress is, he'l go near
To hunt her out, let her make as many Doubles as she will.
Come, Sir, I'll bid you Welcom at my House ;
'Tis not the worst in Sienna ; you shall take a full View of it.

Mir. You oblige me, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. III.

Enter Villerotto solus.

Vil. So, now to my Prisoners :
A single Beauty cou'd not have the power
To keep my Blood thus at high Tide ; if one
Permits my Veins to find but the leaſt Ebb,
The other makes 'em rise, and so kept always
Flowing by one or t'others Eyes :
And like my Blood, my Flames find no retreat :

— I must allay my Fires, — or waste
In this expence of Heat. — Come forth, come forth,

Enter Samira, and Emilia, and Taccola.

My Lady Brides, you shou'd have made such Fools
Of Men. — 'Tis not amis to give you Joy.

Sam. What means the Villain ?

Em. O give him gentle words, his Looks are dreadful.

Sam. Give him Rats-bane.

Em. O speak gently to him ! when I was a Girl
They us'd to frighten me with such a one. — I tremble.

Sam. Fear not, *Emilia* ; the Villain dares not wrong us.

Vil. But the Villain dares revenge his Wrongs.

Sam. Who has injur'd thee ?

Vil. He that did it will do so no more,
I can assure you.

Sam. What doſt thou mean ?

Vil. Why, this Wound, as ſhallow as it is,
Was Fathom'd by *Cialto's* Sword,

Sam. Pifh.

Vil. 'Tis true indeed ; but I was more bold with him,
And put in farther ; he had no time
To make a Will ; I doubt he left you nothing.

Sam. What doſt thou mean, — Screech-Owl ?

Vil. Oh, you have no mind to understand ;
This 'tis plainly, *Cialto's* dead ;
I kill'd him in my own Defence.

Sam. Villain thou lyest, in every thing thou lyest ;
He cou'd do nothing basely ; nor could thy power
Reach his generous Life.

Vil. Why, in good truth, 'twas he that stir'd my Blood,
And made this Hole to let it out at ; but
As Luck wou'd have it, 'twas not deep enough :
I ſaw his Errour, and did rectifie it ;
I thrust my Sword two or three Inches deeper,
And that laid him to rest.

Sam. O Heaven protect us.

Vil. Why now you run on that Mistake again ;

The Surprisal.

41

No help can come so quickly as you'l want it.

Tac. Thou dest not mean to ravish us, dost thou, Varlet?

Vill. Us! canst thou be ravish'd, old willingnes?

Tac. How do you know, Jackanapes,

Whether I am willing or no? you never try'd yet.

Vill. Nor ever will: This the Devil will ravish me.

Be quiet, or I'll slit your Tongue; d'see this. [He shews a Dagger.

Sam. O for some help! I'll tear the Villain.

Em. Peace, pray peace, let me beg again;

Good Sir, let's go, why do you fright us so?

You dare not be so wicked as you talk.

Vill. Pretty; their different tempers bring to my enjoyment

Variety of Bliss; in her Embraces

I shall enjoy a Calm, and childish Innocence;

In th'other, loftiness of Mind and Spirit,

As if kind Nature had presented now

All that the cou'd produce for me to rifle.

Emil. Do you not hear me, Sir? I pray release us;

You have no cause to keep us Prisoners;

Yet we will pay a Ransom.

Vill. Why, so you shall before you go,

Pretty one; is't more unjust for you to be my Prisoners,

Than me to be your Slave?

Sam. Our Slave!

Vill. Nay, put not on a scornful look;

I shall not beg your pity.

Em. But we are willing to beg yours, good gentle Sir.

Sam. Beg not so meanly, he dares not injure us.

Vil. O, by no means; why that Frown?

Those Storms shall cast away no Heart of mine;

I'll force my way to harbour in your Arms.

Sam. What do you mean?

Vil. I mean to make my self as Fortunate

As Man can be in his full-crown'd Wishes;

I will enjoy you both.

Tac. Which two d'you mean?

Vil. Pox on thee, wou'dst thou be one?

Nay wonder not, nor blefs your selves, unles

It be in Admirations of my Justice,

Shew'd to the equal power of your Beauties;

You may see the Image of it every day;

'Tis in the labouring Bee, that gathers sweetnes

From every Flower that contends in Beauty.

Tac. By that Smile he should go near

To venture on us all.

Sam. Monster, dar'st thou entertain a Thought of such a Villany?

Vil. Alas, 'tis past that, I am almost ready for Action;

Yet for all that you shall be honest Women

When I have done.

Em. For Heavens sake, Sir, what mean these dark Expressions;

I hope they include no Evil.

Vil. Not any; perhaps you may scruple it

A little at the first; but I'll allow you

Some small time to consider on't:

What an excellent Contrivance 'twill be!

You shall have all Love's stolen and sweetest Joys,

And yet be honest ; come prepare.

Sam. For what ?

Vill. For my embraces.

Sam. For those of Snakes first.

Vill. O, mine are gentler far.

Sam. Villain, thou —

Emil. Pray peace, and let me beg once more,
Upon my Knees ; 'Pray, Sir, do not affright us,
I know you cannot mean the thing you threaten ;
You are too wise, by our unhappiness
To bring on your own ruine.

Vill. Ha, ha, why you will not publish your own shame ;
This will not do ; no, if I were sure
That death waited for me, as soon as I had crown'd
My Passion and Revenge, I wou'd think it
A good bargain, to chop a little time for so much satisfaction.

Sam. Be merciful, and kill us.

Vill. That's to be cruel to my self — but I trifle time,
A little business calls me ; be wise, and meet
My embraces willingly ; if not, know your doom ;
For by those Powers that govern me, Love and Revenge,
I'll sacrifice both your enjoyments to them, —

So ponder till I return.

[Exit Villerotto.

Em. Ah, Madam, what shall we do ?

Sam. Die, *Emilia*.

Em. When, Madam ?

Sam. Presently.

Em. Alas, I tremble at your naming it.

Sam. Why do you shake ? you must dye one day ?

Em. I know it, by that time I may be willing ;
Old Age, or a Disease may make it welcome,
At least more gentle, than it now appears
By an approaching violence — but —
Sam. O rather with a juster apprehension
Recount the lingering Torments a Sickness
Or old Age may bring on ; a violent Feaver
May make the Body a Furnace for the Soul
To suffer, not to live in ; or old Age
May take away our Reason, and the use of Sense and Faculties,
And rob the Body and Soul both of their Eyes : this way
A minute's pain assures felicity for ever.

Em. Which way shou'd we do it ?

Sam. See, this I had still about me in all my fears [She draws a short
Of being forc'd to be made Wife to *Brancadoro* : Dagger.
Why do you wink ? the brightness of it shines
Most lovely in my Eyes, when I but think
What service it may do in sending us
To a perpetual Peace.

Em. Can a Soul be carried through a stream of Blood,
To peace in t'other World ? is't not a Sin to destroy Life ?

Sam. 'Tis to avoid a greater sin we do it : —
Dare you, nay, can you live stain'd with this —
I tremble more to name or think on that,
Than on the death that will prevent it.
But I have given you my Opinion,
And will afford you my Example :

If you stay behind me you will repent,
Among those miseries that I am freed from.

Emil. Oh ! do not speak of leaving me behind you,
To the rude passions of this horrid Villain ;
I know not how to live without you,
Nor dye, but as you teach me ;
Pray blame me not, nor take it ill of me :
Sick Men, though they are told, and do believe
That health is offer'd in a bitter potion,
Shrink at the taking of it ; 'tis no more in me :
I know, at last I shall chuse death, rather than shame ;
— Yet I know not how I shall endure to hurt my self,
I have cryed when I have but cut my Finger.

Sam. That only was, because 'twas unexpected ;
Your resolution now for a just cause
Will make this welcome, and prepare you for it.

Emil. I fear I shall hardly strike home, —
Then I may suffer all that shame and mischief
I would avoid ; pray therefore grant me one thing.

Sam. What is't ?

Em. To kill me first.

Sam. That were to commit Murder.

Em. Why, have you a better title to your own Life,
Than unto mine ? you purchas'd one no more
Than you did t'other ; there is no contract, or permission,
Granted from Heaven, that allows the difference.

Sam. But alas, my sweet *Emilia*,
I never shall endure to hurt thee.

Em. Nor your self neither, did not that vertue prompt you
Which bids me beg it, and then the Argument's the same for me.

Sam. Pretty reason'd ; but it will be needless
To dispute this ; I know my fair Example,
In dying first, will arm thy feeble hand,
With double strength, to force a passage
For thy unstained Soul to fly with mine,
Where every thing is in perpetual lustre.

Em. Shall we know one another there ?

Sam. No question of it, else this bad World
In something might exceed the best.

Emil. You have confirm'd me, Madam, pray forgive
My simple, if not unbeseeming fears ;
'Twas no dispute my vertue did admit of,
But a confusion brought upon me suddenly,
By nature, and still flattering hope, Reasons, and Virtues Enemies.
Come, dear *Emilia*, we'll prepare our selves,
And make the circumstances of our Death
Familiar to us ; for 'tis practice only
Takes the sharp nature off from things,
And gives them new ones, that at the last
We shall be so much strangers to the thoughts,
Or the desires of Life, that all will seem

Already done, which we resolve to try,
And we shall both seem dead before we dye.

[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cialto *solus*.

Cial. **W**H Y do I still pursue, what still must fly,
 And what I dare not wish to overtake ?
 It seems like the pursuit of night, which follows day
 In the same track, and yet can never reach it ;
 That distance nature did for them decree,
 And honour has design'd the same for me :
 Yet still there is a mutiny within
 Against those Laws which honour strictly makes ;
 And Passion like a cunning Traytor sets
 The name of liberty on its own Rebellion.

Enter Baptista, Montaldo, and his two Companions.

Bap. Sir.

Cia. Ha, *Baptista* !

Bap. A word, Sir, in your Ear —— My Master, Sir, by chance
 Has lighted on the Villains that attempted you ;
 He thought it fit that you shou'd first examine 'em,
 As Kinsman to your self, and to that end
 Has sent them to you ; farther, he bid me tell you
 That in a little time you will perceive
 You wrong'd him in your thoughts.

Cia. Prethee say no more ;
 My thoughts have so much disproportion in them,
 That they are neither just nor equal unto my self, or him ;
 Has he not sent his Pardon by thee ?

Bap. He can take nothing ill of you, Sir,
 Perhaps he did admire a little.

Cia. He is a perfect Friend, and can love one
 Whose Mind is lost, as well as Fortunes.

—Now, Gentlemen, have you received your Wages ?

Mon. For what, Sir ?

Cia. For killing my Kinsman *Cialto*.

Mon. We hope he is not dead.

Cia. D'you hope so, Rascals ; Come confess
 Every Circumstance, how it was done,
 And who hir'd you to 't ; if you miss a tittle — or —

Mon. This Gentleman told us,
 If we did confess, we shou'd not suffer.

Cia. Well, if you do it truly, and afterwards
 Perform all I enjoin you, I will make good his word :
 Come, who hir'd you ?

Mon. It was an ill minded Man, Sir.
 One that belong'd to Signior *Brancadoro*.

Cia. Was it his Masters instruction ?

Mon. I, no doubt on't, Sir.

Cia. Did he say so ?

Mon. Yes, and more too.

Cia. What more ?

Mon. Why, he told us, it was an honourable action,
 And therefore wou'd share in't himself ;

And

And accordingly he said his Master shou'd reward us.

Cia. You know him when you see him?

Mon. Yes, yes, Sir.

1 Com. Good Sir, let us not suffer, we have your word.

Cia. Trust to it ; have you any more to say ?

Mon. Nothing, Sir, of any consequence.

Cia. Well, what trivial thing have you ?

Mon. When we were waiting, Sir,

For that worthy and unhappy Gentleman, *Cialto*,

A couple of silly Women by chance came by, and the Rascal Snatch'd them up too ; all was Fish that came to his Net.

Cia. How, Women ? what Women ? speak, quickly, ha — — —

Mon. Why does your Worship grow angry ?

Cia. Speak, Dogs, what Women ?

Mon. What a Rogue was I to name them,

'Slid, 'tis he himself.

[Aside.]

1 Com. You must be over-doing it.

Mon. Plague on you, did not you advise to tell all ?

Nay, more than all if need were ?

Cia. It may be it was *Samira* and *Emilia* : Rogues, what Women ?

Mon. Good Sir, we know not ;

But he talk'd of their running away

Upon their Wedding day,

And took them, as he said, upon suspicion

Of Murdering his Master *Brancadoro*.

Cia. It must be they, the circumstance assures it.

O you Dogs, did you help take them ! I'll send

Your mischievous Souls to that Devil that instructs them.

Mon. O good Sir, we hope you are the Gentleman,

And there's no hurt done, O good Sir,

1 Com. Remember your promise, Sir.

Mon. We have more to confess, Sir ;

Or if you please, we'll unconfess it all again.

Cia. I had forgot to ask, what did the slave do with them ?

Mon. He sent them Prisoners to his Master's House, as we think.

Cia. O Heavens ! Rogues, Prisoners ! Come along with me ;

For if I find you tell me any lies,

I'll spoil your Throats from venting any more.

Come, good *Baptista*, help guard the Rascals ;

If they but offer to stir, kill 'em.

I'll carry back to the Slaves heart

All these intended mischiefs,

And break upon them like a Whirl-wind,

Wrapping them up together into nothing.

[Exeunt hastily.]

SCENE II.

Enter *Samira* and *Emilia*.

Sam. Come, come, *Emilia*, dry those tender Eyes,
We are not going to be miserable,
But to be safe from miseries.

Em. Wou'd it were past ; I am willing to reach
My journeys end ; yet I start like one
That travels in the night, in unknown ways ;
For we must through darkness,
Wander in places, from whence none that went

Ever

Ever return'd to tell us what they were.

Sam. O do not shake thy virtuous resolution
With feeble apprehensions ; 'tis a journey
That we must one day take: All the dispute
Which can be rais'd is only from the loss
Of some uncertain time, which yet perhaps
May prove so full of miseries, you'd wish
That Fate which now you wou'd so much decline.

Em. My resolution's firm ; for all my shakings
They are but starts which sometimes nature makes ;
As Wolves kept tame may now and then
Provok'd by appetite, or some displeasure,
Start into actions like their usual wildness,
Before they were reduc'd to an obedience ;
So 'tis with me, though I have brought my nature
To a tameness, and submission :
Yet at the unwelcome prospect that it takes
Of my intended dissolution. —
It starts within me, and wou'd fain break
Those severe Fetter, Virtue and Reason tyes them up with.

Sam. Here take thy choice then ; [She shews a Knife and a Dagger.
This Knife by chance
Taccola had about her : which will you have ?

Em. The Dagger, if you please ; that seems the sharpest,
And will be best for my weak hand.

Sam. Nay do not weep that we shall dye ;
But smile to think how we shall live in Fame.

Em. I must weep, since I must part with you.

Sam. We shall meet again so quickly,
Thy tears will be but thrown away : —
Now hide that fatal Friend unto thy honour,
And when I strike, strike too, that we may fail
In one anothers Arms, and go to rest together.
— See, the Monster comes, be resolute.

Em. Fear me not.

[Enter Villerotto.

Vil. How fare my beauteous Prisoners ? what is't,
Sadness, or modesty that fixeth thus
Your down-cast Eyes ? come, come, I'll be more ingenuous,
And acknowledge the happiness I shall enjoy ;
But you must be bashful ; go in, go in,
And there I'll hide your blushes, that if you please,
You shall unseen blush that you were unwilling.

Sam. Sure thou canst not be such a prodigious Monster ;
Hast thou neither fear of earthly punishment,
Nor Heavens vengeance ?

Vil. Pish, I'll not trifl, nor defer my joys [They draw their Dagger
A minute longer : Thus, I'll force you two — how ! — and Knife.

Sam. Are you amaz'd ? were you so unacquainted
With all good, nay, with any thought of it,
That you could never think there might be Women
That wou'd prefer their death before dishonour ?

Vil. Indeed I have read of a foolish Lucrece ;
But I believe the story otherwise
Than perhaps you may do ; yet if you have
A mind to imitate that willful Matron,
Kill your selves as she did, when you know what was done.

Sam. Stop thy lewd breath, thou Monster ;

We

We need not to be told when we shou'd dye,
We are prepar'd, but not as your damn'd tongue
Directed us.

Vill. And this you think will stop me ;
No, your Romance trick will not do :
I know you dare not venture to hurt your selves ;
And therefore — thus —

Sam. Strike, *Emilia*, strike home be sure.

Vill. Hold excellent Ladies, hold ;
Pardon my cruel curiosity, that led me
To make this tryal of you ; you have shew'd
There is a vertue, which I thought impossible
To live with Women ; I have call'd back to me
The Opinion of your Sexes stedfast goodness,
Which has been so long banished from me.

Em. Can this be real !

Vill. You see it must be so ; 'tis no faint repentance,
Charm'd from your tears, or sad expressions,
Which might be feign'd in Women ; but my conversion
Comes from the real knowledge of a vertue
That wou'd have shook Mans Faith to think in Woman.

Sam. This amazes me.

Vill. Why do you wonder ? is't not possible
A Man may once grow good ? why do you mistrust ?
Are you not in my power still ? take heed, fair Saints,
Of sharing any guilt, that seems like mine,
So slowly to believe goodness in Man,
As I have done in Woman : you know what Virtue is ;
I scarce knew it till you taught it me ;
And you will be more guilty than I was,
If you believe as slowly as I did.

Em. Sure 'tis real ?

Vill. You then will know it, when I have restor'd
You to your liberty, as you have done
Me to my long-lost goodness.

Sam. If this be real, we shall believe our selves
As much preserv'd by you, as if another
Had been the intended Ravisher ; for 'tis greater
Virtue to rescue us thus from your self,
Than from another ; as much as 'tis harder
To overcome our Passions, than an Enemy :

Vill. I glory much in that high Character
You raise me to ; pray give me leave to seal
My Pardon on your fair hands ? nay, permit *[They offer their left hands.]*
My most ambitious Lips to receive it
Upon those noble hands that were to write
The horrid Tragedy, with your virtuous Blood.

Sam. Ha, deceived ? *[He offers to kiss their right hands, and*

Em. Ah me ? *so snatches away their Weapons.*

Vill. I cann't but laugh to think how we have couzen'd
One another ; did you believe I was turn'd virtuous ?
Troth I never thought you were so foolish to be so really.

Sam. Dost thou take pains to appear Devil ?

Vill. No, not at all ; I do it easily :
The truth on't is, I fear'd you might have acted
Some pretty odd phantastical Scene,
Perhaps to let a little blood out, and then

Talk finely, whilst the purple drops distill'd ;
 Calling your selves, your Virtues Martyrs ;
 Then, in a tone most neatly counterfeited,
 Fall into high notions of meeting in *El'sium*,
 And walking in perpetual springing Groves,
 Or some strange imagin'd pleasure ;
 Perhaps all the while believe as much as I :
 But by this means you might have lost some of that blood,
 Which I have so much use of for to stir you.

Sam. Monster, Devil, wilt thou not permit us a way to dye ?

Em. Kill us, Sir, and yet we will believe you gentle.

Vill. After I have done, you may do what you please.

— Come.—

Sam. Help, help.

[Enter Taccola.

Tac. Help, help.

Vill. Plague of this clap of thunder ;

I'll dispose of you,

And spoil the spring of your chops.

[Exit with Taccola.

Em. Some help, good Heaven.

Sam. Let's stop our breaths,

Or tear the Devils Throat out.

Em. No help left us !

[Enter Villerotto.

Vill. Who shou'd help you ? I have gag'd

Your foul mouth'd hound, she can fill up the cry no more :

Yield quietly, or I'll drag you — thus —

Sam. Emil. Help, help, murder, murder !

[They bustle.

Enter Mirzano.

Mir. What noise is this ; blast me ! are my Eyes true ?

Or is that blessed shape ever before them ?

It was their cryes. Hold, what's the matter ?

Vill. Ha, who wanted your sacred Company
 Before your time.

Mir. I heard a noise, Sir, and I did not know
 Whether you might not be in danger.

Vill. You see I am not ;

Wait where I told you, till I send for you.

Mir. Then 'twas the Ladies, Sir, cry'd out, it seems.

Vill. What then ?

Is it a usual call for you when Women squeak ?

Sam. O Sir, for Heavens sake help us : we shall be —

Vill. Stop your mouth, or I'll stop it for you.

[Draws.

Mir. Good Sir, use no violence ; perchance the Ladies
 May be a little frightned from reason,

If you but give them time.

Sam. O Heaven ! are all Men ill ? under that habit
 Can there be hid the love of sin ?

Vill. Well, be gone.

I want not your advice, nor your assistance yet.

Mir. If you please, Sir, I will endeavour to perswade them :
 I can prove that necessity may excuse many things,

That wou'd be sinful, uncompell'd — if you please, Sir.

Vill. No, no, be gone ; you grow impertinent.

Mir. But if you please, Sir, to hearken to my opinion.

Vill. Hang your opinion ;

I do not like this Fellow ; I'll trust him no more.

Ha, — what noise is this.

[Brançadoro calls Villerotto and Entr's.

Mir.

Mir. A seasonable interruption.

Bra. *Villerotto*, why where have you been, Man ?
I have been looking you up and down all the House:
Here's *Bottolo* come from his Master,
And has strange news for me, he says :
I told him I car'd not a farthing what 'twas.

— But for all that, I wonder what it should be ?

— How now, what here, *Villerotto* ?

Ha — haft got her ? haft got her i'faith ? prethee let me —

Vill. You had best spoil all, Sir, and destroy
The pains I have taken for you ?

Bra. Nay, prethee, I will but —

Vill. Come, you shall not But ; have not I been careful,
And dare you not trust me now ? Come along with me.

Bra. What, I must salute her first, Man, in good manners.

Vill. You must not, 'tis unseasonable ;
I have not wrought her yet enough — Nay. —

Bra. But why thy Sword, drawn Man ?

Vill. You shall know the reason suddenly :
Come, be quiet, and I'll perform all I promis'd.

— Hell — how I am troubled with him : Come, Sir :

Bra. Push me no pushes ; I will not go ;
And see who dares make me.

Vill. Come, you must, Sir.

Bra. 'Slid, whose Master ? You or I ? take heed of my fury.

Sam. Good Signior Brancadoro, help us ; hear us.

Vill. To be fool'd again ;
You have not a mind to be cousen'd

Once more, have you ?

Bra. What's that to you ? I will hear 'em.

'Slid, I will stay, and I will not go yet.

Vill. I'll betray all, if you play the Fool thus :
Come, you must go now ; *Bottolo* stays for you.

Bra. I will not, I say.

Vill. Go, go.

Mir. I'll follow him, and get some help.

[*Exit Brancadoro.* *The Friar* offers to go out too.]

Vil. Hold, Sir, you my worthy spiritual Counsellor ;
Stir not, nor attempt to come near the door ;
If you do — no more but so :

Within there, ho ! — You Raefcals, how came this Friar in ? [2 *Appears*.]

1. He told us you appointed him when he heard a noise,
That he should come.

Vill. Pox on your credulous Coxcombs ; now remember
You hear me say, if he offers to come out, let me
Find him dead : Stir not, but guard the door ;
He has robb'd our Masters : — If you fail, I'll cut your throats.

[*Exit Villerotto.*]

Mir. Yet I am pleas'd that I am brought to die before her. [Aside.]

That with my last breath,
Which seldom unsuccessfully Petitions,
I may at once beg of the fair, and wrong'd *Emilia*,
Forgiveness, and belief ; — yet I wou'd know
A little more, if it were possible.

My Passion makes me vainly inquisitive.
I must do't ; yet it is but an idle curiosity
To ask for news the minute I must die.

Sam. What means this Friar? does that Habit harbour
An Instrument fitted for that vile Monster?

Mir. Was there not a great noise, Ladies,
Something like Womens Cries?

Sam. They were our Cries, Sir.

Emil. If you cannot help us to live with Honour,
Help us to die; we had two Weapons:

Arm us but again, he has yet not disarm'd our Minds.

Mir. Wou'd I knew how; wou'd you accept it
As a true witness of my sorrow, if I die first
In the opposing that mischief I know not which way to prevent?

Em. Ah me, we do not ask of you to die,
But to help death to us.

Mir. 'Tis impossible.

Sam. Strangle us then. Why do you turn away your tread?
It is a Charity to grant it.

Mir. Alas, I need not say I must deny; you will believe it
When I let you know you ask it of *Miranzo*. [He discovers himself.

Em. *Miranzo*!

Sam. My Brother.

Mir. Fair *Emilia*, 'tis the criminal *Miranzo*,
That loves *Emilia* still.

Em. O *Miranzo*! I blush to think how you encrease
My fence of Dangers, while you are mingled with 'em.

Mir. I see I am to blame in all Conditions,
To wish your Kindness; I but strive to nourish
A Sickness that sends Infection to your Peace.

Em. What must become of us?

Mir. Thus naked as I am, I will defend you;
And with my Breast I'll dull his Sword, perhaps his Cruelty.

Em. O do not talk more cruelly; Death is gentler,
Which you may help us to.

Sam. Ah Brother, be not so rash, do not deceive your self;
A thousand Lives lost in our Defence
Would not give stop to his lewd Purposes:

Heaven sure will send some Remedy. O Brother! O *Cialto*!

Mir. Forgive me dearest Sister, I had forgot
To tell you, *Cialto* lives; though this Villain was one
Of them that did attempt his Murder.

Sam. O do not flatter me, for I shall grow
As much out of love with Death, as even now
I was with Life. — Is there no hope?

Mir. The Villain has appointed them to murder me,
If I attempt but to go forth. — Ha, —
Now I think on't, it was the Friar
He gave them charge of: I am none; I'll try
If they will let me out; so I may call [He takes up his Disguise.]

Some help.

Em. O take heed!

Mir. 'Tis but attempting. — But first
I'll set the Friar in the best posture I can.
Here, Sister, support my Shape a little,
To countenance my Design; — nay, no trifling. — [He sets his Habit
So — now to your Prayers, — within there, ho: — on his Sister.

1. How now, who are you?

Mir. A Friend of *Villerotto*'s, who left me to
Stay a little while for your Assistance:

Now

Now I am going, have the greater Care
Of the Friar there; he may venture to escape,
For he has robb'd your Master.

1. We warrant you: Sir Friar, you had not best try to bolt. [Miranzo goes out, and returns
Mir. I have done ill, I dare not venture
Them a minute; Honour and Reason turn me back — back suddenly.
Blest Opportunity, — Rogue — [He strikes up one of their Heels, the other
fights a little, and runs out with a noise; he gets a Sword from
1. How now, what do you mean, Sir. one of them.
Help, help.

Mir. So, I have something now to frame an Argument
For my self with, and to Dispute a little.

Em. Now you may kill us; you have got a Sword.

Mir. Dear Emilia, do you believe, I know not how [Emilia weeps.
To make a better use of such a Weapon ?

— Pray weep not, do not unman me now.

Hark, a Noise. [Enter Villerotto with him that run out, and another.

Vill. Ha, Miranzo, are you Metamorphosed from a Friar?

Mir. Do you stare Monster? is a Sword bright Metal?

The Mirrour that can only shew

Th' affrighting shapes of thy unheard of Villanies.

Vill. Alas, I have not been afraid a long time;

I have forgot what 'tis. — Hark, a Noise.

[A Noise within.

Dispatch him quickly, you shall tell no News, Sir.

— Ha, who is this new Face for?

[Enter Cialto.

Cia. This shall fell thee, Villain.

[They offer to fight.

Mir. Hold —

[Miranzo drives out the two men, comes back

Cia. Miranzo, rob me not of that Revenge, and parts them.

Which only can belong to me

— Hark, a noise, — guard the Passage, or we may all be lost. [A noise still.

Nay, trifle not; — hark, the Noise encreases, dispatch.

— Now, Sir, do you stare to see Cialto,

Whom you hir'd Rogues to Murder?

[Exit Miranzo.

Vill. I do not stare, nor am I frightned:

What, y'are not dead it seems?

Sam. O, Cialto!

Cia. Ha, since thou hast given me cause
To view thee with a strict survey, my Eyes
Are grown clear sighted,
And find thee not the Villain which thou seem'st,
But what thou art; the base Borazzo.

Vill. 'Tis well, we know one another then.

Cia. Excellent Rascal, has your hot Revenge
Been rak'd up all this while?

Vill. Cou'dst thou expect less from me, whom thou hast disgrac'd
And ruin'd, by Caſtigering me from my Command?

Cia. And what canſt thou expect, Villain,
But that Fate thou didſt design for me?

Vill. My Sword says no.

Sam. Hold, hold, I command you hold, Cialto:
Hold, Sir, I will engage for your Forgivenefs.

Vill. My Forgivenefs! this is my Indemnity.

Cia. Do not hang upon me, unless you mean
To have me murder'd in your Arms.

Vill. Nay, I think I may drive this through your Shield.

Cia. For Heavens sake let me go.

Sam. And Heaven protect you.

[They fight, Villerotto falls.

Cial.

Cial. Now, Sir, what think you?

Vill. That I shall presently be quiet, and think no more. Help, help.

Cial. 'Tis vain to call, no man has Charity

Left for thee; trouble not thy Throat,

Unless thou hast some Devil to call upon.

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Let me embrace my dear *Cialto*,

For whom still ready Victory spreads her Wings,

When e'er his wav'd Sword gives her but the sign.

Cial. Can *Miranzo* forgive all those distracted Jealousies
My miseries begot within me?

Mir. You injure me to ask it; go dry *Samira's* Eyes.

Cial. I dare not now approach you, fair *Samira*,
But as I wou'd those Powers (I durst not hope to reach
With any thing but Prayers :) Permit me to receive forgiveness.

Sam. For what?

Cial. For pursuing you with all my miseries.

Sam. If you lov'd me as well as you profess,
My kindness wou'd infuse such joy into you,
As wou'd admit no sense of your Misfortunes.

Cannot my Love and Passion for you, have as much power as a little sleep,
To render you insensible of Miseries,
To which you only give afflicting Natures?

Cial. Fool that I was, to think that I cou'd be wretched,
Whilst you were kind; forgive me dear *Samira*:
Permit me, fair *Emilia*, to kiss your hands too.

Em. Generous Sir, I owe an equal Obligation to you.

Enter Brancadoro.

Cial. Now spare me a minute.

Sam. What means he?

Mir. I know not.

Cial. Signior *Brancadoro*, I think *Miranzo* told me once,
You did engage to fight with me.

Mir. Now I guess; peace, this will be good sport.

Bran. I, that was when I was married to *Samira*. But not else.

Clia. Wou'd marriage make you Valiant?

Bran. When I have try'd, you shall know my mind.

Cial. By no means, Signior; I shall forbid the Banes:
But I must have your Answer now; look ye,
Here are two Swords, take your choice.

Sam. What does he mean?

Mir. Nay, stand still.

Cial. Here, Sir.

Bran. 'Tis neither here nor there, I'll not fight
With any man that has a less Estate

Than my self; such a one ventures nothing.

Cial. Troth, you will hardly fight then

Bran. Why, what care I; if there be no body fit
To fight with me — I hope they know nothing yet.

Cial. But, Sir, as I remember, you have something
Did once belong to me; are you not weary of it?

Bran. It's no matter whether I am or no.

Cial. Pray let me have't again.

Bran. So you shall, when I have nothing else to do with it.

Cial. You are severe, Sir; I will assign you your Money
That you lent, to receive it of the Senate.

Bran. No, do't your self, Sir.

Cial. I'll fetch others to persuade you:

[Aside.]

Miranzo,

Miranzo, pray look to the rich Gentleman.

[Cialto goes out.

Sam. What is the meaning of all this?

Mir. I gues now, you'll perceive all presently.

Vill. Oh! Mir. How is it?

Vill. Too well; I have life enough to spend in Curses.

Mir. O Devil!

Em. He makes me tremble still.

Enter Cialto and Baptista, with Montaldo, and his two Companions.

Cial. Now, my most wealthy Signior, do you know these Gentlemen.

Bran. Not I; 'tis not likely that I should be acquainted

With such Ragamuffians.

Cial. Do you know them, angry Sir?

Vil. Yes, I know them to be rascally Cowards;

Ten such would not venture to cut one Throat.

Cial. Why, you need not be angry; they have not had their full hire.

Vill. They deserv'd none, they did not do their businels.

Bran. I know the Rogues now:

[He whispers.

Why, Villerotto, thou wilt not betray me, I hope.

Cial. What was that business they shou'd have done?

Vil. Why, cut your Throat.

Cial. Brave Villain! D'you see, Signior?

These were your Pensioners; the confidence it seems

Of their performances, made you so bold,

To promise when you were married to fight with me;

That was after I was dead, as you believ'd.

But now, Sir, the Hangman shall end our Quarrel.

Bran. Good Sir, speak softly? I vow, that Villain perswaded me,

And told me I should never keep my Land

In quiet else, nor ever have my Mistress.

Mir. Compound, Signior; 'tis your best way.

Cial. What say you, noble Undertakers?

Mon. Why, Sir, we must confess —

Bran. 'Tis needlesfs, Sir, 'tis needlesfs; I will do any thing.

Mir. Offer him his Estate again; you are rich enough besides;

You'l cheat somebody else in a little while of as much more.

Bran. No, Sir, I am not wise enough to do't;

My Father's gone, peace be with him; he perhaps

Might have given a say to some such matter.

Mir. Are you willing? you may hang else.

Bran. No, I can't endure that I'm sure, nor hardly th'other.

Mir. Come, Cialto; Signior Brancadoro,

So he may have your Friendship, is content.

Cial. What to do?

Mir. To restore your Estate again.

Cial. Well, I love peace; he shall have an Assignment

To receive his Money from the Senate.

Bran. That I shall never get; but I must consent.

Mir. Fear not, Signior; you have the Publick Faith for't.

Cial. Now, Samira, I can forgive my self, if I presume

With my restor'd Fortunes too.

Sam. Take heed, Sir; for if you name it,

That generous cause that forc'd me to declare

I lov'd you, will urge me to despise you.

Cial. I am charm'd.

Bran. I hope, noble Signior, you will forgive Villerotto too.

Cial. You are deceiv'd, Sir, 'tis not Villerotto;

'Tis Borazzo, an ancient Friend of mine.

Mir.

Mir. Pray forgive him, Sir ; he may repent.

Vill. Yes, I do repent.

Mir. That's well said ; of what ?

Vill. Why, that I did not rifle those Treasuries, And leave you nothing to enjoy, but what I feel, the Torments of a vexed Soul : I shou'd have fitted them for your Embraces, And wou'd have taken care you shou'd have known it.

Mir. Bold impudent Dog,

Cial. He was still furnish'd with too great a Courage ; So much boldness was not fit to have been trusted But in a Frame where it was ballanc'd with much Vertue.

Mir. Come, we'll force him to be good.

Vil. I think it must be forc'd.

Mir. He will die snarling.

Vill. I would die biting.

Bran. Wou'd he had been hang'd before he bit me.

Mir. Here, come hither, you that were once his Creatures ; Take him up, that he may be deliver'd from us, Into the hands of the severest Justice.

Vill. Do you believe my Spirit will endure

Tamely to wait upon a formal Sentence, And stay till you shall force it out of doors ?

No, I will hear these Wounds so wide, I'll make it room enough to go, if it be willing.

Enter Bottolo, after him Castruccio and Moreno.

Cial. Away with him.

Bot. What, no Body to be found in the house ? —

Hey day, what's gather'd together ! My Master ! my Mistres !

Mir. See, *Emilia*, your Father, and my Uncle.

Bran. Gentlemen, no words ; you remember our Bargain.

Cial. Doubt us not.

Emil. O, my dear Father, are you still as ready to forgive me as you

Mor. If I were angry, the sight of thee

Wou'd bring a Joy enough to force it from me.

(happy)

Mir. Your pardon, Uncle, joyn'd to this, will make me and *Emilia*

Cast. Is't so ? was this the Trick on't ? Well, well,

What must be, must be ; I am Friends, Nephew ;

I was partly in the Fault my self ; I dare swear

I made thee half in love, with praising her.

Well, — I am glad all troubles are at an end :

But she shall still be so much mine, that I may give her to thee.

Emil. You honour me, to own a Title in me.

Sam. One Pardon more, Sir, for me, that in

No other thing will ever disobey you.

Cast. What say you, Signior *Brancadoro* ?

Bran. I say any thing, Sir. — God's my life, I can scarce hold from

Cial. Many things, Sir, may seem strange to you ; (crying,

But you shall know it all at better leisure.

Mor. Come, no more ; but let forgiveness

Dwell in every Breast : Back to the Nuptials now again ;

This will scarce seem an interruption :

Come, let's away ; our Meat is hardly cold yet.

Cial. The God of Love, if he can borrow Eyes,

Will be more pleas'd with this new Sacrifice ;

Since by that change which he himself has made,

More equal Hearts are on his Altar laid.

[Exchuse.

THE
COMMITTEE,
A
COMEDY.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.



L O N D O N ,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by
R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet.
M DC XCII.

Dramatis Personæ.

Colonel Carelesse.
Colonel Blunt.
Lieutenant Story.
Nehemiah Catch.
Joseph Blemish.
Jonathan Headstrong. } Committee-Men.
Ezekiel Scrape.
Mr. Day, the Chair-man to the Committee.
Abel, Son to Mr. Day.
Obadiah, Clerk to the Committee.
Tavern Boy.
Bayliffs.
Souldiers.
Two Chair-Men.
Gaol-Keeper.
Servant to Mr. Day.
A Stage Coachman.
Bookseller.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Arbella.
Mrs. Day.
Mrs. Ruth.
Mrs. Chat.

S C E N E L O N D O N.

P R O L O G U E.

TO cheat the most Judicious Eyes, there be
Ways in all Trades, but this of Poetry :
Your Tradesman shews his Ware by some false Light,
To hide the Faults, and slightness from your Sight.
Nay, though 'tis full of Bracks, he'll boldly swear
'Tis excellent, and so help off his Ware.
He'll rule your Judgment by his Confidence,
Which in a Poet you'd call Impudence ;
Nay, if the World afford the like again,
He swareas he'll give it you for nothing then :
Those are words too a Poet dares not say ;
Let it be good or bad, you're surc to pay
— Wou'd 'twere a pen'worth ; — but, in this you are
Abler to judge than he that made the Ware :
However his design was well enough,
He try'd to shew some never fashion'd Stuff.
Not that the name Committee can be new,
That has been too well known to most of you :
But you may smile, for you have past your doom ;
The Poet dares not, his is still to come.

THE

THE COMMITTEE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Mrs. Day*, *Mrs. Arbella*, *Mrs. Ruth*, *Colonel Blunt*,
Hackney-Coachman.

Mrs Day enters brushing her Hoods, and Scarf.

Mrs Day. Now out upon't, how dully 'tis;
 All things consider'd, 'tis better Travelling in the Winter; especially for us of the better sort,
 That ride in Coaches; and yet to say truth, warm weather is Both pleasant and comfortable: 'tis a thousand pities That fair weather should do any hurt. Well said, honest Coachman, thou hast done thy part: My Son *Abel* Paid for my place at *Redding*, did he not?

Coach. Yes, and please you.

Mrs. Day. Well, there's something Extraordinary to make thee drink.

Coach. By my Whip, 'tis a Groat of more Than ordinary thinnes.

Plague on this new Gentry, how liberal they are. Farewel, Young Mistress; farewell, Gentlemen: Pray when you come by *Redding* let *Toby* carry you.

Mrs. Day. Why now *Mrs. Arbella*? What, sad? why what's the matter?

Arbel. I am not very sad.

Mrs. Day. Nay, by my honour you need not; If you knew as much as I. Well —, I'll tell you one thing, you are well enough, you need not fear Who ever does; say I told you so, — if you do not hurt your Self: for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as He will, I can see with half an eye, that my Son *Abel* Means to take care of you in your Composition, and will Needs have you his Guest: *Ruth* and you shall be Bed-fellows. I warrant that same *Abel* many and many a time Will wish his Sisters place; or else his Father ne'r Got him: though I say it, that shou'd not say it, yet I do Say it — 'tis a notable Fellow. —

Arb. I am fallen into strange hands, If they prove as busie as her tongue —

Mrs. Day. And now you talk of This same *Abel*, I tell you but one thing, I wonder that neither he nor my Husband's Honour's

Chief Clerk *Obadiah*, is not here ready to attend me: I
 Dare warrant my Son *Abel* has been here two hours
 Before us. 'Tis the veriest Princox;
 He will ever be a galloping, and
 Yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his appearances:
 He never stole this trick of galloping; his Father
 Was just such another before him,
 And wou'd gallop with the best of 'em: he and Mistress *Busie's*
 Husband were counted the best Horse-men in *Redding*, I and
Berkshire to boot. I have rode formerly behind Mr. *Busie*,
 But in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a Coach;
 My own was at present in disorder, and so I was fain
 To shift in this; but I warrant you, if his Honour, Mr. *Day*,
 Chair-man of the honourable Committee of Sequestrations,
 Shou'd know that his Wife rode in a Stage-Coach, he
 Wou'd make the House too hot for some. — Why, how is't
 With you, Sir? what, weary of your Journey? [To the Col.
Aside.]

Col. *Bl.* Her tongue will never tire —
 So many, Mistress, riding in the Coach
 Has a little distemper'd me with heat.

Mrs. *Day*. So many, Sir? why there were but six. —
 What wou'd you say if I should tell you,
 That I was one of the eleven that travell'd
 At one time in one Coach?

Col. *Bl.* O the Devil! I have given her a new Theam [Aside.]

Mrs. *Day*. Why, I'll tell you — Can you guess how 'twas?

Col. *Bl.* Not I truly. But 'tis no matter, I do believe it.

Mrs. *Day*. Look you, thus 'twas;
 There was, in the first place, my self,
 And my Husband, I shou'd have said first; but his Honour
 Wou'd have pardoned me, if he had heard me;
 Mr. *Busie* that I told you of, and his Wife;
 The Mayor of *Redding*, and his Wife;
 And this *Ruth* that you see there, in one of our Laps —
 But now, where do you think the rest were?

Col. *Bl.* A top o'th' Coach sure.

Mrs. *Day*. Nay, I durst swear you wou'd
 Never guess — why —
 Wou'd you think it;
 I had two growing in my Belly,
 Mrs. *Busie* one in hers, and Mrs. Mayorefs of *Redding*
 A chopping Boy, as it proved afterwards in hers;
 As like the Father as if it had been spit out of his mouth;
 And if he had come out of his moth, he had come
 Out of as honest a Mans Mouth as any in forty Miles
 Of the head of him:
 For wou'd you think it,
 At the very same time when this same *Ruth* was sick,
 It being the first time the Girl was ever coach'd;
 The good Man Mr. Mayor,
 I mean, that I spoke of,
 Held his Hat for the Girl to ease her Stomach in. —

Enter *Abel* and *Obadiah*.

— O are you come,
 Long look't for comes at last.

What,

What, — you have a slow set pace,
As well as your hasty scribble sometimes :
Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found
Attendance ready for me when I alighted.

Abel. I ask your Honour's pardon ; for I do
Profess unto your Ladiship I had attended sooner,
But that his young Honour, Mr. *Abel*,
Demurr'd me by his delays.

Mrs. Day. Well, Son *Abel*,
You must be obey'd,
And I partly, if not, gues your business ;
Providing for the entertainment of one I have in my eye ;
Read her and take her :
Ah, is't not so ?

Abel. I have not been deficient in my care, Forsooth.
Mrs. Day. Will you never leave your Forsooths ?
Art thou not ashamed

To let the Clerk carry himself better,
And shew more breeding than his Master's Son ?

Abel. If it please your Honour, I have some business
For your more private ear.

Mrs. Day. Very well.

Ruth. What a lamentable condition has
That Gentleman been in, faith I pity him ?

Abel. Are you so apt to pity men ?

Ruth. Yes, men that are humorsom,
As I would children that are froward ;
I wou'd not make them cry a purpose.

Abel. Well, I like his humor, I dare
Swear he's plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough of all conscience ;
Faith I'll speak to him.

Abel. Nay prithee don't, he'll think thee rude ?

Ruth. Why then I'll think him an Ass. —

How is't after your Journey, Sir ?

C. Bl. Why, I am worse after it.

Ruth. Do you love riding in a Coach, Sir ?

C. Bl. No, Forsooth, nor talking after riding in a Coach.

Ruth. I shou'd be loth

To interrupt your Meditations, Sir :

We may have the fruits hereafter.

C. Bl. If you have, they shall break loose spite of my teeth ;
This Spawn is as bad as the great Pike.

Abel. Prithee peace : Sir — We wish you all happiness.

C. Bl. And quiet, good sweet Ladies, —

I like her well enough. —

Now wou'd not I have her say any more, for fear she
Shou'd jeer too, and spoil my good opinion ;
If 'twere possible, I wou'd think well of one woman.

Mrs. Day. Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, 'tis as I told you,
Abel has done it ; say no more : take her by the hand, *Abel*.
I profess she may venture to take thee for better, for worse :
Come, Mrs. the honourable Committee will sit suddenly.

Come, let's along. Farewel, Sir.

C. Bl. How, the Committee ready to sit. Plague [*Maner C. Blunt.*
On their Honours ; for so my honour'd Lady,

[*Exeunt.*

That

That was one of the eleven, was pleas'd to call 'em.
 I had like to have come a day after the Fair :
 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been, must compound
 For their having been Rascals.
 Well, I must go look a Lodging, and a Solliciter :
 I'll find the arrantest Rogue I can too :
 For, according to the old saying,
 Set a Thief to catch a Thief.

Enter Col. Careless, and Lieutenant.

C. *Careless.* Dear *Blunt*, well met,
 When came you, Man ?

C. *Bl.* Dear *Careless*, I did not think to have met thee
 So suddenly. Lieutenant, your Servant ;

I am landed just now, man.

C. *Car.* Thou speak'st as if thou had'ft been at Sea ?

C. *Bl.* It's pretty well guest, I have been in a storm.

C. *Car.* What busines brought thee ?

C. *Bl.* May be the same with yours :
 I am come to Compound with their Honours.

C. *Car.* That's my busines too ;
 Why, the Committee sits suddenly ?

C. *Bl.* Yes, I know it ;
 I heard so in the storm I told thee of.

C. *Car.* What storm, Man ?

C. *Bl.* Why, a Tempest as high as ever blew from
 Woman's breath : I have rode in a Stage Coach, wedged in
 With half a dozen ; one of them was a Committee-man's
 Wife ; his Name is *Day* :

And she accordingly will be call'd,
 Your Honour, and your Ladiship ; with a tongue that
 Wags as much faster than all other womens, as in the
 Several motions of a Watch, the hand of the misute
 Moves faster than that of the hours. There was her
 Daughter too ; but a Bastard without question ;
 For she had no resemblance to the rest of the notch'd
 Rascals, and very pretty, and had wit enough
 To jeer a man in prosperity to death. —

There was another Gentlewoman,
 And she was handsom, nay very handsom ;
 But I kept her from being as sad as the rest.

C. *Car.* Prithee, how man ?

C. *Bl.* Why, she began with two or three good words,
 And I desired her she would be quiet
 While she was well.

C. *Car.* Thou weï't not be so mad ?

C. *Bl.* I had been mad if I had not, —
 But when we came to our Journey's end, there met us two
 Such formal and stately Rascals,
 That yet pretended Religion,
 And open Rebellion ever painted :
 It was the hopes,
 And gnide of the honourable Family, *viz.*
 The eldest Son,
 And the chiefest Clerk-rogues —

And hereby hangs a tail. }

This

This Gentlewoman I told thee
I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing,
Is a rich Heir of one that di'd in the
King's Service, and left his Estate under Sequestration.
This young Chicken has this Kite snatch'd up,
And designs her for this her eldest Rascal.

C. Car. What a dull Fellow wert thou,
Not to make love, and rescue her ?

C. Bl. I'll woo no Woman.

C. Car. Woud'ſt thou have them court thee ?
A Soldier, and not love a Siege !
How now, who art thou ?

Enter Teg.

Teg. A poor Irishman, and Christ save me, and save you all ;
I prithee give me Six-pence, gad Mastero.

C. Car. Six-pence ? I fee thou wou'dſt not lose any thing
For want of asking. Here, I am pretty near,
There's a Groat for thy confidence.

Teg. By my troth it is too little.

C. Car. Troth, like enough :
How long hast thou been in *England* ?

Teg. Ever since I came bither, i'faith.

C. Car. That's true ; what hast thou done
Since thou cam'ſt into *England* ?

Teg. Serv'd God and St. Patrick, and my good
Sweet King, and my good sweet Master ; yes indeed.

C. Car. And what do'ſt thou do now ?

Teg. Cry for them every day, upon my soul.

C. Car. Why, where's thy Master ?

Teg. He's dead, Mastero, and left poor Teg ;
Upon my soul, he never serv'd poor Teg so before.

C. Car. Who was thy Master ?

Teg. E'en the good Colonel *Danger*.

C. Car. He was my dear and noble friend.

Teg. Yes, that he was, and poor Teg's too, i'faith now.

C. Car. What do'ſt thou mean to do ?

Teg. I will get a good Master, if any good Master wou'd
Get me ; I cannot tell what to do else, by my soul, that
I cannot ; for I have went and gone to one *Lilly's* ;
He lives at that house, at the end of another house,
By the May-pole-house ; and tells every body by one
Star, and 'tother Star, what good luck they shall have ;
But he cou'd not tell nothing for poor Teg.

C. Car. Why, man ?

Teg. Why, 'tis done by the Stars ;
And he told me there were no Stars for Irishmen :
I told him he told two or three lies upon my soul ;
There were as many Stars in *Ireland* as in *England*,
And more too, that there are ; and if a good Master
Cannot get me, I will run into *Ireland*, and see
If the Stars be not there still ; and if they be,
I will come back i'faith, and beat his pate,
If he will not then tell me some good luck, and some Stars.

C. Car. Poor fellow, I pity him ; I fancy he's simply
Honest : Haſt thou any Trade ?

Teg.

Teg. Bo, bub bub bo, a Trade, a Trade! an Irishman a Trade! An Irishman scorns a Trade, that he does; I will Run for thee forty Miles; but I scorn t'have a Trade.

C. Bl. Alas, poor simple fellow.

C. Car. I pity him; nor can I indure to see any miserable That can weep for my Prince, and Friend. Well, *Teg*, what Sayest thou if I will take thee?

Teg. Why, I will say thou wilt do very well then.

C. Car. Thy Master was my dear friend; *wert thou with* Him when he was kill'd?

Teg. Yes, upon my soul, that I was, and I did houl over Him, and I askt him why he would leave poor *Teg*; And i'faith I staid kissing his sweet face, till the Rogues came upon me and took away all from me; And I was naked till I got this Mantle, that I was: I have never any Victuals neither, but a little Snuff.

C. Car. Come, thou shalt live with me; love me As thou did'st thy Master.

Teg. That I will i'faith, if thou would'st be good too.

C. Car. Now to our businfs; for I came But last night my self; and the Lieutenant and I Were just going to seek a Sollicitor.

C. Bl. One may serve us all; what say you, Lieutenant, Can you furnish us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough Witha Heifer of their own.

C. Car. Now I think on't, *Blunt*, why did'st not Thou begin with the Committee-man's Cow?

C. Bl. Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so, That I thought of nothing, But stood shrinking like a dead Lark.

Lieu. But hark you, Gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting dose To be swallowed first; there's a Covenant to be taken.

Teg. Well, what is that Covenant? By my soul I will take it for my new Master, If I cou'd, that I wou'd.

C. Car. Thank thee, *Teg*—A Covenant, sayest thou?

Teg. Well, where is that Covenant?—

C. Car. We'll not swear, Lieutenant.

Lieu. You must have no Land then.

C. Bl. Then farewel Acres, and may the dirt choak them.

C. Car. 'Tis but being reduc'd to *Teg*'s equipage; 'Twas a lucky thing to have a fellow that can Teach one this cheap diet of Snuff.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, we must lose no more time; I'll carry you to my poor house, where you shall lodge: For know, I am married to a most illustrious person, That had a kindness for me.

C. Car. Prithee, how did'st thou light upon this good fortune?

Lieu. Why, you see there are Stars in *England*, Though none in *Ireland*: Come, Gentlemen, Time calls us; you shall have my story hereafter.

C. Bl. Plague on this Covenant.

Lieu. Curse it not, 'twill prosper then.

C. Car. Come, *Teg*, however I have a Suit of Cloaths for thee; thou shalt lay by thy Blanket

For some time: It may be thee and I may be
Reduc'd together to thy Country fashion.

Teg. Upon my Soul, Joy, for I will carry thee
Then into my Countrey too.

C. Car. Why, there's the worst on't,
The best will help it self.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mr. Day. Welcome, sweet Duck; I profess
Thou hast brought home good Company indeed;
Money and moneys worth: if we can
But now make sure of this Heir, *Mrs. Arbella*,

For our Son *Abel*.

Mrs. Day. If we can? you are ever at your (lfs;) You'r afraid of your own shadow; I can tell you
One (if) more; that is (if) I did not bear you up,
Your heart wou'd be down in your Breeches
At every turn: well,—if I were gone,
There's another If for you.

Mr. Day. I profess thou sayest true,
I shou'd not know what to do indeed;
I am beholding to thy good counsel for many
Good thing; I had ne'r got *Ruth*
Nor her Estate into my Fingers else.

Mrs. Day. Nay, in that businels too you were at
Your (lfs:) Now you see she goes currantly
For our own Daughter, and this *Arbella* shall be
Our Daughter too, or she shall have no Estate.

Mr. Day. If we cou'd but do that, Wife?

Mrs. Day. Yet again at your lfs.

Mr. Day. I have done, I have done; your counsel,
Good Duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. Day. You may well enough, you find
The sweet on't; and to say truth, 'tis known too well,
That you relied upon it: In truth they are ready
To call me the Committe-man: they well
Perceive the weight that lies upon me, Husband.

Mr. Day. Nay, good Duck, no chiding now,
But to your counsel.

Mrs. Day. In the first place (observe how I lay a design
In Politicks) d'ye mark, counterfeit me
A Letter from the King, where he shall offer you great
Matters to serve him, and his Interest under-hand.
Very good, and in it let him remember his kind
Love and Service to me: This will make them look
About 'em, and think you some body: then promise them
If they'll be true Friends to you, to live and dye
With them, and refuse all great offers, then whilst 'tis warm
Get the composition of *Arbella*'s Estate into your own power,
Upon your design of marrying her to *Abel*.

Mr. Day. Excellent.

Mrs. Day. Mark the luck on't too, their names found alike;
Abel and *Arbella*, they are the same to a trifle,
It seemeth a providence.

Mr. Day. Thou observest right, Duck,
Thou canst see as far into a Millstone as another.

Mrs. Day. Pish, do not interrupt me.

Mr. Day. I do not, good Duck, I do not.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do ;
You put me off from the concatenation of my discourse :
Then, as I was saying, you may intimate
To your honourable Fellows, that one good turn
Deserves another. That language is understood amongst you.
I take it, ha.

Mr. Day. Yes, yes, we use those *Items* often.

Mrs. Day. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. Day. I do not, good Wife.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do ;
By this means get her composition put wholly into your hands,
And then no *Abel*, no Land,—but—in the mean time
I wou'd have *Abel* do his part too.

Mr. Day. I, I, there's a want I found it.

Mrs. Day. Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. Day. Why, that's true, Duck, he is too backward ;
If I were in his place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. Day. O you'd do wonders ; but now I think on't,
There may be some use made of *Ruth* ;
'Tis a notable witty Harlotry.

— You were so, when I told you
I had thought on't first, — let me see, it shall be so :
We'll set her to instruct *Abel* in the first place ;
And then to incline *Arbella*, they are Hand and Glove ;
And Women can do much with one another.

Mr. Day. Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts. — — —

Mrs. Day. Pray call her in ;
You thought of that too, did you not ?

Mr. Day. I will, Duck ; *Ruth*, why, *Ruth*.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Your pleasure, Sir.

Mr. Day. Nay, 'tis my Wife's desire that —

Mrs. Day. Well, if it be your Wife's, she can best tell
It her self, I suppose : d'ye hear, *Ruth*, you may
Do a business that may not be the worse for you :
You know I use but few words.

Ruth. What does she call a few ? —

Mrs. Day. Look you now, as I said, to be short,
And to the matter, my Husband and I do design this
Mrs. Arbella for our Son *Abel*, and the young
Fellow is not forward enough you conceive, prethee give
Him a little instructions how to demean himself,
And in what manner to speak, which we call address,
To her ; for Women best know what will please Women ;
Then work on *Arbella* on the other side, work, I say,
My good Girl, no more but so : you know my custom
Is to use but few words. Much may be said in a little,
You shan't repent it.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Day. And I say something too, *Ruth*.

Mrs. Day. What need you, do you not see it all
Said already to your hand, what sayest thou, Girl ?

Ruth. I shall do my best. — I wou'd not lose
The sport for more than I speak of. —

[*Aside.*
Mrs.

Mrs. Day. Go call *Abel*, good Girl. By bringing this
To pass, Husband, we shall secure our selves
If the King shou'd come; you'l be hanged else.

[*Exit Ruth.*

Mr. Day. Oh good Wife, let's secure our selves
By all means, there's a wise saying, 'Tis good to have a
Shelter against every storm. I remember that.

Mrs. Day. You may well, when you heard me say it so often.

Enter Ruth with Abel.

Mr. Day. O Son *Abel*, d'ye hear:

Mrs. Day. Pray hold your peace,
And give every body leave to tell their own tale. ——
D'hear, Son *Abel*, I have formerly told you
That *Arbella* wou'd be a good Wife for you;
A word's enough to the wise: some endeavours must
Be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken
To your Sister *Ruth* to instruct you what to say,
And how to carry your self; observe her Directions as
You'll answer the contrary; be confident, and put home.
Ha Boy, hadst thou but thy Mother's pate. Well,
'Tis but a folly to talk of that that cannot be;
Be sure you follow your Sister's directions.

Mr. Day. Be sure, Boy. —
Well said Duck, I say.

[*Exeunt:*

Manet Ruth and Abel.

Ruth. Now, Brother *Abel*.

Ab. Now, Sister *Ruth*?

Ruth. Hitherto he observes me punctually,
Have you a Months mind to this
Gentlewoman, Mistress *Arbella*?

[*Aside.*

Ab. I have not known her a Week yet.

Ruth. O cry you mercy, good Brother *Abel*.
Well, to begin then, You must alter your posture,
And by your grave and high demeanour make your self
Appear a hole above *Obadiah*; lest your Mistress
Should take you for such another scribble scrabble as he is,
And always hold up your head as if it were
Bolster'd up with high matters, your hands join'd
Flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your
Body as ready to separate when you begin to open.

Abel. Must I go apace or softly.

Ruth. O gravely by all means, as if you were loaded
With weighty considerations so. — Very well.
Now to apply our prescription: Suppose now that I
Were your Mistress *Arbella*, and meet you by
Accident; keep your posture so, and when you come
Just to me, start like a Horse that has spy'd
Something on one side of him, and give a little gird
Out of the way on a sudden; declaring that you
Did not see her before, by reason of your deep
Contemplations: then you must speak, let's hear.

Abel. God save you, Mistress.

Ruth. O fie Man, you shou'd begin thus; Pardon,
Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so
Buried that I did not see you: And then as the answers proceed,

I know what she'll say, I am so us'd to her.

Abel. This will do well if I forget it not.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations,
In which I was so hid, that you cou'd not see me.

Ruth. Better sport than I expected.

Very well done, you're perfect: then she will answer,
Sir, I suppose you are so busied with State-affairs,
That it may well hinder you from taking notice
Of any thing below them.

Abel. No forsooth, I have some profound
Contemplations, but no State-Affairs.

Ruth. O fie, Man, you must confess, that the weighty
Affairs of State lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a burthen
You must bear, and then shrug your shoulders.

Ab. Must I say so, I am afraid my Mother will be angry,
For she takes all the State-matters upon her self.

Ruth. Pish, did she not charge you to be rul'd by me;
Why, Man, *Arbella* will never have you;
If she be not made believe you can do great matters
With Parliament Men, and Committee Men;
How shou'd she hope for any good
By you else in her composition.

Ab. I apprehend you now, I shall observe.

Ruth. 'Tis well at this time, I'll say no more;
Put your self in your posture so:
Now go look your Mistress;
I'll warrant you the Town's our own.

Abel. I go.

Ruth. Now I have fix'd him, not to go off
Till he discharges on his Mistress. I cou'd burst with laughing.

Enter Arbella.

Arb. What do'st thou laugh at, *Ruth*?

Ruth. Didst thou meet my Brother *Abel*?

Arb. No.

Ruth. If thou hadst met him right,
He had played at hard head with thee.

Arb. What do'st thou mean?

Ruth. Why, I have been teaching him to woe,
By command of my Superiors, and have instructed
Him to hold up his head so high, that of necessity he must
Run against every thing that comes in his way.

Arb. Who is he to woe?

Ruth. Even thy own sweet self.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted;
I'll not spoil the sport by telling thee any
Thing beforehand; they have sent to *Lilly*,
And his learning being built upon knowing what most
People wou'd have him say:
He has told them for a certain, That *Abel* shall
Have a rich Heir, and that must be you.

Arb. Must be.

Ruth. Yes, Committee-Men can compel more than Stars.

Arb. I fear this too late;

You

You are their Daughter, *Ruth* ?

Ruth. I deny that.

Arb. How ?

Ruth. Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you,
'Tis to invite your confidence in me.

Arb. You amaze me.

Ruth. Pray do not wonder, nor suspect, —

When my Father, Sir *Basil Throughgood*, died, I was
Very young, not above two years old: 'tis too long
To tell you how this Rascal, being a Trustee,
Catch'd me and my Estate, being the sole Heir unto my
Father, into his gripes; and now for some years
Has confirm'd his unjust power by the unlawful
Power of the times: I fear they have designs as bad as
This on you: You see I have no reserve, and endeavour
To be thought worthy of your friendship.

Arb. I embrace it with as much clearness,

Let us love and assist one another. —

Wou'd they marry me to this their first-born Puppy ?

Ruth. No doubt, or keep your composition from you.

Arb. 'Twas my ill fortune to fall into such hands,
Foolishly enticed by fair words and
Large promises of assistance.

Ruth. Peace.

Enter Obadiah.

Obad. Mrs. *Ruth*, my Master is demanding your company,
Together, and not singly, with Mrs. *Arbella*;
You will find them in the Parlor:
The Committee being ready to sit,
Calls upon my care and circumspection to set in order
The weighty matters of State,
For their wise and honourable inspection.

Exit.

Ruth. We come; come, dear *Arbella*, never be perplex'd,
Chearful Spirits are the best Bladders to swim with:
If thou art sad, the weight will sink thee:
Be secret, and still know me for no other than what
I seem to be, their Daughter. Another time
Thou shalt know all particulars of my stratige story.

Arb. Come, Wench, they cannot bring us to compound
For our humours; they shall be free still.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Teg.

Teg. I' Faith my sweet Master has sent me to a
Rascal, now that he has; I will go tell him so too:
He ask'd me why he could not send one
That cou'd speak English. Upon my soul, I was going
To give him an Irish knock; the Devil's in them all,
They will not talk with me; I will go near to
Knock this man's pate, and that man, *Lilly's*
Pate too, — that I will: I will make them

*One cries Books
within. Enter.
Prate*

Prate to me, that I will. How now,
What Noises are that? —

Book-sel. New Books, new Books, a desperate Plot
And Ingagement of the bloody Cavaliers:
Mr. Saltmarsh's Alarum to the Nation, after having
Been three days dead, *Mercurius Britannicus*, &c.

Teg. How's that? now they cannot live in Ireland
After they are dead three days!

Book-sel. *Mercurius Britannicus*, or the Weekly Post,
Or, The Solemn League and Covenant.

Teg. What is that you say?
Is it the Covenant, have you that?

Book-sel. Yes, what then, Sir?

Teg. Which is that Covenant?

Book-sel. Why, this is the Covenant.

Teg. Well, I must take that Covenant.

Book-sel. You take my Commodities?

Teg. I must take that Covenant, upon my soul now, that I must.

Book-sel. Stand off, Sir, or I'll set you further.

Teg. Well, upon my soul, now I will take
That Covenant for my Master.

Book-sel. Your Master must pay me for't then?

Teg. Pfaith now, they will make him pay for't
After I have taken it for him.

Book-sel. What a Devil does the fellow mean?

Teg. You will make me stay too long, that you will;
Look you now, I will knock you down upon the ground,
If you will not let me take it?

Book-sel. Stand off, Sirrah.

Teg. Pfaith I will take it now.

[He throws the fellow down, and takes away the Paper,
and runs out.

Book-sel. What a Devil ails this fellow?
He did not come to rob me certainly,
For he has not taken above two
Penniworth of lamentable Ware away;
But I feel the Rascal's fingers; I may light
Upon my wild Irish again, and if I do,
I will fix him with some Catchpoles that shall
Be worse than his own Country Bogs.

Enter C. Careless, C. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.

Lieu. And what say you, noble Colonels, how and how
D'ye like my Lady? I gave her the Title of Illustrious
From those Illustrious Commodities which she deals in,
Hot Water, and Tobacco.

C. Car. Prithee how com'st thou to think of Marrying?

Lieu. Why, that which hinders men from those
Venereal Conditions, prompted me to Matrimony,
Hunger and Cold, Colonel.

C. Car. Which you destroyed with a fat Woman,
Strong Water, and stinking Tobacco.

Lieu. No, faith, the Woman conduc'd but little,
But the rest cou'd not be purchas'd without.

C. Car. She's beholding to you.

Lieu. For all your mocking she had been ruin'd

[One cries Books
without.

If it had not been for me.

C. Car. Prethee make but that good ?

Lieu. With ease, Sir, why look you, — you must
Know she was always a most violent Cavalier,
And of a most ready and large Faith ; abundance of
Rascals had found her soft place, and perpetually
Wou'd bring her News, news of all prizes,
They would tell her news from half a Crown, to a
Gill of hot Water, or a Pipe of the worst Mundungo :
I have observ'd their usual rates ; they wou'd borrow
Half a Crown upon a story of five thousand Men up
In the North ; a shilling upon a Towns revolting,
Six pence upon a small Castle, and consume hot Water
And Tobacco, whilst they were telling news of Arms,
Convey'd into several parts, and Ammunition hid
In Cellars ; that at the last, if I had not married,
And blown off these flies, she had been absolutely consum'd.

C. Car. Well, Lieutenant, we are beholding to you
For these hints ; we may be reduc'd to as bad : See
Where Teg comes, Goodness, how he smiles. [Enter Teg smiling.
Why so merry, Teg ?

Teg. I have done one thing for thee now, that I have indeed.

C. Car. What hast thou done, Man ?

Teg. I have taken the Covenant for thee,
That I have upon my Soul.

C. Car. Where hadst it thou ?

Teg. Hadst it thou ; I threw a Fellow down, that I did,
And took it away for thy sweet sake ; here it is now.

C. Car. Was there ever such a fancy ? why didst thou think
This was the way to take the Covenant ?

Teg. Ay, upon my Soul that it is ; look you there now,
Have not I taken it ; is not this the Covenant ?
Tell me that then I prethee.

C. Bl. I am pleased yet,
With the poor Fellows mistaken kindness ;
I dare warrant him honest to the best of his understanding.

C. Car. This Fellow I prophesie will bring me into
Many troubles by his mistakes : I must send him on
No Errand but, How d'ye ; and to such as I wou'd have
No answer from again : — Yet his simple honesty
Prevails with me, I cannot part with him.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, some calls ; how now, who's this ?

Enter Obadiah, with four Persons more with Papers.

C. Car. I am a Rogue if I have not seen a Picture
In hangings walk as fast.

C. Bl. 'Slife Man, this is that good Man of the Committee
Family that I told thee of, the very Clerk ;
How the Rogue's loaded with Papers ; Those are
The winding sheets to many a poor Gentleman's Estate :
'Twere a good deed to burn them all.

C. Car. Why, thou art not mad, art ? well met Sir ;
Pray do not you belong to the Committee of Sequestrations ?

Cbad. I do belong to that honourable Committee,
Who are now ready to sit for the bringing on the work.

C. Bl. O Plague, what work, Raf — — —

C. Car. Prethee be quiet, Man ; are they to sit presently ?

Obad. As soon as I can get ready, my presence being material. [Exit.

C. Car. What, wert thou mad ; wou'dst thou have beaten
The Clerk when thou wert going to compound
With the Rascals his Masters.

C. Bl. The sight of any of the Villains stirs me.

Lieu. Come, Colonels, there's no trifling ;
Let's make haste, and prepare your business, let's not lose
This sitting, come along, along.

[Exeunt.

Enter Arbella at one Door. Abel at another, as if he saw her not, and starts
when he comes to her, as Ruth had taught him.

Arb. What's the meaning of this, I'll try to steal by him.

Abel. Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations,
In which I was so hid that you cou'd not see me.

Arb. This is a set Form, — they allow it
In every thing but their Prayers.

Abel. Now you shou'd speak, Forsooth.

Arb. Ruth, I have found you ;
But I'll spoil the Dialogue.

[Aside.

— What shou'd I say, Sir ?

Abel. What you please, Forsooth.

Arb. Why, truly, Sir, 'tis as you say ; I did not see you.

Enter Ruth as over-hearing them, and Peeps.

Ruth. This is lucky.

Abel. No, Forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

Arb. Why, Sir, wou'd your Mother be angry if you shou'd ?

Abel. No, no, quite contrary, — I'll tell you that presently ;
But first I must say, that the weighty affairs lie

Heavy upon my Neck and Shoulders.

[Shrugs.

Arb. Wou'd he were ty'd Neck and Heels ?

[Aside.

This is a notable Wench ; look where the Rascal peeps too ;
If I shou'd becken to her she'd take no notice ;

She's resolv'd not to relieve me.

[Aside.

Ab. Something I can do, and that with some body ;
That is, with those that are some bodies.

Arb. Whist, whist, [Beckons to Ruth, and she shakes her head.
Prethee have some pity ?

O unmerciful Girl.

Abel. I know Parliament-men, and Sequestrators ;
I know Committee-men, and Committee-men know me.

Arb. You have great acquaintance, Sir ?

Abel. Yes, they ask my opinion sometimes.

Arb. What weather 'twill be ; have you any skill, Sir ?

Abel. When the weather is not good, we hold a Fast.

Arb. And then it alters.

Abel. Assuredly.

Arb. In good time — no mercy, Wench.

Abel. Our profound Contemplations
Are caused by the conseruation of our Spirits
For the Nations good, we are in labour.

Arb. And I want a deliverance. Hark ye, Ruth,
Take off your Dog, or I'll turn Bear indeed.

Ruth. I dare not, my Mother will be angry.

Abel. O hang you.

Abel.

Ab. You shall perceive that I have some power,
If you please to —

Arb. O I am pleased! Sir, that you shou'd have power;
I must look out my Hoods and Scarfs, Sir, 'tis a most time to go.

Ab. If it were not for the weighty matters of State
Which lie upon my shoulders, my self wou'd look them.

Arb. O by no means, Sir, 'tis below your greatness:
Some luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Why how now, *Abel* got so close to *Mrs. Arbella*,
So close indeed; nay then I smell something:
Well, Mr. *Abel*, you have been so us'd to secessie
In Council and weighty matters, that you have it
At your Fingers ends: Nay, look ye Mistress, look ye,
Look ye; mark *Abel's* Eyes: ah, there be looks.
Ruth thou art a good Girl, I find *Abel* has got ground.

Ruth. I forbore to come in, till I saw your honour
First enter; but I have o'r heard all.

Mrs. Day. And how has *Abel* behav'd himself, Wench, ha?

Ruth. O beyond expectation: if it were lawful, I'd undertake
He'd make nothing to get as many Womens good
Wills as he speaks to; he'll not need much teaching,
You may turn him loose.

Ab. O this plaguy Wench!

Mrs. Day. Sayest thou so Girl, it shall be something
In thy way; a new Gown, or so, it may be a better penny:
Well said, *Abel*, I say, I did think thou wou'dst come
Out with a piece of thy Mothers at last: —
But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon sitting.
Ha, Mrs. you are crafty; you have made your
Composition before-hand. Ah, this *Abel's* as bad
As a whole Committee: Take that *Item* from me;
Come, make haste, call the Coach, *Abel*; well said, *Abel*, I say.

Arb. We'll fetch our things and follow you. [*Exit Mrs. Day and Abel.*
Now Wench, canst thou ever hope to be forgiven:

Ruth. Why, what's the matter?

Arb. The matter; coud'st thou be so unmerciful,
To see me practic'd on, and pelted at, by a Blunderbus
Charg'd with nothing but proofs, weighty affairs,
Spirit, profound Contemplation, and such like.

Ruth. Why, I was afraid to interrupt you; I thought
It convenient to give you what time I cou'd,
To make his young honour your Friend.

Arb. I am beholding to you, I may cry quittance.

Ruth. But did you mark *Abel's* Eyes?
Ah, there were looks!

Arb. Nay, prethee give off, my hour's approaching;
And I cann't be heartily merry till it be past:
Come, let's fetch our things,
Her Ladyships Honour will stay for us.

Ruth. I'll warrant ye my Brethren, *Abel* is not in order yet,
He's brushing a Hat almost a quarter of an hour,
And as long a driving the lint from his black Cloaths,
With his wet Thumb.

Arb. Come, prethee hold thy peace,

I shall laugh in's Face else when I see him come along :
Now for an old Shooe.

[Exeunt.]

A Table set out.

Enter the Committee as to sit, and Obadiah ordering
Books and Paper.

Obad. Shall I read your Honours last Order, and give you
The account of what you last debated ?

Mr. Day. I first crave your favours to communicate an
Important matter to this honourable Board, in which I shall
Discover unto you my own sincerity
And zeal to the good Cause.

1. Proceed, Sir.

Mr. Day. The business is contained in this Letter, 'tis from
No less a Man than the King ; and 'tis to me, as simple as I sit
Here : Is it your pleasures that our Clerk should read it ?

2. Yes, pray give it him.

Obad. Mr. Day, [Reads.]
We have received good intelligence of your great worth,
And ability, especially in State-matters ; and therefore thought
Fit to offer you any preferment, or honour, that you shall desire,
If you will become my intire Friend : Pray remember my
Love and Service to your discreet Wife, and acquaint her
With this ; whose wisdom I hear is great : so recommending
This to her and your wife consideration, I remain

Your Friend, C. K.

2. C. K.

Mr. Day. I, that's for the King.

2. I suspect who brought you this Letter.

Mr. Day. O fie upon't, my Wife forgot that particular. —
Why, a Fellow left it for me, and shrank away when he had
Done, I warrant you he was afraid I shou'd have laid hold
On him : You see Brethren what I reject ; but I doubt not
But to receive my reward : and I have now a business
To offer, which in some measure may afford you an occasion.

2. This Letter was counterfeited certainly.

Mr. Day. But first be pleased to read your last order.

2. What does he mean that concerns me ?

Obad. The order is, that the Composition arising out of
Mr. Lashley's Estate, be and hereby is invested and allow'd to
The honourable Mr. Nathaniel Catch,
For and in respect of his sufferings and good service.

Mr. Day. It is meet, very meet, we are bound
In duty to strengthen our selves against the day of trouble,
When the common Enemy shall endeavour to raise
Commotions in the Land.

And disturb our new built Zion.

2. Then I'll say nothing, but close with him, we must
Wink at one another ; I receive your sense
Of my services with a zealous kindness. Now, Mr. Day,
I pray you propose your businels.

Mr. Day. I desire this honourable Board to understand,
That my Wife being at Redding, and to come up in
The Stage Coach : It happened that one Mrs. Arbella,
A rich Heir of one of the Cavalier Party, came up also in
The same Coach ; her Father being newly dead, and her

Estate

Estate before being under Sequestration : My Wife, who
Has a notable pate of her own ; you all know her ;
Presently cast about to get her for my Son *Abel* ;
And accordingly invited her to my House ; where, though
Time was but short, yet my Son *Abel* made use of it :
They are without, as I suppose ; but
Before we call them in, I pray let us handle
Such other matters as are before us.

1. Let us hear then what Estates besides
Lies before us, that we may see how large a
Field we have to walk in.

2. Read.

Obad. One of your last Debates was upon the Plea
Of an Infant, whose Estate is under Sequestration.

Mr. Day. And fit to be kept so till he comes of Age,
And may answer for himself, that he may not
Be in possession of the Land till he can promise
He will not turn to the Enemy.

Obad. Here is another of almost the like nature ;
An Estate before your Honours under Sequestration :
The Plea is, That the Party died without any —
For taking up Arms ; but in his Opinion for the King :
He has left his Widow with Child, which will
Be the Heir ; and his Trustees complain of wrong,
And claim the Estate.

2. Well, the Father in his Opinion was a Cavalier.

Obad. So it is given in.

2 C. Nay, 'twas so I warrant you, and there's a young
Cavalier in his Widows Belly ; I warrant you that too ;
For the perverse Generation encreaseth ; I move
Therefore that their two Estates may remain in the hands
Of our Brethren here, and Fellow Labourers,
Mr. Joseph Blemish, and *Mr. Jonathan Headstrong*,
And *Mr. Ezekiel Scrape*, and they to be accountable
At our pleasures ; whereby they may have a godly
Opportunity of doing good for themselves.

Mr. Day. Order it, order it.

3. Since it is your pleasures, we are content
To take the burthen upon us, and be
Stewards to the Nation.

2. Now verily it seemeth to me
That the work goeth forward, when Brethren
Hold together in Unity.

Mr. Day. Well, if we have now finish'd, give me leave
To tell you, my Wife is without, together with
The Gentlewoman that is to compound : She will
Needs have a Finger in the Pie.

3. I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. *Day* wait so long.

Mr. Day. We may not neglect the publick for private
Respects. I hope Brethren, that you please to cast the
Favour of your Countenances upon *Abel*.

2, 3. You wrong us to doubt it, Brother *Day*.
Call in the Compounders.

Enters Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella, Ruth, and after them the Colonels, and Teg; they give the Door-keeper something, who seems to scrape.

Mr. Day. Come, Duck, I have told the honourable Committee
That you are one that will needs endeavour
To do good for this Gentlewoman.

2. We are glad, Mrs. Day, that any occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. Day. I thank your honours. I am desirous of doing
Good, which I know is always acceptable in your Eyes.

Mr. Day. Come on Son Abel, what have you to say?

Abel. I come unto your Honours, full of profound
Contemplations for this Gentlewoman.

Arb. 'Slife, he's at's lessen, Wench.

Ruth. Peace, which Whelp opens next?
O the Wolf is going to bark.

Mrs. Day. May it please your Honours, I shall presume
To inform you, that my Son Abel has settled his affections
On this Gentlewoman, and desires your Honours favour
To be shewn unto him in her Composition.

2 C. Say you so, Mrs. Day? why the Committee have taken
It into their serious, and pious consideration; together
With Mr. Day's good service, upon some knowledge
That is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. Day. That was the Letter I invented.

[Aside.]

2 C. And the composition of this Gentlewoman is consign'd
To Mr. Day, that is, I suppose, to Mr. Abel, and so consequently
To the Gentlewoman. You may be thankful, Mistrels,
For such good fortune, your Estate's discharg'd,
Mr. Day shall have the discharge.

C. Bl. O dam the Vultures!

C. Care. Peace Man.

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the
Benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own;
But if I must, if a Woman can be a Delinquent,
I desire to know my publick censure,
Not be left in private hands.

2 C. Be contented, Gentlewoman, the Committee does this
In favour of you; we understand how easily you
Can satisfie Mr. Abel; you may, if you please, by Mrs. Day.

Ruth. And then good night to all.

[Aside.]

Arb. How, Gentlemen! are you private marriage Jobbers,
D'ye make markets for one another?

2 C. How's this Gentlewoman?

C. Bl. A brave noble Creature.

C. Car. Thou art smitten, Blunt; that other Female too,
Methinks shoots fire this way.

Mrs. Day. I desire your Honours to pardon
Her incessant words; perhaps she doth not imagine
The good that is intended her?

2 C. Gentlewoman, the Committee for Mrs. Day's sake
Passes by your expressions; you may spare your pains,
You have the Committees resolution, you may
Be your own Enemy if you will.

Arb. My own Enemy.

Ruth. Prethee peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here;
We must use other ways.

2 C.

2 C. Come on, Gentlemen, what's your case ?

Ruth. *Arbella*, there's the down-right Cavalier
That came up in the Coach with us.

— On my Life there's a sprightly Gentleman with him.

C. Care. Our business is to compound for our Estates.

[*While they speak, the Colonels pull the Papers out and deliver 'em.*
Of which here are the particulars,
Which will agree with your own Survey.

Obad. The particulars are right.

Mr. Day. Well, Gentlemen, the rule is two years purchase,
The first payment down, the other at six months end,
And the Estate to secure it.

C. Car. Can you afford it no cheaper ?

2 C. 'Tis our rule.

C. Car. Very well, 'tis but selling the rest to pay this,
And our more lawful debts.

2. But, Gentlemen, before you are admitted,
You are to take the Covenant ;
You have not taken it yet, have you.

C. Car. No.

Teg. Upon my Soul but he has now ; I took it for him,
And he has taken it from me, that he has.

Ruth. What sport are we now like to have ?

2 C. What Fellow's that ?

C. Car. A poor simple Fellow that serves me. Peace, Teg.

Teg. Let them not prate so then.

2 C. Well, Gentlemen, it remains

Whether you'll take the Covenant ?

C. Car. This is strange, and differs from your own Principle,
To impose on other Mens Consciences.

Mr. Day. Pish, we are not here to dispute, we act
According to our instructions, and we cannot admit any
To compound without taking it ; therefore your answer.

Teg. Why was it for no matter then that I have taken
The Covenant. You there, Mr. Committee,
Do you hear that now ?

C. Car. No, we will not take it, much good may it do them
That have swallows large enough ;
'Twill work one day in their Stomachs.

Cl. Bl. The day may come, when those that suffer for their
Consciences and honour may be rewarded.

Mr. Day. I, I, you make an Idol of that honour.

C. Bl. Our Worships then are different, you make that
Your Idol which brings your Interest ;
We can obey that which bids us lose it.

Arb. Brave Gentlemen.

Ruth. I stare at 'em till my Eyes ake.

2 C. Gentlemen, you are men of dangerous Spirits,
Know, we must keep our rules, and instructions, lest we
Lose what providence hath put into our hands.

C. Care. Providence, such as Thieves rob by ?

2. C. What's that, Sir, Sir, you are too bold ?

C. Car. Why in good sooth you may give losers
Leave to speak ; I hope your Honours out of your bowels of
Compassion, will permit us to take over our departing Acres.

Mr. Day. It is well you are so merry.

C. Car.

C. Car. O, ever whil'st you live, clear souls make light hearts ;
Faith, wou'd I might ask one question ?

2 C. Swear not then.

C. Car. Thou shalt not covet thy Neighbours Goods ;
There's a Rowland for your Oliver ; my question is only,
Which of all you is to have our Estates : or will you
Make Traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter them.

2 C. You grow abusive.

C. Bl. No, no, 'tis only to entreat the honourable persons
That will be pleased to be our House-keepers, to keep them
In good Reparations ; we may take possession again
Without the help of the Covenant.

2 C. You will think better on't, and take this Covenant.

C. Car. We will be as rotten first as their hearts
That invented it.

Ruth. 'Slife, *Arabella*, we'll have these two men ;
There are not two such again, to be had for love nor money.

Mr. Day. Well, Gentlemen, your follies light upon your
Own heads ; we have no more to say.

C. Car. Why then hoist Sails for a new World :
D'hear, *Blunt*, what Gentlewoman is that ?

C. Bl. 'Tis their witty Daughter I told thee of.

C. Car. I'll go to speak to 'em, I'd fain convert
That pretty Covenanter.

C. Bl. Nay, prithee let's go.

C. Car. Lady, I hope you'll have that good fortune,
Not to be troubled with the Covenant.

Arb. If they do, I'll not take it.

C. Bl. Brave Lady, I must love her against my will.

C. Car. For you, pretty one, I hope your Portion will
Be enlarged by our Misfortunes ; remember your benefactors.

Ruth. If I had all your Estates,
I cou'd afford you as good a thing.

C. Car. Without taking the Covenant ?

Ruth. Yes, but I would invent another Oath.

C. Car. Upon your Lips.

Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to discover.

C. Bl. Prithee come, is this a time to spend in fooling ?

C. Car. Now have I forgot every thing.

C. Bl. Come, let's go.

2. Gentlemen, void the Room.

C. Car. Sure 'tis impossible that Kite
Shou'd get that pretty Merlin.

C. Bl. Come, prithee let's go ; these Muck-worms will have
Earth enough to stop their mouths with one day.

C. Car. Pray use our Estates husband-like, and so our
Most honourable Bailiffs, farewell.

Mr. Day. You are rude : Door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

Keep. Come forth, ye there ; this is not a place for such as you.

Teg. Ye are a Rascal, that you are now.

Keep. And please your Honours, this profane Irish-man swore
An Oath at the door, even now, when I
Wou'd have put him out.

2 C. Let him pay for't.

Keep. Here, you must pay, or lye by the heels.

Teg. What must I pay, by the heels ? I will not pay by

The heels, that I will not, upon my soul.

C. *Car.* Here, here's a Shilling for thee, be quiet. — [Exeunt.

Teg. Well, I have not curs'd you now, that I have not :
What if I had cursed then ?

Keep. That had been Six-pence.

Teg. Upon my soul now, I have but one Six-pence, that I
Have not : Here, though, I will give it thee for a Curse ; there
Mr. Committee, now there is Six-pence for the Curse before-hand,
Mr. Committee, and a Plague take you all. [Runs out.

Ruth. Hark ye, *Arbella*, 'twere a sin not to love these men.

Arb. I am not guilty, *Ruth*.

Mrs. *Day*. Has this honourable Board any other Command.

2 C. Nothing farther, good Mrs. *Day* : Gentlewoman,
You have nothing to care for, but be grateful
And kind to Mr. *Abel*.

Arb. I desire to know what I must directly trust to,
Or I will complain.

Mrs. *Day*. The Gentlewoman needeth not doubt, she shall
Suddenly perceive the good that is intended her,
If she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. *Day*. I pray withdraw ; the Committee has pass'd their
Order, and they must now be private —

2 Com. Nay, pray, Mistrefs, withdraw — So, Brethren, we have
Finish'd this day's work ; and let us always keep
The Bonds of Unity unbroken, walking hand in
Hand, and scattering the Enemy.

Mr. *Day*. You may perceive they have Spirits never to be
Reconcil'd ; they walk according to Nature, and are
Full of inward darknes.

2 Com. It is well truly for the good people, that they
Are so obstinate, whereby their Estates may
Of right fall into the hands of the chosen, which
Truly is a mercy.

Mr. *Day*. I think there remaineth nothing farther,
But to adjourn till *Munday* : Take up the
Papers there, and bring home to me their
Honours Order for Mrs. *Arbella*'s Estate : So,
Brethren, we separate our selves to our
Particular endeavours, till we join in
Publick on *Munday*, two of the Clock ;
And so Peace remain with you.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Col. Careless, Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant.

Lieu. **B**Y my faith, a sad Story : I did apprehend this Covenant
Wou'd be the Trap.

C. *Car.* Never did any Rebels fish with such Cormorants ; no
Stoppage about their throats ; the Rascals are all swallow.

C. *Bl.* Now am I ready for any Plot ; I'll go find some of these
Agitants, and fill up a blank Commission with my Name.
And if I can but find two or three gather'd together,
They are sure of me ; I will please my self, however,
With endeavouring to cut their throats.

C. *Car.*

C. *Car.* Or do something to make them hang us, that we may But part on any terms: Nothing anger'd me but that My old Kitchen-stuff-acquaintance look'd another Way, and seem'd not to know me.

C. *Bl.* How, Kitchen-stuff acquaintance!

C. *Car.* Yes, Mrs *Day*, that commanded the Party in the Hackney-Coach, was my Father's Kitchen-maid, and in Time of yore called *Gillian*. How now, *Teg*? [Enter *Teg*.]

What says the Learned?

Teg. Well then, upon my Soul, the Man in the great Cloak, with the long Sleeves, is mad, that he is.

C. *Car.* Mad, *Teg*!

Teg. Yes i'faith is he; he bid me be gone, and said I was sent To mock him.

C. *Car.* Why, what didst thou say to him?

Teg. Well now, I did ask him if he wou'd take any Counsel.

C. *Car.* 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'st him. Why, thou shou'dst have ask'd him when we might have Come for Counsel.

Teg. Well, that is all one, is it not? If he wou'd take any Counsel, or you wou'd take any Counsel, is not that all one then?

C. *Car.* Was there ever such a mistake?

C. *Bl.* Prethee ne'r be troubled at this; we are past Counsel: If we had but a Friend amongst them, that cou'd but slide Us by this Covenant.

Lieu. Hark ye, Colonel; what if you did visit this translated Kitchen-maid?

Teg. Well, how is that? a Kitchen-maid? where is she now?

C. *Bl.* The Lieutenant advises well.

C. *Car.* Nay, stay, stay; in the first place I'll send *Teg* to her To tell her I have a little busines with her, and desire To know when I may have leave to wait on her.

C. *Bl.* We shall have *Teg* mistake again.

Teg. How is that so? I will not mistake that Kitchen-maid? Whither must I go now, to mistake that Kitchen-maid?

C. *Car.* But d'hear, *Teg*? you must take no notice of that, upon Thy Life; but on the contrary, at every word you must say, Your Ladyship, and your Honour; as for Example, when you have Made a Leg, you must begin thus; My Master presents His service to your Ladyship, and having some busines with Your Honour, desires to know when he may have leave To wait upon your Ladyship.

Teg. Well, that I will do: But was she Your Father's Kitchen-maid?

C. *Car.* Why, what then?

Teg. Upon my Soul I shall laugh upon her Face, for all I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

C. *Car.* Not for a hundred pounds, *Teg*; you must be sure to Set your Countenance, and look very soberly before you begin.

Teg. If I shou'd think then of any Kettles, or Spits, or Any thing that will put a mind into my head of a Kitchen, I shou'd laugh then, shou'd I not?

C. *Car.* Not for a thousand pounds, *Teg*; thou mayst undo us all.

Teg. Well, I will hope I will not laugh then? I will Keep my mouth if I can, that I will, from running To one side, and 'tother side: well now, where does

This

This Mrs. Tay live ?

Lieu. Come, *Teg*, I'le walk along with thee, and shew thee
The house, that thou mayest not mistake that however;

[*Exeunt Lieutenant and Teg.*]

C. Car. Prethee do, Lieutenant, have a care, *Teg*,
Thou shalt find us in the Temple. Now, *Blunt*, have I
Another design.

C. Bl. What further design canst thou have ?

C. Car. Why by this means I may chance see these women
Again, and get into their acquaintance.

C. Bl. With both, man ?

C. Car. 'Slife thou art jealous, do'st love either of 'em ?

C. Bl. Nay, I can't tell, all is not as 'twas.

C. Car. Like a man that is not well, and yet knows
Not what ailes him.

C. Bl. Thou art somethin near the matter: but I'le
Cure my self with considering, that no woman can
Ever care for me.

C. Car. And wby prethee ?

C. Bl. Because I can fay nothing to them.

C. Car. The lesf thou canst say, they'l like thee the better ;
She'l think 'tis Love that has ham-string'd thy tongue :
Besides man, a woman can't abide that any thing
In the house shou'd talk, but she and her Parrot ;
What 'tis the Cavalier girle thou lik'ft ?

C. Bl. Canst thou love any of the other Breed.

C. Car. Not honestly,—yet I confess that ill-begotten
Pretty Rascal never look'd towards me, but
She scatter'd sparks as fast as kindling Charcoale ;
Thine's grown already to an honest flame : Come,
Blunt, when *Teg* comes we will resolve on something.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arbella and Ruth.

Arb. Come now, a word of our own matters ; how do'st
Thou hope to get thy Estate again.

Ruth. You shall drink first ; I was just going to ask you,
How you would get yours again ; you are as fast as if
You were under Covert-barne.

Arb. But I have more hopes than thou hast.

Ruth. Not a scruple more ; if there were but scales
That could weigh hopes ; for these Rascals must be hang'd
Before either of us shall get our own ; you may eat and drink
Out of yours as I do, and be a sojourner with *Abel*.

Arb. I am hamper'd, but I'le intangle my self
With Mr. *Abel*'s conjugal cords : nay — I am more
Hamper'd than thou thinkest ; for if thou art in as bad
Case as I (you understand me) hold up thy finger.

Ruth. Behold, nay, I'le ne're forsake thee, if I were not [*Ruth holds up*
Smitten, I wou'd perswade my self to be in love, *her finger.*
If 'twere but to bear thee company.

Arb. Dear girl, hark ye, *Ruth*, the composition day
Made an end of all ; all's ago.

Ruth. Nay, that fatal day put me into the condition
Of a Compounder too ; there was my heart brought
Under sequestration.

Arb. That day, wench?

Ruth. Yes, that very day with two or three forceable Looks 'twas driven an inch at least out of its old place; Sense or reason can't find the way to't now.

Arb. That day, that very day, if you and I should like The same man?

Ruth. Fie upon't, as I live thou mak'st me start; Now dare not I ask which thou lik'st.

Arb. Wou'd they were now to come in that we might Watch one anothers eyes, and discover by signs; I am not able to ask thee neither.

Ruth. Nor I to tell thee; shall we go ask *Lilly* which 'tis?

Arb. Out upon him; nay, there's no need of Stars; We know our selves if we durst speak.

Ruth. Pish, i'le speak if it be the same, we'l draw cuts.

Arb. No, hark ye, *Ruth*, do you act them both, For you saw their severall humors, and then watch my Eyes, where I appear most concern'd; I can't dissemble for my heart.

Ruth. I dare swear that will hinder thee to dissemble Indeed,— Come have at you then, I'le speak as if I were Before the honourable rascals: And first, for my brave *Blunt* Colonel, who hating to take the Oath, cry'd out With a brave scorn (such as made thee in love I hope.) Hang your selves, rascals, the time will come when those That dare be honest will be rewarded; don't I act him bravely, don't I act him bravely?

Arb. O admirably well, dear wench, do it once more.

Ruth. Nay, nay, I must do the 'tother now.

Arb. No, no, this once more, dear gurile, and I'le Act the 'tother for thee.

Ruth. No forsooth, I'le spare your pains, we are right, No need of Cuts, send thee good luck with him I acted, And wish me well with my merry Colonel That shall act his own part.

Arb. And a thousand good lucks attend thee; We have sav'd our blushes admirably well, and reliev'd Our hearts from hard duty —— but mum, see where the Mother Comes, and with her, her Son, a true exemplification or Duplicate of the original *Day*. Now for a charge.

[Enter *Mrs. Day* and *Abel*.]

Ruth. Stand fair, the Enemy draws up.

Mrs. Day. Well, *Mrs. Arbella*, I hope you have consider'd Enough by this time; you need not use so much consideration For your own good; you may have your Estate, and you May have *Abel*, and you may be worse offer'd.

Abel. tell her your mind, ne're stand, shall I, shall I ——

Ruth. does she incline, or is she wilful?

Ruth. I was just about the point when your Honor Interrupted us. —— One word in your Ladiships ear.

Abel. You see forsooth that I am some body, though you Make no body of me, you see I can prevail; therefore Pray say what I shall trust to; For I must not stand, shall I, shall I.

Arb. You are hasty, Sir.

Abel. I am call'd upon by Important affairs;

And

And therefore I must be bold in a fair way to tell you that
It lies upon my spirit exceedingly.

Arb. Saffron-posset-drink is very good against
The heaviness of the Spirit.

Abel. Nay, forsooth, you do not understand my meaning.

Arb. You do, I hope, Sir ; and 'tis no matter,
Sir, if one of us know it.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well, know? who are all you?

Arb. What's here, an Irish Elder come to examine us all.

Teg. Well know, what is your names, ever one?

Ruth. *Arabella*, this is a Servant to one of the Colonels ; upon
My life, 'tis the Irishman that took the Covenant
The right way.

Arb. Peace, what shou'd it mean?

Teg. Well, cannot some of you all say nothing?

Mrs. Day. Why how now sauce-box? what wou'd you have?
What have you left your manners without? go
Out and fetch 'em in.

Teg. What shou'd I fetch now?

Mrs. Day. D'you know who you speak to, Sirrah?

Teg. Well, what are you then? upon my soul
In my own Countrey they can tell who I am.

Arb. You must not be so saucy unto her Honour.

Teg. Well, I will knock you, if you be saucy with me then.

Ruth. This is miraculous.

Teg. Is there none of you that I must speak to now?

Arb. Now, wench, if he shou'd be sent to us.

[*Aside.*]

Teg. Well I wou'd have one Mrs. *Tay* speak unto me.

Mrs. Day. Well, Sirrah, I am she: what's your business?

Teg. O so then, are you Mrs. *Tay*?

Well, I will look well first,
And I will set my face in some worship; yes indeed that I will;
And I will tell her then what I will speak to her.

Ruth. How the fellow begins to mould himself.

Arb. And tempers his Chops like a hound that has lap'd
Before his meat was cold enough.

Ruth. He looks as if he had some gifts to pour forth;
Those are Mr. *Day*'s own white eyes before he begins
To say grace: now for a speech ratling in his kecher,
As if his words stumbled in their way.

Teg. Well, now I will tell thee, I'faith my Master
The good Colonel *Careless*, bid me ask thy good Ladiship ——
Upon my soul now the laugh will come upon me.

[*He laughs always when he says Ladiship or Honor.*]

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, sirrah, what were you sent to abuse me?

Ruth. As sure as can be.

[*Aside.*]

Teg. I'faith now I do not abuse thy good Hon. I cannot
Help my laugh now, I will try agen now; I will not
Think of a Kitchin then: my master wou'd know
Of your Ladiship ——

Mrs. Day. Did your Master send you to abuse me, you
Rascal: By my honor, Sirrah?

Teg. Why do'ft thou mock thy self now joy?

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah, do I mock my self?

This is some Irish Traytor.

Teg. I am no Traytor, that I am not ; I am an Irish Rebel ; you are couzen'd now.

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, Sirrah, I will make you know who I am, an impudent Irish Rascal.

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous Fellow, and of a bold and Seditious Spirit.

Mrs. Day. You are a bloody Rascal, I warrant ye.

Teg. You are a foolish brabble bribble Woman, that you are.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the head of affairs Must punish your Sauciness.

Teg. You shall take a knock upon your Pate, if you are Saucy with me, that I shall ; you Son of a Roundhead, you.

Mrs. Day. Ye Rascally Varlet, get you out of my Doos.

Teg. Will not I give you my Message then ?

Mrs. Day. Get you out, Rascal ?

Teg. I prethee let me tell thee my Message ?

Mrs. Day. Get you out, I say.

Teg. Well then I care not neither ; the Devil take Your Ladyship, and Honourship, and Kitchenship too : there now. *[Exit.]*

Arb. Was there ever such a Scene ? 'tis impossible To gues any thing.

Ruth. Our Colonels have don't, as sure as thou livest, to Make themselves sport ; being all the revenge that is in Their power : look, look, how her Honour trots about, Like a Beast stung with Flies.

Mrs. Day. How the Villain has distemper'd me ! Out upon't too, that I have let the Rascal go unpunish'd, And you can stand by like a Sheep : run after him then, and Stop him ; I'll have him laid by the heels, and Make him confess who sent him to abuse me : Call help as you go, make haste I say.

[Exit Abel.]

Ruth. 'Slid *Arbella*, run after him, and save the poor Fellow for Sakes sake ; Stop *Abel* by any means, That he may scape.

Arb. Keep his Dam off, and let me alone with the Puppy. *[Exit.]*

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. Day. 'Uds my Life, the Rascal has heated me. — Now I Think on't, I'll go my self, and see it done : a saucy Villain.

Ruth. But I must needs acquaint your Honour with one thing First concerning *Mrs. Arbella*.

Mrs. Day. As soon as ever I have done. Is't good news, Wench ?

Ruth. Most Excellent ; if you go out you may spoil all ; Such a discovery I have made, that you will bles

The accident, that anger'd you.

Mrs. Day. Quickly then, Girl.

Ruth. When you sent *Abel* after the Irish-man,

Mrs. Arbella's Colour came and went in her Face, and at last Not able to stay, flunk away after him for fear the Irish-man Shou'd hurt him : she stole away and blush'd the prettiest.

Mrs. Day. I protest he may be hurt indeed ; I'll run my self too.

Ruth. By no means, forsooth ; nor is there any need on't ; For she resolv'd to stop him before he cou'd Get near the Irish-man ; she has done it upon my Life ; And if you shou'd go out you might spoil the kindest Encounter that the loving *Abel* is ever like to have.

Mrs.

Mrs. Day. Art sure of this?

Ruth. If you do not find she has stopt him,
Let me ever have your hatred; pray credit me.

Mrs. Day. I do, I do believe thee; come, we'll go in where
I use to read: there thou shalt tell me all the particulars,
And the manner of it: I warrant 'twas pretty to observe.

Ruth. O, 'twas a thousand pities you did not see't,
When *Abel* walk't away so bravely, and foolishly after this
Wild Irish men: She stole such kind looks from her
Own Eyes; and having rob'd her self, sent them after
Her own *Abel*; and then —

Mrs. Day. Come, good Wench, I'll go in, and hear it all at
Large; it shall be the best tale thou hast told these two days.
Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel* for his part needs
No News by this time, come, good Wench.

[Exit.]

Ruth. So far I am right; Fortune take care for future things.

Enter C. Blunt as taken by Bayliffs.

C. Bl. At whose Suit, Rascals?

1 B. You shall know that time enough.

C. Bl. Time enough, Dogs; must I wait your leisures?

1 B. O you are a dangerous Man; 'tis such Traytors as you
That disturb the Peace of the Nation.

C. Bl. Take that, Rascal: if I had any thing at liberty
Besides my Foot, I wou'd bestow it on you.

1 B. You shall pay dearly for this kick before you are
Let loose, and give good special Bail: Mark that, my
Surly Companion; we have you fast.

C. Bl. 'Tis well, Rogues, you caught me conveniently;
Had I been aware I wou'd have made some of your scurvy
Souls my special Bail.

1 B. O, 'tis a bloody-minded Man; I'll warrant ye this
Vile Cavalier has eat many a Child.

C. Bl. I cou'd gnaw a piece or two of you, Rascals.

Enter C. Careless.

C. Car. How is this! *Blunt* in hold! you Catchpole,
Let go your prey, or ——— [Draws, and *Blunt* in the scuffle throws up
one of their heels, and gets a Sword, and helps drive them off.]

1 B. Murder, Murder.

C. Bl. Faith, *Careless*, this was worth thanks, I was fairly going.

C. Car. What was the matter, Man?

C. Bl. Why, an Action or two for Free Quarter, now made
Troyer and *Conversion*: Nay, I believe we shall be sued
With an Action of Trespass; for every Field we have
Marched over, and be indicted for Riots, for going at
Unseasonable hours, above two in a Company. [Enter *Teg* running.]

C. Car. Well come, let's away.

Teg. Now upon my Soul run as I do; the Men in red
Coats are running too, that they are, and they cry, Murder,
Murder, I never heard such a noise in *Ireland*, that's true too.

C. Car. 'Slife we must shift several ways.

Farewel, if we scape we meet at night; I shall
Take heed now.

Teg. Shall I tell of Mrs. *Tay* now?

C. Car. O good *Teg*, no time for Messages. [Exit, several ways.]
Enter

Enter Baillifs and Souldiers.

1 B. This way, this way; Oh Villains, my Neighbour
Swash is hurt dangerously;
Some good Souldiers, follow, follow.

[A noise within.]

Enter Careless and Teg again.

C. Car. I am quite out of breath, and the Blood Hounds
Are in a full cry upon a burning scent: Plague on 'em,
What a noise the Kennels make? what Door's this
That graciously stands a little open? what an Afs am I to ask?
Teg, Scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary,
Observe this Door; there you shall find me: be careful,
Now by your favour, Landlord, as unknown. [Exeunt severally.]

Enter Mrs. Day and Obadiah.

Mrs. Day. It was well observed, Obadiah, to bring the
Parties to me first, 'tis your Master's will that I shou'd, as I
May say, prepare matters for him; in truth, in truth
I have too great a burthen upon me: yet for the publick
Good I am content to undergo it.

Obad. I shall with sincere care present unto your Honour
From time to time such negotiations as I may discreetly
Presume may be material for your Honours inspection.

Mrs. Day. It will become you so to do, you have the
Present that came last.

Obad. Yes, and please your Honour; the Gentleman
Concerning her Brothers release, hath also
Sent in a piece of Plate.

Mrs. Day. It's very well.

Obad. But the Man without, about a bargain of the Kings
Land, is come empty.

Mrs. Day. Bid him be gone, I'll not speak with him;
He does not understand himself.

Obad. I shall intimate so much to him.

[As Obadiah goes out, C. Careless meets him and tumbles him back.]

Mrs. Day. Why how now? what rude Companion's this?
What wou'd you have (what's your businels? what's the
Matter? who sent you? who d'you belong to? who! --)

C. Car. Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all
These Interrogatories, you see I resolve to be your Companion;
I am a Man, there's no great matter, no body sent me; nor I
Belong to no body: I think I have answer'd to the chief Heads.

Mrs. Day. Thou hast committed murder for ought I know?
How is't, Obadiah?

C. Car. Ha, what luck have I to fall into the Territories
Of my old Kitchen acquaintance; I'll proceed upon the
Strength of Teg's Message, though I had no answer.

Mrs. Day. How is't, Man?

Obad. Truly he came forceably upon me, and I fear
Has bruised some intellectuals within my Stomach.

[Ex. Obad.]

Mrs. Day. Go in and take some Irish Slat by way of
Prevention, and keep your self warm. Now, Sir, have you
Any businels, you that came in so rudely as if you did not
Know who you came to. How came you in, Sir Royster?
Was not the Porter at the Gate?

C. Car. No truly, the Gate kept it self, and stood gaping

As if it had a mind to speak, and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. Day. Did it so, Sir? and what have you to say?

C. Car. I, there's the point; either she does not, or will
Not know me: What shou'd I say? how dull am I? Pox on't,
This wit is like a common Friend, when one has need on him,
He won't come near one.

Mrs. Day. Sir, are you studying for an invention? for ought
I know you have done some mischief,
And 'twere fit to secure you?

C. Car. So that's well, 'twas pretty to fall into the head
Quarter of the Enemy.

Mrs. Day. Nay, 'tis e'n so, I'll fetch
Those that shall examine you.

C. Car. Stay, thou mighty States-woman, I did but
Give you time to see if your memory would but be so
Honest, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. Day. What d'you mean, Sauce-box?

C. Car. There's a word yet of thy former imployments,
That Sauce; you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. Day. I do not use to have acquaintance with Cavaliers.

C. Car. Nor I with Committee-mens Utensils; but in
Diebus illis, you were not Honourable, nor I a Malignant;
Lord, Lord, you are horrible forgetful, Pride comes with
Godliness, and good Cloaths; what, you think I shou'd
Not know you, because you are disguised with curl'd Hair,
And white Gloves. Alas, I know you as well as if you were
In your Sabbath-days Cinnamon Waistcoat, with a silver
Edging round the Skirt.

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah?

C. Car. And with your fair hands bath'd in Lather, or
With your fragrant Breath, driving the fleeting
Ambergreece off from the waving Kitchenstuff.

Mrs. Day. O, you are an impudent Cavalier! I remember
You now indeed; but I'll—

C. Car. Nay, but hark you the now Honourable,
Non obstante past conditions; did not I send my Fool Man,
An Irish-man, with a civil Message to you;
Why all this strangeness then.

Mrs. Day. How, how, how's this; was't you that sent
That Rascal to abuse me, was't so.

C. Car. How now! what, matters grow worse and worse?

Mrs. Day. I'll teach you to abuse those that are in
Authority: Within there, who's within?

C. Car. 'Slife, I'll stop your mouth, if you raise an Alarm.

[Cryes out, and be stops her mouth.]

Mrs. Day. Stop my mouth, Sirrah, whoo, whoo, ho.

C. Car. Yes, stop your mouth, what are you good at a
Who, bub, ha.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. What's the matter, Forsooth.

Mrs. Day. The matter? why heres a rude Cavalier has
Broke into my House; 'twas he too that sent the Irish Rascal
To abuse me too within my own Walls: Call your Father, that
He may grant his Order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous Fellow.

C. Car. Nay, good pretty Gentlewoman, spare your motion,
What must become of me? *Teg* has made some strange mistake.

Ruth.

Ruth. 'Tis he, what shall I do, (now invention be equal to My Love) why, your Ladiship will spoil all? I sent for This Gentleman, and enjoyn'd him secrecy, even to you your self, Till I had made his way. O fie upon't, I am to blame; but in Truth I did not think he would have come these two hours. [aside.]

C. Car. I dare swear she did not; I might very probably Not have come at all.

Ruth. How came you to come so soon, Sir; 'twas three Hours before you appointed.

C. Car. Hey day, I shall be made believe I came hither On purpose presently.

Ruth. 'Twaz upon a message of his to me, and please your Honour to make his desires known to your Ladiship, that he Had consider'd on't and was resolved to take the Covenant, And give you five hundred pound to make his peace, and bring His business about again, that he may be Admitted in his first condition.

C. Car. What's this? d'hear, pretty Gentlewoman.

Ruth. Well, well, I know your mind, I have done your businſſ.

Mrs. Day. Oh, his stomach's come down!

Ruth. Sweeten him again, and leave him to me; I warrant you the five hundred pound and— [Whispers.]

C. Car. Now I have found it: this pretty wench has A mind to be left alone with me, at her peril.

Mrs. Day. I understand thee; well, Sir, I can pass by rudeness When I am informed there was no intention of it; I leave You and my Daughter to beget a right understanding.

C. Car. We should beget Sons and Daughters sooner: What does all this mean?

Ruth. I am sorry, Sir, that your love for me Shou'd make you thus rash.

C. Car. That's more than you know, but you had a mind To be left alone with me; that's certain.

Ruth. 'Tis too plain, Sir, you'd ne'er have run your self Into this danger else.

C. Car. Nay, now you're out; the danger run after me.

Ruth. You may dissemble.

C. Car. Why, 'tis the proper businſſ here; but we lose Time; you and I are left to beget right understanding, Come, which way?

Ruth. Whither?

C. Car. To your Chamber or Closet.

Ruth. But I am ingag'd you shall take the Covenant.

C. Car. No, I never swear when I am bid.

Ruth. But you wou'd do as bad?

C. Car. That's not against my principles.

Ruth. Thank you for your fair opinion, good Signior Principle, there lies your way, Sir, however I will own so much Kindness for you, that I repent not the civility I have done, To free you from the trouble you were like to fall into; Make me a leg, if you please, and cry, Thank you: and so the Gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires To be left alone with her self, she being taught a right Understanding of you.

C. Car. No, I am revited; nor shall you march off thus With flying colours: my pretty Commander in chief, let us

Parley a little farther, and but lay down ingenuously the true State of our Treaty. The business in short is this, We differ Seemingly upon two evils, and mine the least ; and therefore To be chosen, you had better take me, than I take the Covenant.

Ruth. We'll excuse one another.

C. Car. You wou'd not have me take the Covenant then.

Ruth. No, I did but try you, I forgive your idle looseness ; For that firm virtue be constant to your fair principles In spite of fortune.

C. Car. What's this got into petti-coats -- but d'hear, I'le not excuse you from my proposition, notwithstanding My release : Come we are half way to a right Understanding -- nay, I do love thee.

Ruth. Love vertue, you have but here and there a patch Of it ; y'are ragged still.

C. Car. Are you not the Committee Day's Daughter ?

Ruth. Yes, what then.

C. Car. Then am I thankful, I had no defence against thee And Matrimony, but thy own Father and Mother, Which are a perfect Committee to my nature.

Ruth. Why are you sure I wou'd have match'd with a Malignant, not a Compounder neither.

C. Car. Nay, I have made thee a Joynure against my will ; Methinks it were but as reasonable, that I shou'd do something For my Joynure, but by the way of Matrimony honestly To encrease your Generation ; this, to tell you truth, is Against my Conscience.

Ruth. Yet you wou'd beget right understandings.

C. Car. Yes, I wou'd have 'um all Bastards.

Ruth. And me a Whore.

C. Car. That's a coarse name ; but 'tis not fit a Committee-Man's Daughter should be too honest, to the reproach Of her Father and Mother.

Ruth. When the quarrel of the Nation is reconcil'd, you And I shall agree : till when, Sir —

Enter Teg.

Teg. Are you here then ? upon my shoul the good Colonel Blunt is over-taken again now, and carried to the Devil, That he is, I'faith now.

C. Car. How, taken and carried to the Devil !

Teg. He desired to go to the Devil, that he did, I wonder of My shoul he was not afraid of that.

C. Car. I understand it now ; what mischief's this ?

Ruth. You seem troubled, Sir.

C. Car. I have but a life to lose, that I am weary of : come, *Teg.*

Ruth. Hold, you shan't go before I know the business ; What d'ye talk of ?

C. Car. My friend, my dearest friend is caught up by rascally Bayliffs, and carried to the Devil-Tavern ; pray let me go.

Ruth. Stay but a minute, if you have any kindness for me.

C. Car. Yes, I do love you.

Ruth. Perhaps I may serve your friend.

Enter Arbella.

O *Arbella*, I was going to seek you.

Arb. What's the matter ?

Ruth. The Colonel which thou lik'st is taken by Bayliffs ;
There's his Friend too almost distracted : You know
The mercy of these times

A. b. What do'st thou tell me, I am ready to sink down !

Ruth. Compose your self, and help him nobly ; you have no
Way but to smile upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

Arb. Look where he and *Obadiah* comes ; shou'd either
By providence --- O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long
Time ? can you find of your heart to keep thus out of my sight ?

Abel. Afluredly, some important affairs constrain'd my
Absence, as *Obadiah* can testifie, *Bona fide*.

Obad. I can do so verily, my self being a material party.

C. Car. Pox on 'em, how slow they speak.

Arb. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight ; I'll
Not be satisfied with your *Bona fides* : I have some occasions
That call me to go a little way ; you shall e'en go with me,
And good *Obadiah* too : you shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. Is it not meet I shou'd, I am exceedingly exalted ;
Obadiah thou shalt have the best bargain of all my Tenants.

Obad. I am thankful.

C. Car. What may this mean ?

Aside.

Arb. Ruth, how shall we do to keep thy swift Mother
From pursuing us ?

Ruth. Let me alone, as I go by the Parlor where she sits,
Big with expectation ; I'll give her a whisper that we
Are going to fetch the very five hundred pound.

Arb. How can that be ?

Ruth. No question now. Will you march, Sir ?

C. Car. Whither ?

Ruth. Lord, how dull these men in Love are ! why to your
Friend. No more words.

C. Car. I will stare upon thee though.

Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Colonel Blunt brought in by Bayliffs.

I B. I, I, we thought how well you'd get Bail.

C. Bl. Why, you unconscionable Rascal, are you
Angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some Fees ?
I'll perish in a dungeon before I'll confume with throwing
Sops to such Curs.

I Ba. Chuse, chuse, come along with him.

C. Bl. I'll not go your pace neither, Rascals ; I'll go softly,
If it be but to hinder you from taking up some other
Honest Gentleman.

I B. Very well, surly Sir, we will carry you where you
Shall not be troubled what pace to walk ; you'll find a
Large Bell, blood is dear ; not yours is it ? a farthing a pint
Were very dear for the best urine you have.

Enter

Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, C. Careless, and Obadiah.

I B. How now, are these any of your Friends?

C. Bl. Never if you see Women, that's a Rule.

Arb. Nay, you need have no scruple, 'tis a near Kinsman
Of mine, you do not think I hope that I wou'd let you suffer ——
You —— that must be nearer than a Kinsman to me.

Ab. But my Mother doth not know it.

Arb. If that be all, leave it to me and *Ruth*, we'll save
You harmless: besides I cannot marry, if my Kinsman be in
Prison; he must convey my Estate as you appoint; for 'tis
All in him, we must please him.

Abel. The consideration of that doth convince me.

Obadiah. 'tis necessary for us to set at liberty this Gentleman,
Being a Trustee for Mrs. *Arbella's* Estate; tell 'em therefore
That you and I will Bail this Gentleman — and —
D'hear, tell them who I am.

Obad. I shall. Gentlemen, this is the honourable
Mr. *Abel Day*, the first-born of the Honourable Mr. *Day*,
Chair-man of the Committee of Sequestrations, and I
My self by name *Obadiah*, and Clerk to the said
Honourable Committee.

I B. Well, Sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

Abel. Yes, that's I, and I will bail this Gentleman; I believe
You dare not except against the Bail: nay, you shall have
Obadiah's too, one that the State trusts.

I B. With all our hearts, Sir ——
But there are Charges to be paid.

Arb. Here, *Obadiah*, take this Purse and discharge them,
And give the Bayliffs twenty shillings to drink.

C. Bl. This is miraculous.

I B. A brave Lady: I faith Mrs. we'll drink your health.

Abel. She's to be my Wife, as sure as you are here;
What say you to that now?

I B. That's impossible; here's something more in this:
Honourable Mr. *Abel*, the Sheriff's Deputy is hard by in
Another room, if you please to go thither,
And give your Bail, Sir.

Abel. Well, shew us the way, and let him know who I am.

C. Car. Hark ye, pretty Mrs. *Ruth*, if you were not

[Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bayliffs.]

A Committee-man's Daughter, and so consequently
Against Monarchy, two Princes shou'd
Have you and that Gentlewoman.

Ruth. No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

C. Car. Do but swear then that thou art not the Issue of
Mr. *Day*, and though I know 'tis a lye, I'll be content
To be cousen'd, and believe.

Ruth. Fie, fie, you can't abide taking of Oaths; look,
Look how your Friend and mine take aim at one another:
Is he smitten?

C. Car. *Cupid* has not such another wounded Subject,
Nay, and is vex'd he is in love too;
Troth 'tis partly my own case.

Ruth. Peace, she begins as need requires.

Arb. You are free, Sir.

C. Bl. Not so free as you think.

Arb. What hinders it?

C. Bl. Nothing, but I'll tell you.

Arb. Why, Sir?

C. Bl. You'll laugh at me.

Arb. Have you perceived me apt to commit such a rudeness,
Pray let me know it?

C. Bl. Upon two conditions you shall know it.

Arb. Well, make your own Laws.

C. Bl. First I thank you, y'have freed me nobly ; pray
Believe it, you have this acknowledgment from an
Honest heart, one that would crack a string for you,
That's one thing.

Arb. Well, the other.

C. Bl. The other is only, that I may stand so ready,
That I may be gone just as I have told it you ; together
With your promise, not to call me back : and upon these
Terms I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Careless*,
Come stand ready, that at the sign given
We may vanish together.

Ruth. If you please, Sir, when you are ready to start,
I'll cry one, two, three, and away.

C. Bl. Be pleased to forbear, good smart Gentlewoman,
You have leave to jeer when I am gone, and am just going ;
By your spleens leave a little patience.

Arb. Prethee, peace.

Ruth. I shall contain, Sir.

C. Bl. That's much for a Woman to do.

Arb. Now, Sir, perform your promise.

C. Bl. *Careless*, have you done with your Woman ?

C. Car. Madam —

C. Bl. Nay, I have thank'd her already ; prethee no more
Of that dull way of gratitude ; stand ready, Man, yet nearer
The Door : so now my misfortune that I promised to
Discover, is, that I love you above my sense or reason :
So farewell, and laugh ; Come, *Careless*.

C. Car. Ladies, our lives are yours ; be but so kind as to
Believe it, till you have something to command.

[Exeunt.

Ruth. Was there ever such humour ?

Arb. As I live his confession shews nobly.

Ruth. It shews madly I am sure, an ill-bred Fellow, not
Indure a Woman to laugh at him !

Arb. He's honest, I dare swear.

Ruth. That's more than I dare swear for my Colonel.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, 'tis but for want of a good Example ;
I'll make him so.

Arb. But d'hear, Ruth, we were horribly to blame, that we
Did not enquire where they lodg'd, under pretence of sending
To them about their own busines.

Ruth. Why, thy whimsical Colonel discharg'd himself off
Like a Gun : there was no time between the flashing in
The pan, and the going off, to ask a question : but hark ye,
I have an invention upon the old account of the
Five hundred pound, which shall make Abel fend
His Pursuivant, Obadiah, to look 'em.

Arb.

Arb. Excellent! the Trout *Abel* will bite immediately at That bait: the Message shall be as from his Master *Day*, Senior, To come and speak with him; they'll think Presently 'tis about their Composition, and come certainly. In the mean time we'll prepare them with Counter-expectations.

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

Ruth. You have it, peace, see where *Abel* and the gentle Squire of low degree, *Obadiah*, approaches, having newly Entred themselves into Bonds.

Arb. Which I'll be sure to tell his Mother, if he be Evermore troublesome.

Ruth. And that he's turn'd an arrant Cavalier, By bailing one of the Brood.

Abel. I have according to your desires given freedom to Your Kinsman and Trustee; I suppose he doth perceive That you may have power in right of me.

Arb. Good Mr. *Abel*, I am sincerely beholding to you, And your Authority.

Ruth. O fie upon't, Brother, I did forget to acquaint You with a busines before the Gentlemen went. O me, what a Sieve-like memory have I, 'Twas an important affair too.

Abel. If you discover it to me, I shall render you My opinion upon the whole.

Ruth. The two Gentlemen have repented of their obstinacy, And wou'd now present five hundred pound to your good Honourable Mother, to stand their Friend, that they may be Permitted to take the Covenant, and we, negligent we, Have let them go, before we knew where to send to them.

Abel. That was the want of being us'd to important affairs; It is ill to neglect the accepting of their conversion, Together with their money.

Ruth. Well, there is but one way; do you send *Obadiah* In your Father's Name, to desire them both to come to his House About some busines that will be for their good, but no more; For then they'll take it ill; for they enjoin'd us secrecy; And when they come, let us alone: *Obadiah* may enquire Them out at some Tavern.

Obad. The Bayliffs did say they were gone To the Devil-Tavern to pay a reckoning.

Abel. Hasten thither, good *Obadiah*, as if you had met My Honourable Father, and desire them to come unto His House, about an important affair that is for their good.

Obad. I shall use expedition.

Abel. And we will hasten home, lest the Gentlemen shou'd Be before us, and not know how to address their offers; And then we will hasten our being united in the Bonds of Matrimony.

Arb. Soft and fair goes far.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter the two Colonels, and Teg as at the Tavern.

C. Car. Did ever Man get away so craftily from the thing He lik't; terrible busines, afraid to tell a Woman what she Desir'd to hear; I pray heartily that the Boys do not come To the knowledge of thy famous retreat; we shall be followed

By

By those small Birds, as you have seen an Owl pursued.

C. Bl. I shall break some of their Wings then.

C. Car. To leave a handsome Woman, a Woman that came
To be bound Body for Body for thee ; one that does that
Which no Woman will hardly do again.

C. Bl. What's that ?

C. Car. Love thee, and thy Blunt Humour ; a meer chance,
Man, a thing besides all the venerate Stars.

C. Bl. You practice your Wit to no purpose ; I am not
To be perswaded to lie still, like a Jack-a-lent to be cast at ;
I had rather be a Wisp hung up for a Woman to scold at,
Than a fix'd Lover for 'em to point at :
Your Squib began to hiss.

Enter Obadiah.

C. Car. Peace, Man, here's Jupiter's Mercury, is his
Message to us, trow ?

Obad. Gentlemen, you are opportunely over-taken
And found out.

C. Bl. How's this ?

Obad. I come unto you in the name of the Honourable
Mr. Day, who desires to speak with you both about some
Important affair, which is conducing for your good.

C. Bl. What train is this ?

C. Car. Peace, let us not be rash, Teg.

Teg. Well then.

C. Car. Were it not possible that you cou'd entertain this
Fellow in the next room till he were pretty drunk ?

Teg. I warrant you that now, I will make him and my self
Too drunk for thy sweet sake.

C. Car. Be sure, Teg — some business, Sir, that will take us
Up a very little time to finish, make us desire your patience
Till we dispatch it : In the mean time, Sir, do us the
Favour as to call for a glafs of Sack : in the next room
Teg shall wait upon you, and drink your Master's health.

Obad. It needeth not, nor do I use to drink healths.

C. Car. None but your Masters, Sir, and that by
Way of remembrance.

Obad. We that have the affairs of State under our
Tuition cannot long delay ; my presence may be required
For the carrying on the work.

C. Car. Nay, Sir, it shall not exceed above a quarter
Of an hour ; perhaps we'll wait upon you to Mr. Day presently :
Pray, Sir, drink but one glafs or two ; we wou'd wait upon you
Our selves, but that wou'd hinder us from going with you.

Obad. Upon that consideration I shall attend a little.

C. Car. Go wait upon him, now Teg or never.

Teg. I will make him so drunk as can be upon my Soul.

C. Bl. What a Devil shou'd this Message mean ?

C. Car. 'Tis too plain ; this cream of Committee Rascals ! who has
Better Intelligence than a State-Secretary, has heard
Of his Son Abel's being hamper'd, in the cause of the
Wicked, and in revenge wou'd intice us to Perdition.

C. Bl. If Teg cou'd be so fortunate as to make him drunk,
We might know all.

C. Car. If the close-hearted Rogue will not be open mouth'd,
We'll leave him pawn'd for all our scores, and stuff his Pockets

[Exeunt.

With

With blank Commissions.

C. Bl. Only fill up one with his Master's name.

C. Car. And another with his Wife's name for Adjutant General, Together with a Bill of Ammunition hid under *Day's* House, And make it be digg'd down, with scandal of Delinquency. A Rascal to think to invite us into *Newgate*!

C. Bl. Well, we must resolve what to do.

C. Car. I have a fancy come into my head that may produce An admirable Scene.

C. Bl. Come, let's hear.

C. Car. 'Tis upon supposition, that *Teg* makes him drunk, And by the way 'tis a good *Omen* that we have no sober Apparition in that wavering posture of frailty ; we'll send him Home in a Sedan, and cause him to be deliver'd in that Good natur'd condition, to the ill natur'd Rascal His Master.

C. Bl. It will be Excellent : how I pray for *Teg* To be Victorious !

Enter Musician.

Mus. Gentlemen, will you have any Musick ?

C. Bl. Prethee no, we are out of tune.

C. Car. Pish, we never will be out of humour. Do'st hear, Canst sing us a Malignant Sonnet ?

Mus. I can sing many Songs. You seem honest Gentlemen.

C. Car. Cavaliers thou mean'st. Sing without any apprehension.

S O N G.

NOW the *Vail* is pull'd off, and this pitiful Nation
Too late see the gull of a *Kirk-Reformation*,
How all things that shou'd be
Are turn'd topsy turvy ;
The Freedom we have,
Our Prince made a Slave,
And the Masters must now turn the Waiters.
The great ones obey,
While the Rascals do sway,
And the Loyal to Rebels are *Traytors*.

The Pulpits are crowded with tongues of their own,
And the Preachers spiritual Committee-men grown,
To denounce Sequestration
On Souls of old Fashion,
They Rail and they Pray,
Till they quite preach away
The Wealth that was once the wise Cities.
The Courts in the Hall
Where the Lawyers did bawl,
Are turn'd into pious Committees.

C. Car. This Song has rais'd my Spirits : Here, sing always For the King ; I wou'd have every Man in his way do something For him ; I wou'd have Fidlers sing for him, Parsons pray For him, Men fight for him, Women scold for him, and Children cry for him, and according to this rule,

Teg

Teg is drinking for him: but see, [Enter Teg and Obadiah drunk.
See and rejoice where Teg with Laurel comes.

C. Bl. And the vanquish'd Obadiah with nothing fix'd
About him but his Eyes.

C. Car. Stay, sing another Song in the behalf of
Compounders if thou canst, that the vapours of the Wine
May have full power to ascend up to the firmament of
His truly reformed Coxcomb.

SONG.

Come, Drawer, some Wine,
Let it sparkle and shine,
And make its own drops fall abounding;
Like the Hearts it makes light,
Let it flow pure and right,
And a Plague take all kind of Compounding.

We'll not be too wise,
Nor try to advise,
How to suffer and gravely despair:
For Wisdom and Parts
Sit brooding on hearts,
And there they catch nothing but care.

Not a thought shall come in
But what brings our King,
Let Committees be damn'd with their gain;
We'll send by this stealth
To our Hearts our Kings Health,
And there in despite he shall Reign.

[Obadiah repeating with him.]

C. Car. This is sport beyond modest hopes. How I will
Adore Sack that can force this Fellow to Religion. The Rogue
Is full of Worship.

Teg. Well now, upon my Soul, Mr. Obed.
Commit sings as well as the Man now:
Come then will you sing an Irish Song after me?

Obad. I will sing Irish for the King now.
Teg. I will sing for the King as well as you. Hark you now.
Obad. That is too hard stuff; I cannot do these and these

Material matters. [He sings an Irish Song, and Obadiah tries.
Teg. Here now, we will take some snuff for the King — so
There lay it upon your hand; put one of your Noses to it now,
So snuff now. Upon my Soul, Mr. Obed Commit will make
A brave Irib-man.

Obad. I will snuff for the King no more. Good Mr. Teg,
Give me some more Sack, and sing English for my money.

Teg. I will tell you that Irish is as good and better too.
Come now we will dance: Can you play an Irish Tune?
Can you play this now.

Mus. No, Sir; but I can play you an excellent Irish Jig. [They dance.
C. Car. This is beyond thought: So this motion

Like a tumbled Barrel has set the Liquor a working again.
Now for a Chair.

C. Bl. Drawer, who waits there?

[Enter Drawer.]

Drawer.

Drawer. What d'you want Gentlemen?

C. Bl. Call a Chair presently, and bring their Chair into This room ; here's a friend of ours overtaken.

Drawer. I go, Sir.

[Exit.]

C. Car. *Teg,* thou hast done miracles, thou art a good *Omen*, And hast vanquish'd the cause in this overthrow of this Counterfeit Rascal its true Epitome : And now, *Teg*, According to the words of Condemnation, we'll send him To the place from whence he came.

Teg. Upon my shoul he's dead now, shall I howl as we do In *Ireland*.

C. Car. How's that, *Teg*.

Teg. Yo, yo.

[Howls.]

C. Car. No more, good, *Teg*, lest you give an Alarm to the Enemy. Welcome, honest fellow ; by your looks you seem so.

[Enter Sedan.]

C. How Colonel, have you forgot your poor Souldier *Ned*.

C. Car. Why, this is a miraculous pursuit of good fortune, Honest *Ned* ; what turn'd Chair-man ?

1. Any thing for Bread and Beer, noble Colonel, shall I Have the Honour to carry you.

C. Car. No, *Ned*, is thy fellow honest ?

1. Or I'de be hang'd before I carry a Chair an inch with him.

C. Car. 'Tis well — look you, *Ned*, that fellow is Mr. *Day* The Committee-man's Clerk, whom with wonderful industry We have made drunk : Just as he is, pack him up in thy Chair, And immediately transport him to his Master *Day*'s house ; And in the very Hall turn him out. There's half a Crown For thy pains.

1. If I fail, say *Ned*'s a Coward : Come shall we put your short Wing'd worship into your mew. Come along.

[They put him in and Ex.]

C. Car. Farewel, *Ned* : *Teg*, come, you must carry some Money to one or two confident friends of mine ; We'll pay our Reckoning at the Bar, then go home and laugh ; And if you will plot some way to see our enchanting Females Once more ; they make me so long —

[Exeunt.]

Enter Mr. *Day*, and Mrs. *Day*.

Mrs. Day. Dispatch quickly I say, and say I said it ; many Things fall between the lip and the cup.

Mr. Day. Nay, duck, let thee alone for counsel. Ah, If thou hadst been a man.

Mrs. Day. Why then you wou'd have wanted a Woman, And a helper too.

Mr. Day. I profess so I shou'd, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy face, and that's no ill one.

Mrs. Day. Come, come, you are wandring from the matter ; Dispatch the Marriage I say, whil'st she is thus taken with Our *Abel*. Women are uncertain.

Mr. Day. How if she shou'd be coy ?

Mrs. Day. You are at your iiff's again ; if she be foolish, Tell her plainly what she must trust to, no *Abel*, no Land ; Plain dealing's a Jewel : Have you the Writings drawn As I advised you, which she must sign ?

M. Day. I, I warrant you, duck ; Here, here they be. Oh she has a brave Estate.

Mrs. Day. What news you have.

Mr. Day. Look you, Wife.

[Day pulls out Writings, and lays out his Keys.

Mrs. Day. Pish, teach your Grannam to spin ; let me see.

Enter Servant.

Serv. May it please your Honour, your good neighbour Zechariah is departing this troublesome life : he has made Your Honour his Executor, but cannot depart Till he has seen your Honours.

Mr. Day. Alas, alas, a good man will leave us, Come, good Duck, let us haft'en: Where is Obadiah to usher you ?

Mrs. Day. Why Obadiah, a Varlet to be out of the way at Such a time ; truly he moveth my wrath. Come, Husband, along I'll take Abel in his place..

Enter Ruth and Arbella.

Ruth. What's the meaning of this Alarm ? there's some Carrion Discover'd ; the Crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The she-Day call'd most fiercely for Obadiah ; Look here, Ruth, what have they left behind ?

Ruth. As I live, it is the Day's bunch of Keys, which he always Keeps so closely :—well—if thou hast any metal, Now's the time.

Arb. To do what ?

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt.

Arb. Peace, we are betray'd else ; as sure as can be, wench, He's come back for the Keys.

Ruth. We'll forswear 'em in confident words, and no less Confident countenances.

Abel. An important affair hath call'd my Honourable Father And Mother forth, and in the absence of Obadiah I am enforced To attend their Honours, and therefore I conceiv'd it right And meet to acquaint you with it ; left in my absence you Might have apprehended, that some mischance had befallen My person : therefore I desire you to receive consolation ; And so I bid you heartily farewell.

Arb. Given from his mouth this tenth of April, he Put me in a cruel fright.

Ruth. As I live, I am all over in such a dew as hangs about a Still when 'tis first set a going ; but this is better and better : There was never such an opportunity to break prison. I know the very places holes in his Closet where the Composition of your Estate lies, and where the Deeds of my Own Estate lie. I have cast my eye upon them often When I have gone up to him in errands, and to call Him to dinner. If I miss, hang me.

Arb. But whither shall we go ?

Ruth To a friend of mine, and of my Fathers, that lives Near the Temple, and will harbor us ; fear not, and so set Up for our selves, and get our Colonels.

Arb. Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the condition We are in, makes me as ready as thou art : come let's about it.

Ruth. Stay, do you stand Centinel here, that's the Closet-Window ; I'll call for thee, if I need thee ; and Be sure to give notice of any news of the enemy.

[Exit.

Arb.

The Committee.

97

Arb. I warrant thee, may but this departing Brother have
So much string of life left him as may tie this expecting *Day*
To his Bedside, till we have committed this honest Robbery —
Hark! ——what's that — this apprehension can make a noise
When there is none.

Ruth. I have 'em, I have 'em; nay the whole covey,
And his Seal at Arms bearing a Dog's Leg.

Above.

Arb. Come make haste then.

Ruth. As I live here's a Letter counterfeited to the King,
To the Rascal his rebellious Subject *Day*; with a remembrance
To his discreet Wife; nay, what do'st thou think these are?
I'll but cast my Eye upon these Papers that were Schismatically,
And lay in separation: what do'st think they are?

Arb. I can't tell; nay prethee come away.

Ruth. Out upon the precise Baboon:
They are Letters from two Wenches, one from an encrease of salary
To maintain his unlawful Issue; another from a Wench
That had more Conscience than he, and refus'd
To take the Physick that he prescrib'd to take away
A natural Tympany.

Arb. Nay, prethee dispatch.

Ruth. Here be abundance more; come run up, and help
Me carry 'em. We'll take the whole Index of his Rogueries?
We shall be furnish'd with such arms, offensive and defensive,
That we shall never need
Sue to him for a League. Come, make haste.

Arb. I come.

Enter with the Sedan.

1. Come open this portable Tomb: 'Slife here's nothing in it;
Ferret him, or he'll never bolt. It looks as if we had brought
A basket Hare to be set down and hunted.

2. He's dead.

1. Dead drunk, thou mean'st; turn up the Chair, and turn
Him out as they do Badgers caught in a Sack: Shake,
Man; So, now he falleys.

*Obadiah tumbles out of the
Chair, and sings as at the Tavern — of the Song, and Enter
Arbella and Ruth from robbing the Closet.*

Arb. What's this? we are undone.

Obadiah. Mr. *Teg*, will you dance, Mr. *Teg*.

Ruth. Put a good Face on't, or give me the Van. O, 'tis
Obadiah fallen.

Arb. Nay, and cannot rise neither: d'hear, honest Friends,
Was this zealous Gentleman your fraught.

1. Yes, Mistress, two honest Gentlemen took care of him, seeing
Him thus devoutly over-taken.

Arb. It was our Colonels that thought *Day* sent him to trapan
Them as sure as can be.

Ruth. No doubt on't; how unmerciful they are, *Arbella*,
Every minute to do something or other to encrease
Our whimsie — Are you paid?

1. Yes, Mistress, — 'Slife we shall be paid double.

Ruth. Stay, where did you leave the two
Careful-minded Gentlemen.

1. Why do you ask, Mistress?

Ruth. For no hurt. Can't carry us near the place?

1. Yes, Mistress, sure there's no danger in Women.

Arb. What do'st mean ?

Ruth. The same that thou do'st, to see 'em if I can ;
Is't near Temple-Bar ?

[Obadiah sings.]

i. Hard by, Mistress.

Ruth. Come in, there's my Friend lives hard by ; fear not,
We can never fly so conceal'd — May that Nightingale continue
His note, till the Owl Day returns to hear him : Come,
Honest Fellow, stay over against the place where you
Left the Gentlemen ; we have some business with them ;
We'll pay you, and they'll thank you : so good night, Mr. Day.

i. I warrant you, Mistress. Come along, Tom.

Obad. Some small Beer, good Mr. Teg.

[Exeunt.]

Enter as return'd, Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel.

Mr. Day. He made a good end, and departed as unto sleep.

Mrs. Day. I'll assure you his Wife took on grievously ;
I do not believe she'll marry this half year.

Mr. Day. He died full of Exhortation. Ha, Duck,
Shou'dst be sorry to lose me ?

Mrs. Day. Lose you ; I warrant you you'll live as long as
A better thing — Ah, Lord, what's that ?

[Obadiah sings.]

Mr. Day. How now ! what's this ? how ! — Obadiah —
And in a drunken distemper assuredly !

Mrs. Day. O fie upon't, who wou'd have believ'd that he
Shou'd have liv'd to have seen Obadiah overcome with the
Creature ? Where have you been, Sirrah ?

Obad. D—d—drinking, the Ki — Ki — Kings's Health.

Mr. Day. O terrible, some disgrace put upon us, and shame
Brought within our Walls ; I'll go lock up my
Neighbour's Will, and come down and shew him
A Reproof. — How — how — I cannot feel my Keys — nor —

[He feels in his Pocket, and leaps up to :]

Hear 'em gingle : Didst thou see my Keys, Duck ?

Mrs. Day. Duck me no ducks ; I see your Keys, see a Fools
Head of your own : Had I kept them, I warrant they had been
Forth coming : You are so flappish, you throw 'em up and
Down at your Tail : Why don't you go look if you have
Not left them in the Door ?

Mr. Day. I go, I go, Duck.

[Exit.]

Mrs. Day. Here, Abel, take up this fallen Creature, who has
Left his uprightness ; carry him to a Bed, and when he is
Return'd to himself, I will exhort him.

Abel. He is exceedingly over-whelmed.

Obad. Stand away, I say, and give me some Sack, that

[He goes to lift him.]

I may drink a health to the King, and let Committees
Be damn'd with their gain.

[Obadiah sings.]

Where's Mr. Teg ?

Enter Teg.

Mr. Day. Undone, undone, rob'd, rob'd, the Door's left
Open, and all my Writings, Papers stollen, undone, undone.
Ruth, Ruth !

Mrs. Day. Why Ruth, I say, Thieves, Thieves !

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, Forsooth ? here has been no Thieves, I have not been a minute out of the House.

Mrs. Day. Where's *Ruth*, and *Mrs. Arbella* ?

Serv. I have not seen them a pretty while.

Mr. Day. 'Tis they have rob'd me, and taken away The Writings of both their Estates. Undone, undone !

Mrs. Day. This came with staying for you, *Coxcomb*, We had come back sooner else : yes, slow *Drone*, we must Be undone for your dullness.

Obad. Be not in wrath.

Mrs. Day. I'll wrath you, ye Rascal you, teaching you, Drunken Rascal, and you sober Dullman.

Obad. Your Feet are swift and violent ; their motion Will make them fume.

Mrs. Day. D'lye too, ye drunken Rascal ?

Mr. Day. Nay patience, good Duck, and let's lay out For these Women ; they are the Thieves.

Mrs. Day. 'Twas you that left your Keys upon the Table To tempt them : ye need cry, good Duck, be patient. Bring in The drunken Rascal, ye Booby, when he is sober he may Discover something. Come take him up ; I'll have 'em hunted. [*Exit*.]

Abel. I rejoice yet in the midst of my sufferings, that my Mistress Saw not my rebukes. Come, *Obadiah*, I pray raise your self Upon your Feet, and walk.

Obad. Have you taken the Covenant ? that's the question.

Abel. Yea.

Obad. And will you drink a Health to the King ? That's t'other question.

Abel. Make not thy self a scorn.

Obad. Scorn in thy Face ; void, young Satan.

Abel. I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

Obad. Stand off, and you shall perceive by my stedfast going, That I am not drunk. Look ye now — fo, softly, softly ; gently, Good *Obadiah*, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said That thou art in drink : fo, gently and uprightly, *Obadiah*.

Abel. You do not move. [*He moves his Legs, but stands still.*]

Obad. Then do I stand still, as fast as you go.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. What, stay all day ? there's for you, Sir ; You are a sweet Youth to leave in trust ; along you Drunken Rascals, I'll set you both forward.

Obad. The Philistines are upon us, and Day is broke loose From darkness, with keeping has made her fierce. [*She beats 'em off.*]

Mrs. Day. Out, you drunken Rascal, I'll make You move, you Beast.

[*Exit*.]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Bookseller and Bayliffs, having laid hold on Teg.

Booksell. Come along, Sir, I'll teach you to take Covenants. *Teg.* Will you teach me then; did I not take It then? why will you teach me now?

Booksell. You shall pay dearly for the blows you struck me, My wild Irish, by St. Patrick, you shall.

Teg. What have you now to do with St. Patrick? he will Scorn your Covenant.

Booksell. I'll put you, Sir, where you shall have worse liquor, Than your Bonny-Clabber.

Teg. Bonny-Clabber! by my Goships hand now you are A Rascal if you do not look Bonny-Clabber, and I will break Your pate if you will not let me go to my Master.

Booksell. O you are an impudent Rascal. Come, away with him.

Enter C. Carelefs.

C. Car. How now, hold, my Friend; whither do You carry my Servant?

Booksell. I have arrested him, Sir, for striking me, and taking Away my Books.

C. Car. What has he taken away?

Booksell. Nay, the value of the thing is not much; 'Twas the Covenant, Sir.

Teg. Well, I did take the Covenant, and my Mastero took it From me, and we have taken the Covenant then, have we not?

C. Car. Here, honest Fellow, here's more than thy Covenant's Worth; here, Bayliffs, here's for you to drink.

Booksell. Well, Sir, you seem an honest Gentleman; for Your sake, and in hopes of your Custom, I release him.

T. B. Thank ye, noble Sir.

C. Car. Farewel, my noble Friends—so—d'hear, *Teg.* Pray take no more Covenants,—Have you paid the money I sent you with?

Teg. Yes, but I will carry no more, look you there now.

C. Car. Why, *Teg*?

Teg. God sa'my Soul now, I shall run away with it.

C. Car. Pish, thou art too honest.

Teg. That I am too upon my Soul now; but the Devil is Not honest, that he is not; he would not let me alone When I was going; but he made go to this little long place, And t'other little long place; and upon my Soul was carrying Me to *Ireland*, for he made me go by dirty place like a lough Now; and therefore I know now it was the way to *Ireland*: Then I wou'd stand still, and then he wou'd make me go on; And then I wou'd go to one side, and he wou'd make me go To t'other side; and then I got a little farther, and did Run then; and upon my Soul the Devil cou'd not catch me; And then I did pay the money: but I will carry no more Money now that I will not.

C. Car. But thou sha't, *Teg*, when I have more to send; Thou art proof now against temptations.

[Ex.]

Teg.

The Committee.

101

Teg. Well then, if you send me with money again, and if I Do not come to thee upon the time, the Devil will make me Be gone then with the money : Here is a Paper for thee, 'Tis a quit way indeed.

C. Car. That's well said, *Teg.* —

[F]

Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, and Souldiers.

Obad. See, Sir, Providence hath directed us ; there is one Of them that clothed me with shame, and the most malignant Among the wicked.

Mr. Day. Souldiers, seize him, I charge him with Treason ; Here's a Warrant to the Keeper, as I told you.

1 S. Nay, no resistance now.

C. Car. What's the matter, Rascals ?

Mr. Day. You shall know that to your cost hereafter, Away with him.

C. Car. *Teg*, tell 'em I shall not come home to night, I am engag'd.

Teg. I prethee ben't engag'd.

C. Car. Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

Mr. Day. That will appear, Sir : away with him.

Teg. What will you do with my Master now ?

Mr. Day. Be quiet, Sir, or you shall go with him.

Teg. That I will for all you now.

C. Car. *Teg*, come hither.

Teg. Must not I go with you then ?

C. Car. No, no, be sure to do as I tell you.

Mr. Day. Away with him, we will be aveng'd on the scorner.

And I'll go home and tell my Duck this part of my good fortune. [Exe.

Enter Sedan, Women come out.

Ruth. So far we are right, now, honest Fellow, step over And tell the two Gentlemen, that we two Women desire To speak with them.

[Enter C. Blunt, Lieutenant.

1 C. See, Mistress, here's one of them.

Ruth. That's thy Colonel, *Arbella*, catch him quickly, Or he'll fly again.

Arb. What shou'd I do ?

Ruth. Put forth some good words, as they use to Shake Oats when they go to catch a skittish Jade.

Advance.

Arb. Sir.

C. Bl. Lady — 'tis she.

Arb. I wish, Sir, that my Friend and I had some conveniency Of speaking with you : we now want the assistance of Some noble Friend.

C. Bl. Then I am happy ; bring me but to do something For you ; I wou'd have my actions talk, not I : my Friend Will be here immediately ; I dare speak for him too — Pardon my last confusion ; but what I told you was as true As if I had staid.

Ruth. To make *Affidavit* of it.

C. Bl. Good over-charged-Gentlewoman, Spare me but a little.

Arb. Prethee peace, canst thou be merry, and we in This condition. Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy : If we might withdraw any whither out of sight,

I wou'd

I wou'd acquaint you with the business.

Lieu. My House, Ladies, is at that Door, where both
The Colonels lodge: Pray command it, Colonel *Careless*
Will immediately be here.

Enter *Teg.*

Teg. Well now, my good Master will not come;
That Commit Rogue *Day* has got him with Men in red Coats,
And he is gone to Prison here below this Street;
He wou'd not let me go with him i'faith,
But made me come tell thee now.

Ruth. O my heart — Tears by your leave a while — [Wipes her eyes.
D' hear, *Arbella*, here, take all the trinkets, only the bait that
I'll use; accept of this House, here let me find thee, I'll try my
Skill; nay, talk not. [Exit.]

C. Bl. *Careless* in Prison! Pardon me, Madam, I must
Leave you for a little while; pray be confident,
This honest Friend of mine will use you with
All respects till I return.

Arb. What do you mean to do, Sir?

C. Bl. I cannot tell, yet I must attempt something,
You shall have a sudden account of all things;
You say you dare believe,
Pray be as good as your word; and
Whatever accident befalls me, know I love you dearly:
Why do you weep?

Arb. Do not run your self into a needle's danger.

C. Bl. How, d'you weep for me? pray let me see, never Woman
Did so before, that I know of, I am ravish'd with it; the
Round gaping Earth ne'r suck'd shovrs so greedily,
As my heart drinks these: Pray if you love me, be but
So good and kind as to confess it.

Arb. Do not ask what you may tell your self.

C. Bl. I must go, Honour and Friendship call me: Here,
Dear Lieutenant, I never had a Jewel but this; use it as
Right ones shou'd be used; do not breath upon it, but
Gaze as I do, — hold — one word more; the Souldier that
You often talk'd of to me, is still honest.

Lieu. Most perfectly.

C. Bl. And I may trust him.

Lieu. With your Life.

C. Bl. Enough, — pray let me leave my last looks fix'd
Upon you — So, I love you, and am honest; be careful,
Good Lieutenant, of this treasure — She weeps still —
I cannot go, I must — [Exit.]

Lieu. Madam, pray let my House be honoured with you;
Be confident of all respect and faith.

C. Bl. What uncertainties pursue my Love and Fortune. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Ruth* with a Souldier.

Ruth. Come, give me the bundle, he now the habit;
'Tis well, there's for your pains, be secret, and wait
Where I appointed you.

Soul. If I fail, may I dye in a Ditch, and there lie,
And out-stink it. [Exit.]

Ruth. Now for my wild Colonel; first, here's a Note,

With

With my Lady *Day's* Seal to it, for his Release ; if that fails
(As he that will shoot at these Rascals must have two Strings
To his Bow) Then here's my Red-Coats skin to disguise him,
And a string to draw up a Ladder of Cords, which I have
Prepared against it grows dark ; one of them will hit sure,
I must have him out, and I must have him when he is out :
I have no patience to expect—within there—ho.—

Enter Keeper.

Ruth. You have not a Prisoner, Sir, in your Custody,
One Colonel *Careless*?

Keep. Yes, Mrs, and committed by your Father Mr. *Day*.

Ruth. I know it ; but there was a mistake in it ; here's a Warrant
For his Delivery, under his Hand and Seal.

Keep. I wou'd willingly obey it, Mrs ; but there's a general
Order come from above, that all the Kings Party shou'd be kept
Close, and none releas'd but by the States Order.

Ruth. This goes ill ; may I speak with him, Sir?

Keep. Very freely, Mrs. there's no order to forbid any to come
To him : To say Truth, 'tis the most pleasant'st Gentleman.
—I'll call him forth.

Ruth. O'my conscience every thing must be in love with him ;
Now for my last hopes ; if this fail, I'll use the Ropes
My self.

[Enter *Keeper and Careless*.

C. Car. Mr. *Day's* Daughter speak with me ?

Keep. I, Sir, there she is.

[Exit.

Ruth. O Sir, does the name of Mr. *Day's* Daughter
Trouble you ; you love the Gentlewoman, but hate his Daughter.

C. Car. Yes, I do love that Gentlewoman you speak of most
Exceedingly.

Ruth. And the Gentlewoman loves you : but what luck
This is, that *Day's* Daughter shou'd ever be with her to spoil all !

C. Car. Not a whit one way ; I have a pretty Room—
Within, dark, and convenient.

Ruth. For what ?

C. Car. For you and I to give Counter-security for
Our kindness to one another.

Ruth. But Mr. *Day's* Daughter will be there too ?

C. Car. 'Tis dark, we'll ne'er see her.

Ruth. You care not who you are Wicked with ; methinks
A Frison shou'd tame you.

C. Car. Why, d'you think a Prison takes away blood
And sight ? As long as I am so qualified, I am Touch-wood, and
When ever you bring fire, I shall fall a burning.

Ruth. And you wou'd quench it.

C. Car. And you shall kindle it again.

Ruth. No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to a coal,
Black as dishonest love.

C. Car. Is this your busines ? Did you come to disturb my
Contemplations with a Sermon ? Is this all ?

Ruth. One thing more ; I Love you, it's true ; but I love you
Honestly, if you know how to love me virtuously, I'll free
You from Prison, and run all Fortunes with you.

C. Car. Yes, I cou'd love thee all manner of ways ;
If I cou'd not, freedom were no bait, were it from death.
I shou'd despise your offer to bargain for a lye. — but —

Ruth. Oh noble — but what ?

C. Car. The Name of that Rascal that got thee : yet I lye
Too, he ne'er got a Limb of thee. Pox on't, thy Mother
Was as unlucky to bear thee : But how shall we salve that ;
Take but off these incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in
Thy Smock ; but to have such a flaw in my Titie.

Ruth. Can I help Nature ?

C. Car. Or I honour ? Why, hark you now, do but swear
Me into a pretence, do but betray me with an Oath, that thou
Wert not begot on the Body of *Gillian*,
My Fathers Kitchen-maid.

Ruth. Who's that ?

C. Car. Why, the honourable Mrs. *Day* that now is.

Ruth. Will you believe me if I swear ?

C. Car. I that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

Ruth. I swear then by all that's good,

I am not their Daughter.

C. Car. Poor kind Perjur'd pretty one, I am beholding
To thee ; woud'ft damn thy self for me ?

Ruth. You are mistaken, I have try'd you fully ;
You are noble, and I hope you love me ; be ever firm to
Virtuous principles : My Name is not so godly a one
As *Ruth*, but plain *Anne*, and Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*,
One perhaps that you have heard of, since in the World he
Has still had so loud and fair a Character : 'tis too long to tell
You how this *Day* got me an Infant, and my Estate
Into his power, and made me pass for his own Daughter,
My Father dying when I was but two years o'd.
This I knew but lately, by an unexpected meeting of an ancient
Servant of my Fathers : but two hours since *Arbella* and I
Found an opportunity of stealing away all the Writings that
Belong'd to my Estate, and her Composition : In our flight
We met your Friend, with whom I left her as soon as I had
Intelligence of your misfortune, to try to get your liberty ;
Which if I can do, you have an Estate, for I have mine.

C. Car. Thou more than —

Ruth. No, no, no Raptures at this time ; here's your disguise
Purchas'd from a true hearted Red-coat ; here's a bundle,
Let this Line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw
Up a Ladder of Ropes ; if the Ladder of Ropes be done sooner,
I'll send them by a Souldier that I dare trust ; and you may,
Your Window's large enough : As soon as you receive it
Come down ; if not, when 'tis dusk, let down your line ;
And at the bottom of the Window you shall find yours,
More than her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

C. Car. I'll leap into thy arms. —

Ruth. So you may break your neck : If you do, I'll jump too ;
But time steals on our Words ; observe, all I have told you :
So farewell. —

C. Car. Nay, as the good Fellows use to say, Let us not part
With dry Lips. — One kiss.

Ruth. Not a bit of me, till I am all Yours.

C. Car. Your hand then, to shew I am grown reasonable.
A poor Compounder.

Ruth. Pish, there's a dirty Glove upon't. —

C. Car. Give me but any naked part, and I'll kiss it as a Snail

Creeps,

Creeps, and leave sign where my Lips slid along —

Ruth. Good Snail, get out of your hole first, think of Your busness. So fare —

C. Car. Nay, prethee be not ashame that thou art loth To leave me. 'S. lid, I am a Man, but I'm as arrant a Rogue, as thy *Quondam Father Day*, if I cou'd not cry to leave thee A brace of Minutes.

Ruth. Away, we grow foolish — farewell — yet be careful — Nay, go in.

C. Car. Do you go first.

Ruth. Nay, sie, go in.

C. Car. We'll fairly then divide the Victory, And draw off together. — So — I will have the last look.

[*Exeunt severally, looking at one another.*]

Enter C. Blunt, and Souldier.

C. Bl. No more words ; I do believe, nay, I know thou art Honest. I may live to thank thee better.

Soul. I scorn any encouragement to love my King, or those That serve him. I took Pay under these People, With a design to do him Service ; the Lieutenant knows it.

C. Bl. He has told me so, no more words, thou art a noble Fellow ; thou art sure his Window's large enough ?

Soul. Fear it not.

C. Bl. Here then, carry him this ladder of Ropes : So now give Me the Coat ; say not a word to him, but bid him dispatch When he sees the Coast clear ; he shall be waited for at The bottom of his Window. Give him thy Sword too if He desires it.

Soul. I'll dispatch it instantly, therefore get to your place.

C. Bl. I warrant ye.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Teg.

Teg. Have you done every thing then ? By my shoul now, Yonder is the Man with the hard name ; that Man now, that I Made drunk for thee, Mr. *Tay's* Rascal ; he is coming along There behind, now upon my Shoul that he is.

C. Bl. The Rascal comes for some mischief. *Teg*, now, or Never play the Man.

Teg. How shou'd I be a Man then ?

C. Bl. Thy Master is never to be got out, if this Rogue Gets hither ; meet him therefore, *Teg*, in the most winning Manner thou canst, and make him once more Drunk, and it Shall be call'd the Second Edition of *Obadiah*, put forth With Irish Notes upon him ; and if he will not go drink with thee.

Teg. I will carry him upon my back-side, if he will not go ; And if he will not be Drunk, I will cut his Throat then, that I will, for my sweet Master now, that I will.

C. Bl. Dispatch, good *Teg*, and dispatch him too if he will Not be conformable ; and if thou canst but once more Be Victorious, bring him in Triumph to Lieutenant *Story's*, There shall be the general Rendezvouz : Now, or never, *Teg*.

Teg. I warrant you, I will get drink into his Pate, or I will Break it for him ; that I will, I warrant you : He shall Not come after you now.

C. Bl. Good luck go with thee : The Fellow's faithful and

Stout ; that fear's over : Now to my station.

Exit.

C. Careless *as in Prison.*

C. Car. The time's almost come, how slow it flutters ?
My desires are better wing'd : how I long to counterfeit
A faintness when I come to the bottom, and sink into the arms
Of this dear witty fair ! — Ha, who's this ? [Enter Souldier.]

Soul. Here, Sir, here's a Ladder of Ropes, fasten it to your
Window, and descend : you shall be waited for.

C. Car. The careful her creature has sent it — but d'hear, Sir,
Cou'd you not spare that implement by your side ; it might
Serve to keep off small Curs.

Soul. You'l have no need on't, but there 'tis, make haste,
The coast is clear. [Exit.]

C. Car. O this pretty lie Captain General over my Soul
And body ; the thought of her musters every faculty I have :
She has sent the Ropes, and stays for me ; no danger of the
Ropes, ever slide down with that swiftness (of desire of haste)
That I will make to thee. [Exit.]

Enter Blunt *in his Souldier's Coat.*

C. Bl. All's quiet, and the coast clear ; so far it goes well ;
That is the window, in this nook I'll stand, till I see him
Coming down. [Steps in.]

C. Careless *above in his Souldier's habit, lets down the Ladder
of Ropes and speaks.*

C. Car. I cannot see my North Star that I must Sail by, 'tis
Clouded, only lie stands close perhaps in some corner ;
I'll not trifl time, all's clear ; Fortune, forbear
Thy tricks, but for this small occasion. [Enter Blunt.]

C. Bl. What's this, a Souldier in the place ; Careless,
I am betray'd, but I'll end this Rascall's duty.

C. Car. How, a Souldier ! betray'd ! this Rascal shan't laugh at me.

C. Bl. Dog.

C. Car. How Blunt !

C. Bl. Careless !

C. Car. You guess shrewdly ; plague, what contrivance
Hath set you and I a Tilting at one another.

C. Bl. How the Devil got you a Souldier's habit ?

C. Car. The same Friend for ought I know, that furnish'd you.
This kind Gentlewoman is Ruth still. Ha, here she is ;
I was just ready to be suspicious. [Enter Ruth, with a Ladder of Ropes.]

Ruth. Who's there ?

C. Car. Two notable charging Red-coats.

Ruth. As I live, my heart is at my mouth.

C. Car. Prethee, let it come to thy Lips, that I may kiss it ;
What have you in your lap ?

Ruth. The Ladder of Ropes : How a Gods name got you hither ?

C. Car. Why, I had the Ladder of Ropes, and came down by it.

C. Bl. then the mistake is plainer ; 'twas I that sent the
Souldier with the Ropes.

Ruth. What an Escape was this ! come, let's lose no time ;
Here's no place to explain Matters in.

C. Car. I will stay to tell thee, I shall never deserve thee.

Ruth. Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come,
Follow

Follow me, put on your plainest Garb ; not like a Dancing Master, with your Toes out. Come along,
Hang down your head, [Ruth pulls their Hats over their Eyes]
As if you wanted pay. So. [Exit.]

Enter Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, Abel, and Mrs. Chat.

Mrs. Day. Are you sure of this, Neighbour *Chat*?

Mrs. Ch. I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a Nose to my Face.

Mrs. Day. Is my —

You may give one leave methinks to ask out one question.
Is my Daughter *Ruth* with her?

Mrs. Ch. She was not when I saw Mrs. *Arbella* last ; I have not been so often at your Honour's House, but that I know Mrs. *Arbella*, the rich Heir, that Mr. *Abel* was to have had, Good Gentleman, if he has his due ; they never suspected Me for — to buy things of my Neighbour *Story*, before she Married the Lieutenant ; and stepping in to see Mrs. *Story* That now is ; my Neighbour *Wife*-well, that was ; I saw, as I told you, this very Mrs. *Arbella*, and I warrant Mrs. *Ruth* Is not far off.

Mrs. Day. Let me advise then, Husband.

Mr. Day. Do, good Duck, I'll warrant 'em.

Mrs. Day. You'll warrant when I have done the busines.

Mr. Day. I mean so, Duck.

Mrs. Day. Well, pray spare your meaning too ; first then We'll go our selves in person to this *Story*'s House, and in the Mean time send *Abel* for Souldiers ; and when he has brought The Souldiers, let them stay at the Door, and come up himself ; And then if fair means will not do, foul shall.

Mr. Day. Excellent well advised, sweet Duck : Ah let thee alone. Be gone, *Abel*, and observe thy Mother's Directions. Remember the place. We'll be reveng'd for Robbing us, and for all their tricks.

Abel. I shall perform it.

Mrs. Day. Come along, Neighbour, and shew us the best way, And by and by we shall have news from *Obadiah*, who is gone To give the t'other Colonels Gaoler a double charge to keep The wild Youth close. Come, Husband, let's hasten. *Mrs. Chat*, The State shall know what good service you have done.

Mrs. Chat. I thank your Honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arbella and Lieutenant.

Lieu. Pray, Madam, weep no more ; spare your tears till You know they have miscarried.

Arb. 't is a Woman, Sir, that weeps ; we want Mens reasons And their courage to practise with.

Lieu. Look up, Madam, and meet your unexpected joys.

Enter Ruth, C. Careless, C. Blunt.

Arb. Oh my dear Friend, my dear, dear *Ruth*.

C. Car. Pray none of these phlegmatick hugs ; there, take Your Colonel, my Captain and I can hug afreh every minute.

Ruth. When did we hug last, good Souldier ?

C. Car. I have done nothing but hug'd thy infancy, ever since You *Ruth* turn'd *Annice*.

Arb. You are welcome, Sir, I cannot deny I shar'd in all your danger.

Lieu.

Lieu. If she had deny'd it, Colonel, I would have betray'd her.

C. Bl. I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly,
How well — I love you.

Arb. Now can't I say I love him, yet I have
A mind to tell him too.

Ruth. Keep't in and choak your self, or get the rising of the lights.

Arb. What shall I say?

Ruth. Say something, or he'll vanish.

C. Bl. D'ye not believe I love you, or can't you love me?
Not a word? cou'd you — but —

Arb. No more, I'll save you the labour of Courtship, which
Shou'd be too tedious to all plain and honest natures:
It is enough, I know you love me.

C. Bl. Or may I perish whilst I am swearing it.

Lieu. How now, *Jack!* [Enter Prentice.]

Boy. O Master, undone! here's Mr. *Day* the Committee-man,
And his fierce Wife, come into the Shop: Mrs *Chat*
Brought them in, and they say they will come up, they know
That Mrs. *Arbella*, and their Daughter *Ruth*, is here:
Deny'em if you dare, they say.

Lieu. Go down, Boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em; this pure
Jade, my Neighbour *Chat*, has betray'd us; what shall I do?
I warrant the Rascal has Souldiers at his heels: I think I
Cou'd help the Colonels out at a back Door.

C. Bl. I'd dye rather by my *Arbella*; Now
You shall see I love you.

C. Car. Nor will I *Charles* forsake you *Annice*.

Ruth. Come, be cheerful, I'll defend you all against
The assaults of Captain *Day*, and Major General *Day*, his
New drawn up Wife; give me my Ammunition, the Papers,
Woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all dye together,
And make no more Graves but one.

C. Bl. 'Slife, I love her now for all she has jeer'd me so. [Ex. *Lieu.*]

Ruth. Go fetch 'em in, Lieutenant, stand you all drawn up
As my reserve — so — I for the Forlorn Hope.

C. Car. That we had, *Teg*, here to quarrel with the Female
Triumphing *Day*, whilst I threw the Male *Day* out of the Window.
Hark, I hear the Troop marching, I know the she *Day* stamp
Among the tramples of a Regiment.

Arb. They come, Wench, charge 'em bravely,
I'll second thee with a Volley.

Ruth. They'll not stand the first charge, fear not;
Now the *Day* breaks.

C. Car. Wou'd 'twere his Neck were broke.

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Ah ha, my fine run-aways, have I found you?
What, you think my Husband's honour lives without intelligence.
Marry come up.

Mr. Day. My Duck tells you how 'tis — we —

Mrs. Day. Why then let your Duck tell 'em how 'tis;
Yet as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in intelligence;
Else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the Nation
Quiet; but if you, Mrs. *Arbella*, will deliver up what you have
Stollen, and submit, and return with us, and this ungracious *Ruth*.

Ruth. *Annice*, if you please.

Mrs.

Mrs. Day. Who gave you that Name, pray ?

Ruth. My God-Fathers and God-Mothers in Baptism ; on, for Sir, I can answer a Leaf farther :

Mr. Day. Duck, good Duck, a word ; I do not like this Name *Annice*.

Mrs. Day. You are ever in a fright, with a shrivell'd heart Of your own. Well, Gentlewomen, you are merry.

Arb. As newly come out of our Wardships, I hope Mr. *Abell* is well.

Mrs. Day. Yes, he is well, you shall see him presently ; Yes, you shall see him.

C. Car. That is with Mirmidans, come, good *Anne*, no more Delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then before the furious *Abel* approaches with his Red-Coats, who perhaps are now marching under the Conduct Of that expert Captain in weighty matters ; know the Articles Of our Treaty are only these : This *Arbella* will keep her Estate, and not marry *Abel*, but this Gentleman ; and I *Anne*, Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorongood*, and not *Ruth*, As has been thought, have taken my own Estate, Together with this Gentleman, for better for worse : we were Modest, though Thieves, only plundred our own.

Mrs. Day. Yes, Gentlewoman, you took something else, And that my Husband can prove ; it may cost you your Necks If you do not submit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take something else.

Mrs. Day. Oh, did you so ?

Ruth. Pray give me leave to speak one word in private With my Father *Day* ?

Mrs. Day. Do so, do so ; are you going to compound ? Oh, 'tis Father *Day* now.

Ruth. D'hear, Sir, how long is't since you have practis'd Physick ?

[Takes him aside.]

Mr. Day. Physick, what d'ye mean ?

Ruth. I mean Physick ; look ye here's a small prescription Of yours : d'ye know this hand-writing ?

Mr. Day. I am undone.

Ruth. Here's another upon the same subject ; this young one I Believe came into this wicked World for want of your preventing Dose ; it will not be taken now neither ; it seems your Wenches Are willful : nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more Conscience than you have.

Mr. Day. Peace, good *Mrs. Anne*, I am undone if you betray me.

Enter Abel, goes to his Father.

Abel. The Souldiers are come.

Mr. Day. Go and send 'em away, *Abel* ; here's no need, No need now.

Mrs. Day. Are the Souldiers come, *Abel* ?

Abel. Yes, but my Father biddeth me send 'em away.

Mr. Day. No, not without your opinion, Duck ; but since They have but their own, I think, Duck, if we were all Friends.

Mrs. Day. O, are you at your ifs again ; d'you think they Shall make a Fool of me, though they make an Ass of you : Call 'em up, *Abel*, if they will not submit ; Call up the Souldiers, *Abel*.

Ruth. Why your fierce Honour shall know the business

That

That makes the wise Mr. *Day* inclinable to Friendship.

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweet heart, come, I pray let us be Friends.

Mrs. Day. How's this! what am not I fit to be trusted now? Have you built your credit and reputation upon my council And labours, and am not I fit now to be trusted?

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweet Duck, I confess I owe All to thy wisdom. Good Gentlemen, perswade my Duck That we may be all Friends.

C. Car. Hark you, good *Gillian Day*, be not so fierce upon The Husband of thy Bosom; 'twas but a small start of frailty; Say it were a Wench, or so?

Ruth. As I live he has hit upon't by chance: now we Shall have sport.

[Aside.]

Mrs. Day. How, a Wench, a Wench! out upon the Hypocrite. A Wench! was not I sufficient? a Wench! I'll be reveng'd, Let him be ashamed if he will: call the Souldiers, *Abel*.

C. Car. Haste, good *Abel*, march not off so hastily.

Arb. Soft, gentle *Abel*, or I'll discover, you are in Bonds; You shall never be released if you move a step.

Ruth. D'hear, *Mrs. Day*, be not so furious, hold your peace; You may divulge your Husbands shame if you are so simple, And cast him out of Authority, nay and have him try'd for His Life: read this, remember too I know of your Bribery And Cheating, and something else: you guess, be Friends, And forgive one another; here's a Letter counterfeited From the King, to bestow preferment upon Mr. *Day*, if He would turn honest; by which means I suppose you Cousened your Brother Cheats, in which he was to remember His service to you; I believe 'twas your indicting: you are the Committee-man, 'tis your best way: nay, never demur; So, kiss and be Friends. Now if you can contrive handsomly To cozen those that cozen all the World, and get these Gentlemen to come by their Estates easily, and without Taking the Covenant, the old Sum of five hundred pound That I used to talk of, shall be yours yet.

Mrs. Day. We will endeavour.

Ruth. Come, *Mrs. Arbella*, pray let's all be Friends.

Arb. With all my heart.

Ruth. Brethren, *Abel*, the Bird is flown, but you shall be Released from your Bonds.

Abel. I hear my afflictions as I may.

Enter *Teg* leading *Obadiah* in a Halter, and Musician.

Teg. What is this now? who are you? well, are not you

Mrs. Tay? well, I will tell her what I should say now?

Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, that I will.

C. Car. No, good *Teg*, there's no need of thy Message now; But why do'st thou lead *Obadiah* thus?

Teg. Well, I will hang him presently, that I will; look you Here *Mrs Tay*, here's your Man *Obadiah*, do you see that now? He wou'd not let me make him drunk; no more that He wou'd not; so, I did take him in this string, and I did tell Him if he did make noises, I wou'd put the Knife into Him, that I wou'd upon my Soul.

C. Bl. Honest *Teg*, thy Master is beholding to thee in some Measure for his liberty.

C. Car.

C. *Car.* *Teg*, I shall requite thy honesty.

Teg. Well, shall I hang him then? It is a Rogue now; who
Wou'd not be drunk, that he wou'd not.

Obad. I do beseech you, Gentlemen, let me not
Be brought unto death?

G. *Car.* No, poor *Teg*, 'tis enough we are all Friends;
Come, let him go.

Teg. Well, he shall go then; but you shall love the King,
Or I will hang you another time, that I will by my Soul. Well,
Look you here now, here is the Man that sung you the Song,
That he is; I met him as I came, and I bid him come hither
And sing for the King, that I did.

C. *Car.* D'hear, my Friends, is any of your
Companions with you?

Mu. Yes, Sir.

C. *Car.* As I live we'll all dance; it shall be the celebration
Of our Weddings: nay, Mr. *Day*, as we hope to continue
Friends, you and your Duck shall trip it too.

Teg. I by my Soul will we; *Obadiah* shall be my Woman too,
And you shall dance for the King, that you shall..

C. *Car.* Go, and strike up then, no chiding now, Mrs. *Day*;
Come, you must not be refractory for once.

Mrs. *Day*. Well, Husband, since these Gentlemen will have
It so, and that they may perceive we are Friends,
Dance.

C. *Bl.* Now, Mr. *Day*, to your busines, get it done as soon as
You will, the five hundred pound shall be ready.

C. *Car.* So, Friends, thank honest *Teg*, thou shalt flourish
In a new Livery for this: Now, Mrs. *Annice*, I hope you and
I may agree about kissing, and compound every way.
Now, Mr. *Day*, if you will have good luck in every thing,
Turn Cavalier, and cry, God bless the King.

[Exitant.]

Q

Epi-

Epilogue.

BUT now the greatest thing is left to do,
More just Committee, to Compound with you ;
For, till your equal Censures shall be known,
The Poet's under Sequestration :
He has no Title to his small Estate
Of Wit, unless you please to set the Rate.
Accept this half years purchace of his Wit,
For in the compass of that time 'twas Writ :
Not that this is enough, he'll pay you more,
If you your selves believe him not too poor :
For 'tis your judgments give him wealth, in this,
He's just as rich as you believe he is.
Wou'd all Committees cou'd have done like you,
Made Men more rich, and by their payments too.

— FINIS. —

THE
Indian Queen,
A
TRAGEDY.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by
R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet.

M D C X C I I .

Dramatis Personæ.

THE Ynca of Peru.
Montezuma his General.
Acacis Son to Zempoalla.
Traxalla General to Zempoalla.
Garrucca, a faithful Subject to Amexia.
The God of Dreams.
Ismeron, one of their Prophets, a Conjuror.
Officers and Souldiers.
Peruvians and Mexicans.
Priests.

YAmexia, the lawful Queen of Mexico.
Zempoalla, the Usurping Indian Queen.
Orazia, Daughter to the Ynca.
Attendants of Ladies.

PROLOGUE.

As the Musick plays a soft Air, the Curtain rises softly, and discovers an Indian Boy and Girl sleeping under two Plantain-Trees; and when the Curtain is almost up, the Musick turns into a Tune expressing an Alarm, at which the Boy wakes and speaks.

Boy. **W**ake, wake, Quevira; our soft rest must cease,
And fly together with our Country's Peace;
No more must we sleep under Plantain shade,
Which neither Heat could pierce, nor Cold invade;
Where bounteous Nature never feels decay,
And op'ning Bud drives falting Fruits away.

Que. Why should men quarrel here, where all possess
As much as they can, hope for by success?
None can have more, where Nature is so kind
As to exceed Man's Use, though not his Mind.

Boy. By ancient Prophecies we have been told
Our World shall be subdu'd by one more old;
And see that World already's birber come.

Que. If these be they, we welcome then our Doom.
Their Looks are such, that Mercy flows from thence,
More gentle than our Native Innocence.

Boy. Why should we then fear these are Enemies,
That rather seem to us like Deities?
Que. By their protection let us beg to live;
They came not here to Conquer, but Forgive.
If so, your Goodness may your Pow'r express;
And we shall judge both best by our success.

THE

THE Indian Queen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Ynca, Orazia, Montezuma, Acasis, Prisoners,
with Peruvians.

Ynca. **T**hrice have the *Mexicans* before us fled,
Their Armies broke, their Prince in Triumph led ;
Both to thy Valour, brave young Man, we owe ;
Ask thy Reward, but such as it may show
It is a King thou hast oblig'd, whose Mind

Is large, and like his Fortune unconfin'd.

Mont. Young and a Stranger to your Court I came,
There by your Favour rais'd to what I am :
I Conquer, but in right of your great Fate,
And so your Arms, not mine, are Fortunate.

Ynca. I am impatient, till this Debt be paid,
Which still encreaseth on me while delay'd ;
A Bounteous Monarch to himself is kind ;
Ask such a Gift as may for ever bind
Thy service to my Empire, and to me.

Mont. What can this Gift he bids me ask him be !
Perhaps he has perceiv'd our mutual Fires,
And now with ours, wou'd crown his own Desires ;
'Tis so, he sees my Service is above
All other payments but his Daughters Love.

Ynca. So quick to merit, and to take so slow ?
I first prevent small wishes, and bestow
This Prince, his Sword and Fortunes to thy hand ;
He's thine unask'd ; Now make thy free demand.

Mont. Here, Prince, receive this Sword, as only due
To that excess of Courage shown in you.
When you without demand, a Prince bestow,
Less than a Prince to ask of you, were low.

Ynca. Then ask a Kingdom ; say where thou wilt Reign.

Mont. I beg not Empires, those my Sword can gain ;
But for my past and future Service too,
What I have done, and what I mean to do ;
For this of *Mexico* which I have won,
And Kingdoms I will Conquer yet unknown ;
I only ask from fair *Orazia's* Eyes
To reap the Fruits of all my Victories.

[Aside.

[Gives
Acasis his
Sword.

i. Peru.

1. Peru. Our Ynca's Colour mounts into his Face.

2. Peru. His Looks speak Death.

Ynca. Young Man of unknown Race,
Ask once again, so well thy Merits plead ;
Thou shal'nt not Die for that which thou hast said :
The price of what thou ask'st, thou dost not know ;
That Gift's too high.

Mont. And all besides too low.

Ynca. Once more I bid thee ask.

Mont. Once more I make

The same demand.

Ynca. The Ynca bids thee take
Thy choice, what Towns, what Kingdoms thou wouldest have.

Mont. Thou giv'st me only what before I gave.
Give me thy Daughter.

Ynca. Thou deserv'st to dye.

O thou great Author of our Progeny,
Thou glorious Sun, dost thou not blush to shine,
While such base Blood attempts to mix with thine !

Mont. That Sun thou speakst of did not hide his face,
When he beheld me Conquering for his Race.

Ynca. My Fortunes gave thee thy success in Fight ;
Convey thy boasted Valour from my sight ;
I can o'recome without thy feeble aid. [Exit. Ynca, Orazia, Peruvians.

Mont. And is it thus, my Services are paid ?
Not all his Guards —

[Offers to go, Acaces holds him.

Aca. Hold, Sir.

Mont. Unhand me.

Aca. No, I must your Rage prevent,
From doing what your Reason wou'd repent ;
Like the vast Seas, your Mind no limits knows,
Like them lies open to each Wind that blows.

Mont. Can a Revenge that is so just be ill ?

Aca. It is Orazia's Father you wou'd kill.

Mont. Orazia, how that name has charm'd my Sword ?

Aca. Compose these wild Distempers in your Breast ;
Anger, like Madness, is appeas'd by Rest.

Mont. Bid Children sleep, my spirits boil too high ;
But since Orazia's Father must not Dye,
A nobler Vengeance shall my Actions guide,
I'll bear the Conquest, to the conquered side,
Until this Ynca for my Friendship sues,
And proffers what his Pride does now refuse.

Aca. Your Honour is oblig'd to keep your trust.

Mont. He broke that Bond in ceasing to be just.

Aca. Subjects to Kings shou'd more Obedience pay.

Mont. Subjects are bound, not Strangers, to obey.

Aca. Can you so little your Orazia prize,

To give the Conquest to her Enemies ?

Can you so easily forego her sight ?

I that hold Liberty more dear than Light :

Yet to my freedom, shou'd my chains prefer,

And think it were well lost to stay with her.

Mont. How unsuccessfully I still o'recome,
I brought a Rival, not a Captive home ;

Yet I may be deceiv'd ; but 'tis too late
To clear those doubts, my stay brings certain fate..
Come, Prince, you shall to *Mexico* return,
Where your sad Armies do your absence mourn ;
And in one Battle I will gain you more
Than I have made you lose in three before.

[Aside.]

Aca. No, *Montezuma*, though you change your side,
I as a Prisoner am by Honour ty'd.

Mont. You are my Prisoner, and I set you free.

Aca. 'Twere baseness to accept such Liberty.

Mont. From him that Conquer'd you, it shou'd be fought.

Aca. No, but from him, for whom my Conqueror fought.

Mont. Still you are mine, his Gift has made you so.

Aca. He gave me to his General, not his Foe.

Mont. How poorly have you pleaded Honour's Laws?
Yet shun the greatest in your Country's Cause.

Aca. What succour can the Captive give the Free ?

Mont. A needless Captive is an Enemy,
In painted Honour you wou'd seem to shine ;
But 'twou'd be clouded, were your wrongs like mine.

Aca. When Choler such unbridled power can have,
Thy Virtue seems but thy revenge's Slave :
If such injustice shou'd my Honour stain,
My Aid wou'd prove my Nations los', not gain.

Mont. Be confound by thy guilty honesty,
To make thy self thy Country's Enemy.

Aca. I do not mean in the next Fight to stain
My Sword in Blood of any *Mexican*,
But will be present in the fatal strife
To guard *Orazia*'s, and the *Ynca*'s Life.

Mont. *Orazia*'s Life, fond Man : First guard thy own,
Her Safety she must owe to me alone.

Aca. Your Sword that does such Wonders, cannot be,
In an ill Cause, secure of Victory.

Mont. Hark, hark.

[Noise of trampling.]

Aca. What noise is this invades my ears ?
Fly, *Montezuma*, fly ; the Guards are near
To favour your Retreat : I'll freely pay
That Life, which you so frankly gave this day.

Mont. I must retire, but those that follow me,
Pursue their Deaths, and not their Victory.

[Ex. Mont.]

Aca. Our Quarrels kinder, than our Friendships prove :
You for my Country Fight, I for your Love.

Enter *Ynca* and Guards.

Ynca. I was to blame, to leave this mad Man free,
Perhaps he may revolt to th' Enemy,
Or stay, and raise some fatal Mutiny.

Aca. Stop your Pursuits, for they must pass through me.

Ynca. Where is the slave ?

Aca. Gon.—

Ynca. Whither ?

Aca. O're the Plain.—

Where he may soon the Camp, or City gain.

Ynca. Curse on my dull neglect —

And

And yet I do less cause of wonder find,
That he is gone, than that thou stayest behind.

Aca. My treatment since you took me was so free,
It wanted but the name of liberty.

I with less shame can still your Captive live,
Than take that freedom which you did not give.

Inca. Thou brave young Man, that hast thy years out-done,
And losing Liberty hast Honour won :
I must my self thy Honour's Rival make,
And give that freedom which thou wou'dst not take.
Go and be safe.—

Aca. But that you may be so —
Your dangers must be past before I go.
Fierce Montezuma will for fight prepart,
And bend on you the fury of the War,
Which by my presence I will turn away,
If Fortune gives my Mexicans the Day.

Inca. Come then, we are alike to honour just,
Thou to be trusted thus, and I to trust. —

[Ex. all.

Enter Zempoalla, Traxalla, and Attendants.

Zemp. O my *Acacis* !
Does not my grief, *Traxalla*, seem too rude,
Thus to pres'nt before my Gratitude
Has paid my debts to you ? — yet it does move
My Rage and Grief, to see those Powers above
Punish such Men, as if they be Divine,
They know will most Adore, and least Repine.

Trax. Those that can only mourn when they are crost,
May lose themselves with grieving for the lost.
Rather to your retreated Troops appear,
And let them see a Woman void of fear :
The shame of that may call their Spirits home.
Were the Prince safe, we were not overcome,
Though we retir'd : O his too youthful heat,
That thrust him where the dangers were so great !
Heaven wanted power his Person to protect,
From that which he had Courage to neglect :
But since he's lost, let us draw forth, and pay
His Fun'ral Rites in Blood ; that we are they
May in our Fates perform his Obsequies,
And make Death Triumph when *Acacis* dies.

Zemp. That Courage thou hast shown in Fight seems less
Than this, amidst Despair to have Excess :
Let thy great deeds force Fate to change her mind ;
He that courts Fortune boldly makes her kind.

Trax. If e'er *Traxalla* so successful proves,
May he then say he hopes as well as Loves ;
And that aspiring Passion boldly own,
Which gave my Prince his Fate, and you his Throne ?
I did not feel Remorse to see his Blood
Flow from the spring of life into a flood ;
Nor did it look like Treason, since to me
You were a Sovereign much more great than he.

Zemp. He was my Brother, yet I scorn'd to pay
Nature's mean debts, but threw those Bonds away ;

When

When his own Issue did my hopes remove,
Not only from his Empire, but his Love.
You that in all my wrongs then bore a part,
Now need not doubt a place within my heart :
I cou'd not offer you my Crown and Bed,
Till Fame and Envy with long time were dead ;
But Fortune now does happily present
Occasions fit to second my intent.
Your Valour may regain the Publick Love,
And make the Peoples Choice their Queens approve.

[Shone.]

Hark, hark, what noise is this that strikes my Ear !
Trax. 'Tis not a sound that should beget a fear ;
Such Shouts as these have I heard often fly
From Conquering Armies crown'd with Victory.

Zemp. Great God of Vengeance, here I firmly vow,
Make but my Mexicans successful now,
And with a thousand Feasts thy flames I'll feed ;
All that I take shall on thy Altars bleed ;
Princes themselves shall fall, and make thy Shrine,
Dy'd with their blood, in glorious blushes shine.

Enter Messenger.

Trax. How now ! —
What News is this that makes thy haste a flight ?
Mess. Such as brings Victory without a Fight ;
The Prince *Acaces* lives. —
Zemp. Oh, I am blest. —
Mess. Reserve some joy till I have told the rest.
He's safe, and only wants his liberty ;
But that great Man that carries Victory
Where e'er he goes ; that mighty Man by whom
In three set Battels we were overcome ;
Ill us'd (it seems) by his ungrateful King,
Does to our Camp his Fate and Valour bring. —
The Troops gaze on him, as if some bright Star
Shot to their Aids, call him the God of War :
Whilst he, as if all Conquest did of right
Belong to him, bids them prepare to fight ;
Which if they shou'd delay one hour, he swears
He'll leave them to their Dangers or their Fears,
And Shame (which is th' ignoble Cowards choice.)
At this the Army seem'd to have one Voice,
United in a shout, and call'd upon
The God-like Stranger, *Lead us, lead us on.*
Make haste, Great Sir, lest you should come too late,
To share with them in Victory or Fate.

Zemp. My Gen'ral go ; the Gods be on our side ;
Let Valour act, but let Discretion guide.
Great God of Vengeance —

[Exit Traxalla.]

I see thou dost begin to hear me now ;
Make me thy Off'ring if I break my Vow.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Ynca, Orazia, as pursued in a Battle.

Orazia. **O** Fly, Sir, fly, like torrents your swift Foes
Come rowling on. —

Ynca. The Gods can but destroy.
The noblest way to fly, is that death shows;
I'll court her now, since Victory's grown coy.

Oraz. Death's wing'd to your pursuit, and yet you wait
To meet her —

Ynca. Poor Orazia, time and fate
Must once o'er take me, though I now shou'd fly.

Oraz. Do not meet death; but when it comes then dye.

Enter three Souldiers.

3. Sould. Stand, Sir, and yield your self, and that fair prey.

Ynca. You speak to one unpractis'd to obey.

Enter Montezuma.

Mont. Hold, Villains, hold, or your rude lives shall be
Lost in the midst of your own Victory:
These I have hunted for; nay do not stare,
Be gone, and in the common plunder share.
How different is my Fate, from theirs, whose Fame
From Conquest grows! from Conquest grows my shame.

[Ex. Sould.

Ynca. Why do'st thou pause? thou canst not give me back
With fruitless grief, what I enjoyed before,
No more than Seas repenting of a Wrack,
Can with a calm our buried wealth restore.

Mont. 'Twere vain to own repentance, since I know
Thy scorn, which did my passions once despise,
Once more would make my swelling anger flow;
Which now ebbs lower than your miseries:
The Gods that in my fortunes were unkind,
Gave me not Scepters, nor such gilded things;
But whilst I wanted Crowns, inlarg'd my mind
To despise Scepters, and dispose of Kings.

Ynca. Thou art but grown a Rebel by success,
And I that scorn'd Orazia shou'd be ty'd
To thee my Slave, must now esteem thee less:
Rebellion is a greater guilt than Pride.

Mont. Princes see others faults but not their own;
'Twas you that broke that Bond, and set me free:
Yet I attempted not to climb your Throne,
And raise my self; but level you to me.

Oraz. O Montezuma, cou'd thy love engage
Thy Soul so little, or make Banks so low
About thy heart, that thy revenge and rage,
Like fudden Floods, so soon shou'd over-flow!
Ye Gods, how much was I mistaken here!
I thought you gentle as the gaulles Dove;
But you as humoursome as Winds appear,
And subject to more Passions than your Love.

Mont.

Mont. How have I been betray'd by guilty rage,
Which like a flame rose to so vast a height
That nothing cou'd resist, nor yet affwage,
Till it wrapt all things in one cruel fate,
But I'll redeem my self, and act such things,
That you shall blush *Oraxia* was deny'd ;
And yet make Conquest, though with wearied Wings,
Take a new flight to your now fainting side.

Ynca. Vain Man, what foolish thoughts fill thy swell'd mind ?
It is too late our ruine to recal ;
Those that have once great Buildings undermin'd
Will prove too weak to prop them in their fall.

Enter Traxalla with the former Souldiers.

1 Sould. See, mighty Sir, where the bold stranger stands,
Who snatch'd these glorious Prisoners from our hands.

Trax. 'Tis the great *Ynca*, seize him as my prey,
To crown the triumphs of this glorious day.

Mont. Stay your bold hands from reaching at what's mine,
If any title springs from Victory ;
You safer may attempt to rob a shrine,
And hope forgiveness from the Deity.

Enter Acacis.

Trax. O my dear Prince, my joys to see you live
Are more than all that Victory can give.

Aca. How are my best endeavours crost by fate !
Else you had ne'er been lost, or found so late.
Hurried by the wild fury of the fight,
Far from your presence, and *Oraxia*'s sight,
I could not all that care and duty shew,
Which as your Captive (mighty Prince) I owe.

Ynca. You often have preferv'd our lives this day,
And one small debt with many bounties pay.
But humane actions hang on springs that be
Too small, or too remote for us to see.
My glories freely I to yours resign,
And am your Prisoner now, that once were mine.

Mont. These Prisoners, Sir, are mine by right of War,
And I'll maintain that right, if any dare.

Trax. Yes, I wou'd snatch them from thy weak defence ;
But that due reverence which I owe my Prince,
Permits me not to quarrel in his sight,
To him I shall refer his General's right.

Mont. I knew too well what Justice I shou'd find
From an arm'd Plaintiff, and a judge so kind.

Aca. Unkindly urg'd, that I shou'd use thee so ;
Thy Virtue is my Rival, not my Foe ;
The Prisoners Fortune gave thee shall be thine.

Trax. Would you so great a prize to him resign ?

Aca. Shou'd he who boldly for his Prey desigh'd
To dive the deepest under swelling tides,
Have the less title if he chance to find
The richest Jewell that the Ocean hides ?
They are his due —

But in his Vertue I repose that trust,
 That he will be as kind as I am just :
 Dispute not my Commands, but go with haste,
 Rally our Men, they may pursue too fast,
 And the disorders of the inviting Prey
 May turn again the fortune of the day.

[Ex. Trax.

Mont. How gentle all this Prince's actions be !
 Vertue is calm in him, but rough in me.

Aca. Can Montezuma place me in his Breast ?

Mont. My heart's not large enough for such a Guest.

Aca. See, Montezuma, see, Orazia weeps.

[Orazia weeps.

Mont. Acacis, is he deaf, or waking, sleeps ?
 He does not hear me, sees me not, nor moves ;
 How firm his Eyes are on Orazia fixt !
 Gods that take care of Men, let not our loves
 Become divided by their being mixt.

Aca. Weep not, fair Princess, nor believe you are
 A Prisoner subject to the chance of War ;
 Why shou'd you waste the stock of those fair Eyes
 That from Mankind can take their liberties ?
 And you, great Sir, think not a generous mind
 To virtuous Princes, dares appear unkind,
 Because those Princes are unfortunate,
 Since over all Men hangs a doubtful fate :
 One gains by what another is bereft ;
 The frugal Deities have only left
 A common bank of happiness below,
 Maintain'd like nature, by an ebb and flow.

[Ex. omnes.

Zempoalla appears seated upon a Throne, frowning upon her Attendants ;
 then comes down and speaks.

Zemp. No more, you that above your Princes dare proclaim
 With your rebellious breath a stranger's name.

I. Peru. Dread Empress —

Zemp. Slaves, perhaps you grieve to see
 Your young Prince glorious, 'cause he sprang from me ;
 Had he been one of base Amexia's brood,
 Your Tongues, though silent now, had then been loud.

Enter Traxalla.

Traxalla, welcome, welcomer to me,
 Than what thou bring'st, a Crown and Victory.

Trax. All I have done is nothing, fluttering Fame
 Now tells no News, but of the Stranger's Name,
 And his great Deeds, 'tis he they cry by whom
 Not Men, but War it self is overcome ;
 Who bold with his success, dares think to have
 A Prince to wear his Chains, and be his Slave.

Zemp. What Prince —

Trax. The great Peruvian Ynca, that of late
 In three set Battles was so Fortunate,
 Till this strange Man had power to turn the tide,
 And carry Conquest unto any side.

Zemp. Wou'd you permit a private Man to have
 The great Peruvian Ynca for his Slave !
 Shame to all Princes ! was it not just now
 I made a sacred, and a solemn Vow

To

To offer up (if blest with Victory)

The Prisoners that were took, and they shall dye.

Trax. I soon had snatched from this proud stranger's hand
That too great object for his bold demand;
Had not the Prince your Son, to whom I owe
A kind obedience, judg'd it shou'd be so.

Zemp. I'll hear no more; go quickly take my Guards,
And from that Man force those usurpt rewards;
That Prince upon whose Ruines I must rise,
Shall be the Gods, but more my Sacrifice:
They with my Slaves in Triumph shall be tyed,
While my Devotion justifies my Pride.
Those Deities in whom I place my Trust,
Shall see when they are kind, that I am Just.

[Ex. Zemp.

Trax. How gladly I obey—

There's something shoots through my enliven'd Frame,
Like a new Soul, but yet without a Name:
Nor can I tell what the bold guest will prove,
It must be Envy, or it must be Love;
Let it be either, 'tis the greatest blis
For Man to grant himself, all he dares wish;
For he that to himself, himself denies,
Proves meanly wretched, to be counted wise.

[Ex. Traxal.

Enter Montezuma, Acacis.

Aca. You wrong me, my best friend, not to believe
Your kindnes gives me joy, and when I grieve,
Unwillingly my Sorrrows I obey,
Showres sometimes fall upon a shining day.

Mont. Let me then share your Griefs, that in your fate
Wou'd have took part—

Aca. Why shou'd you ask me that?
Those must be mine, though I have such excess;
Divided Griefs increase, and not grow less.

Mont. It does not lessen Fate, nor satisfie
The Grave, 'tis true, when Friends together dye;
And yet they are unwilling to divide.

Aca. To such a Friend nothing can be deny'd
You, when you hear my story will forgive
My grief, and rather wonder that I live.
Unhappy in my Title to a Throne,
Since Blood made way for my Succession:
Blood of an Uncle too, a Prince so free
From being Cruel, it taught Cruelty.

His Queen *Amexia* then was big with Child;
Nor was he gentler, than his Queen was mild:
Th' impatient people long'd for what shou'd come
From such a Father, bred in such a Womb—

When false *Traxalla*, weary to obey,
Took with his Life their joyes and hopes away.

Amexia by the assistance of the Night,
When this dark Deed was acted, took her flight;
Only with true *Garrucca* for her aid;
Since when, for all the searches that were made,
The Queen was never heard of more: yet still
This Traytor lives, and prospers by the ill:

Nor

Nor does my Mother seem to reign alone,
But with this Monster shares the guilt and Throne :
Horror choaks up my words ; now you'l believe
'Tis just I shou'd do nothing else but grieve.

Mont. Excellent Prince. —

How great a proof of vertue have you shewn,
To be concern'd for griefs, though not your own !

Aca. Pray say no more. —

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mont. How now, whither so fast ?

Mess. O Sir, I come too slow with all my haste !

The fair *Orazia* —

Mont. Ha, what do'st thou say ?

Mess. *Orazia* with the *Inca's* forc'd away
Out of your Tent ; *Tramalla* in the head
Of the rude Souldiers, forc'd the Door, and led
Those glorious Captives, who on Thrones once shin'd,
To grace the Triumph that is now design'd.

Mont. *Orazia* forc'd away ! what tempests roul
About my thoughts, and toss my troubled Soul ?
Can there be Gods to see, and suffer this ?
Or does Mankind make his own fate or bliss ;
While every good and bad happens by chance,
Not from their orders, but their ignorance —
But I will pull a ruine on them all,
And turn their Triumph to a Funeral.

[Exe. Mess.

Aca. Be temperate, Friend.

Mont. You may as well advise
That I shou'd have less love, as grow more wise.

Aca. Yet stay — I did not think to have revealed
A secret which my heart has still concealed ;
But in this cause since I must share with you,
'Tis fit you know — I love *Orazia* too :
Delay not then, nor wast the time in words,
Orazia's cause calls only for our Swords.

Mont. That tyes my hand, and turns from thee that rage
Another way ; thy blood shou'd else asswage :
The storm on our proud Foes shall higher rise,
And changing, gather blackness as it flies :
So when Winds turn, the wandering Waves obey,
And all the Tempest roul another way.

Aca. Draw then a Rivals Sword, as I draw mine,
And like Friends suddenly to part, let's join
In this one aet, to seek one destiny ;
Rivals with honour may together die.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Zempoalla appears seated upon her *Slaves in Triumph*, and the Indians as to celebrate the *Victory*, advance in a Warlike *Dance*; in the midst of which *Triumph*, Acacis and Montezuma fall in upon them.

Zempoalia descends from her *Triumphant Throne*, and Acacis and Montezuma are brought in before her.

Zemp. Shame of my blood, and Traytor to thy own,
Born to dishonour, not command a Throne;
Hast thou with envious Eyes my *Triumph* seen?
Or cou'dst not see thy Mother in the Queen?
Cou'dst thou a stranger above me prefer?

Aca. It was my Honour made my Duty err;
I cou'd not see his Prisoners forc'd away,
To whom I ow'd my Life, and you the day.

Zemp. Is that young Man the Warrior so renown'd?
Mont. Yes, he that made thy Men thrice quit their ground.
Do, smile at Montezuma's Chains; but know,
His Valour gave thee power to use him so.

Trax. Grant that it did, what can his merits be,
That fought his Vengeance, not our Victory?
What has thy bruitish fury gain'd us more,
Than only heal'd the wounds it gave before?
Dye then, for whilst thou liv'st, Wars cannot cease;
Thou may'st bring Victory, but never Peace.
Like a black storm thou roul'st about us all,
E'en to thy self unquiet till thy fall.

[Draws to kill him.]

Aca. Unthankful Villain, hold.

Trax. You must not give
Him succour, Sir.

Aca. Why then I must not live.
Polturity shall ne'er report they had
Such thankless Fathers, or a Prince so bad.

Zemp. You'r both too bold to will or to deny,
On me alone depends his destiny.
Tell me, audacious Stranger, whence cou'd rise
The confidence of this rash enterprize?

Mont. First tell me how you dar'd to force from me
The fairest spoils of my own Victory?

Zemp. Kill him—hold, must he dye?—why let him dye;
Whence shou'd proceed this strange diversity
In my resolves?—

Does he command in Chains? what wou'd he do
Proud Slave, if he were free, and I were so?
But is he bound, ye Gods, or am I free?
'Tis love, 'tis love, that thus disorders me:
How Pride and Love tear my divided Soul!
For each too narrow, yet both claim it whole:
Love as the younger must be forc'd away;
Hence with the Captives (General) and convey

To several Prisons that—young Man, and this—
—Peruvian Woman—

Trax. How concern'd she is !
I must know more.

Mont. Fair Princess, why shou'd I
Involve that sweetness in my destiny ?
I cou'd out-brave my death, were I alone
To suffer, but my fate must pull yours on.
My breast is armed against all fence of fear,
But where your Image lies, 'tis tender there.

Ynca. Forbear thy saucy love, she cannot be
So low, but still she is too high for thee.

Zemp. Be gone, and do as I Command, away.

Mont. I ne'er was truly wretched 'till this day.

Orazia. Think half your sorrows on *Orazia* fall,
And be not so unkind to suffer all :
Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless fear,
But in brave minds a scorn of what they bear.

[Exit *Ynca*, *Montezuma*, *Orazia*, *Traxalla*.

Zemp. What grief is this which in your face appears ?

Aca. The badge of sorrow, which my Soul still wears.

Zemp. Though thy late actions did my anger move,
It cannot rob thee of a Mother's love :

Why shou'dst thou grieve ?—

Grief seldom join'd with blooming youth is seen,
Can sorrow be where knowledge farce has been ;
Fortune does well for heedless youth provide,
But Wisdom does unlucky age misguide ;
Cares are the train of present power and state,
But hope lives best that on himself does wait :
O happiest Fortune if well understood,
The certain prospect of a future good !

Aca. What joy can Empire bring me, when I know
That all my greatness to your crimes I owe ?

Zemp. Yours be the joy, be mine the punishment.

Aca. In vain alas that wish to Heaven is sent
For me, if fair *Orazia* must not live.

Zemp. Why shou'd you ask me what I cannot give ?
She must be sacrific'd : Can I bestow

What to the Gods by former Vows I owe ?

Aca. O plead not Vows ; I wish you had not shewn
You slighted all things sacred for a Throne.

Zemp. I love thee so, that though fear follow still,
And horrour urges, all that have been ill
I cou'd for thee—

Act o'r my crimes agen,—and not repent,
Even when I bore the shame and punishment.

Aca. Cou'd you so many ill acts undertake,
And not perform one good one for my sake ?

Zemp. Prudence permits not pity shou'd be shewn
To those that rais'd the War to shake my Throne.

Aca. As you are wise, permit me to be just ;
What Prudence will not venture, Honour must ;
We owe our Conquest to the stranger's Sword,
'Tis just his Prisoners be to him restor'd.

I love *Orazia*, but a nobler way —

Than for my Love my Honour to betray.

Zemp. Honour is but an itch in youthful Blood,
Of doing Acts extravagantly good;
We call that Vertue, which is only Heat
That reigns in Youths, till Age finds out the cheat.

Aca. Great Actions first did her Affections move,
And I by greater, wou'd regain her love.

Zemp. Urge not a Suit which I must still deny;
Orazia and her Father, both shall dye:
Be gone, I'll hear no more —

Aca. You stop your Ears —
But though a Mother will not, Heaven will hear;
Like you I vow, when to the Pow'rs Divine
You pay her guiltless Blood, I'll offer mine.

Zemp. She dies, this happy Rival that enjoys
The Stranger's love, and all my hopes destroys;
Had She triumph'd, what cou'd She more have done,
Than robb'd the Mother, and enslav'd the Son?
Nor will I at the name of Cruel stay,
Let dull successive Monarchs mildly sway:
Their Conquering Fathers did the Laws forsake,
And broke the Old, e're they the New cou'd make.
I must pursue my Love — yet Love enjoy'd,
Will with esteem that caus'd it first grow less;
But Thirst and Hunger fear not to be cloy'd,
And when they be, are cur'd by their Excess.

[*Ex. Acacis.*

Enter Traxalla.

Trax. Now I shall see, what thoughts her Heart conceals;
For that which Wisdom covers, Love reveals.
Madam, the Prisoners are dispos'd.

Zemp. They are —
And how fares our Young blustering Man of War?
Does he support his Chains with patience yet?

Trax. He, and the Princess, Madam.

Zemp. Are they met? —
Trax. No, but from whence is all this Passion grown?

Zemp. 'Twas a mistake.

Trax. I find this rash Unknown
Is dangerous; and if not timely Slain,
May plunge your Empire in new Wars again.

Zemp. Thank ye, I shall consider.

Trax. Is that all? —
The Army doat on him, already call
You cruel; and for ought I know, they may
By force Unchain, and Crown him in a day.

Zemp. You say, I have already had their curse
For his bad usage; shou'd I use him worse?

Trax. Yet once you fear'd his Reputation might
Obscure the Prince's in the People's sight.

Zemp. Time will inform us best, what course to steer,
But let us not our Sacred Vows defer:

The Inca, and his Daughter both shall Dye.

Trax. He suffers justly for the War; but why

S

shou'd

Shou'd she share his sad fate? a poor pretence,
That birth shou'd make a crime of innocence.

Zemp. Yet we destroy the poisonous Vipers young,
Not for themselves, but those from whom they sprung.

Trax. O no, they die not for their Parents sake,
But for the poisonous seed which they partake;
Once more behold her, and then let her dye,
If in that face or person you can see
But any place to fix a Cruelty:
The Heavens have Clouds, and spots are in the Moon;
But faultless Beauty shines in her alone.

Zemp. Beauty has wrought compassion in your mind.

Trax. And you to Valour are become as kind.
To former services there's something due.
Yet be advised—

Zemp. Yes by my self, not you —

Trax. Princes are sacred.

Zemp. True, whilst they are free;
But power once lost, farewell their sanctity:
'Tis power to which the Gods their worship owe,
Which, uncontrol'd, makes all things just below:
Thou do'st the Plea of saucy Rebels use,
They will be judge of what their Prince must chuse;
Hard fate of Monarchs, not allow'd to know
When safe, but as their Subjects tell them so.
Then Princes but like publick Pageants move,
And seem to sway because they sit above.

Trax. She loves him; in one moment this new Guest
Has drove me out from this false Womans Breast;
They that wou'd fetter Love with Constancy,
Make Bonds to Chain themselves, but leave him free.
With what impatience I her falsehood bear!
Yet do my self that which I blame in her;
But Interest in my own Cause makes me see
That Act unjust in her, but just in me.

[*Ex. Zemp.*]

[*Exit Traxall.*]

Ismeron asleep in the Scene.

Enter Zempoalla.

Zemp. Ho, *Ismeron*, *Ismeron*.
He stirs not; ha, in such a dismal Cell
Can gentle Sleep with his soft blessings dwell?
Must I feel tortures in a humane Breast,
While Beasts and Monsters can enjoy their Rest?
What quiet they possess in sleeps calm bliss!
The Lions cease to roar, the Snakes to hiss,
While I am kept awake —
Only to entertain my Miseries.
Or if a slumber steal upon my Eyes,
Some horrid Dream my lab'ring Soul benums,
And brings Fate to me sooner than it comes.
Fears most oppres when sleep has seiz'd upon
The outward parts, and left the Soul alone.
What envy'd blessing's these curs'd things enjoy!
Next to possess, 'tis pleasure to destroy.

Ismeron;

Ismeron ; ho *Ismeron*, *Ismeron*.

Ism. Who's that with so loud and fierce a call
Disturbs my rest ?

Zemp. She that has none at all,
Nor ever must, unless thy powerful Art
Can charm the Passions of a troubled heart.

Ism. How can you have a discontented mind,
To whom the Gods have lately been so kind ?

Zemp. Their envious kindness how can I enjoy,
When they give Blessings, and the use destroy ?

Ism. Dread Empress, tell the cause of all your grief ;
If Art can help, be sure of quick Relief.

Zemp. I dream'd before the Altar that I led
A mighty Lion in a twisted thread ;
I shook to hold him in so slight a tie,
Yet had not power to seek a remedy :
When in the midst of all my fears a Dove,
With hovering Wings, descended from above,
Flew to the Lion, and Embraces spread,
With Wings, like clasping Arms, about his head,
Making that murmur'ring noise that cooing Doves
Use in the soft expression of their Loves.
While I, fix'd by my wonder, gaz'd to see
So mild a Creature with so fierce agree,
At last the gentle Dove turn'd from his head,
And pecking try'd to break the slender thread,
Which instantly she sever'd, and releas'd
From that small bond the fierce and mighty Beast,
Who presently turn'd all his rage on me,
And with his Freedom brought my Destiny.

Ism. Dread Empress, this strange Vision you relate
Is big with wonder, and too full of fate
Without the Gods assistance to expound.
In those low Regions where sad Night hangs round
The drowsie Vaults, and where moist Vapors steep
The God's dull brows that fways the Realm of Sleep ;
There all th' informing Elements repair,
Swift Messengers of Water, Fire, and Air,
To give account of Actions whence they came,
And how they govern every mortal frame ;
How from their various mixture, or their strife,
Are known the Calms and Tempests of our Life :
Thence Souls, when Sleep their Bodies overcome,
Have some imperfect knowledge of their doom.
From those dark Caves those Powers shall strait appear ;
Be not afraid whatever shapes they wear.

Zemp. There's nothing thou canst raise can make me start ;
A living form can only shake my heart.

Ism. You twice Ten Hundred Deities,
To whom we daily sacrifice ;
You Powers that dwell with Fate below,
And see what men are doom'd to do ;
Where Elements in discord dwell ;
Thou God of Sleep, arise and tell
Great Zempoalla what strange Fate
Must on her dismal Vision wait.

Zemp. How slow these Spirits are ! Call, make them rise,
Or they shall fast from Flame and Sacrifice.

Ism. Great Empress —
Let not your rage offend what we adore,
And vainly threaten, when we must implore.
Sit and silently attend, —
While my powerful Charms I end.

*By the croaking of the Toad,
In their Caves that make abroad,
Earthy Dun that pants for breath,
With her swell'd sides full of death ;
By the Crested Adders Pride
That along the Cliffs do glide ;
By thy visage fierce and black ;
By the Deaths-head on thy back ;
By the twisted Serpents plac'd
For a Girdle round thy Waste.
By the Hearts of Gold that deck
Thy Brest, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck :
From thy sleepy Mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling Eyes,
While bubbling Springs their Musick keep,
That use to lull thee in thy sleep.*

[*God of Dreams rises.*]

God. Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd ;
Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd :
Too busie Man wou'd find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortunes he shou'd know before ;
For by that knowledge of his Destiny
He wou'd not live at all, but always die.
Enquire not then who shall from Bonds be freed,
Who 'tis shall wear a Crown, and who shall bleed :
All must submit to their appointed doom ;
Fate and Misfortune will too quickly come :
Let me no more with powerful Charms be prest,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the rest.

[*The God descends.*]

Zemp. Stay Couz'ner, thou that hat'st clear truth like light,
And usest words dark as thy own dull night.
You Tyrants Gods do you refuse to free
The Soul you gave from its perplexity ?
Why shou'd we in your mercies still believe,
When you can never pity though we grieve ?
For you have bound your selves by harsh decrees ;
And those, not you, are now the Deities.

[*Sits down sad.*]

Ism. She droops under the weight of Rage and Care :
You Spirits that inhabit in the Air,
With all your powerful Charms of Musick try
To bring her Soul back to its Harmony.

S O N G is suppos'd sung by Aerial Spirits.

Poor Mortals that are clog'd with Earth below
Sink under Love and Care,
While we that dwell in Air
Such heavy Passions never know.
Why then should Mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From Blood, that sullen Cloud,
Which shining Souls does shroud?
Then they'l shew bright,
And like us light,
When leaving Bodies with their Care,
They slide to us and Air.

Zemp. Death on these Trifles: Cannot your Art find
Some means to ease the Passions of the Mind?
Or if you cannot give a Lover rest,
Can you force Love into a Scornful Breast?

Ism. 'Tis Reason only can make Passions less;
Art gives not new, but may the old encrease;
Nor can it alter Love in any Breast
That is with other flames before possess'd.

Zemp. If this be all your slighted Art can do,
I'll be a Fate both to your Gods and you;
I'll kindle other Flames, since I must burn,
And all their Temples into ashes turn.

Ism. Great Queen.

* *Zemp.* If you wou'd have this Sentence staid,
Summon their Godheads quickly to your aid,
And presently compose a Charm that may
Loves flames into the Strangers Breast convey,
The Captive Stranger, he whose Sword and Eyes
Where e'er they strike meet ready Victories:
Make him but burn for me in flames like mine,
Victims shall bleed, and feasted Altars shine:
If not—

Down go your Temples, and your Gods shall see
They have small use of their Divinity.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene opens and discovers Montezuma sleeping in Prison.

Enter Traxalla leading in Orazia.

Trax. **N**O W take your choice, and bid him live or die;
To both shew Pity, or shew Cruelty:
'Tis you that must condemn, I'll only act;
Your Sentence is more cruel than my Fact.

Oraz. You are most cruel to disturb a mind
Which to approaching Fate was so resign'd.

Trax. Reward my Passions, and you'll quickly prove
There's none dare sacrifice what I dare love
Next to thee, Stranger, wake, and now resign
The bold pretences of thy Love to mine,
Or in this fatal minute thou shalt find —

Mont. Death, Fool; in that thou maist be just and kind :
'Twas I that lov'd *Orazia*, yet did raise
The storm in which she sinks: why doſt thou gaze,
Or stay thy hand from giving that just stroke,
Which rather than prevent, I wou'd provoke ?
When I am dead, *Orazia* may forgive ;
She never muſt, if I dare wish to live.

Oraz. Hold, hold —— O *Montezuma*, can you be
So carelesſ of your ſelf, but more of me ?
Though you have brought me to this misery,
I bluſh to ſay I cannot ſee you die.

Mont. Can my approaching Fate ſuch pity move ?
The Gods and you at once forgive and loye.

Trax. Fond Fool, thus to miſpend that little breath
I lent thee to prevent, not haſten Death :
Let her thank you ſhe was unfortunate,
And you thank her for pulling on your fate ;
Prove to each other your own Destinies.

[Draws.]

Enter *Zempoalla* hſtily, and ſets a Dagger to *Orazia's* Breast.

Zemp. Hold, hold, *Traxalla*, or *Orazia* dies.
O, is't *Orazia's* Name that makes you ſtay ?
'Tis her great Power, not mine, that you obey.
Inhumane Wretch, darſt thou the Murtherer be
Of him that is not yet Condemn'd by me ?

Trax. The Wretch that gave you all the pow'r you have,
May venture ſure to execute a Slave ;
And quench a flame your fondneſs would have burn,
Which may this City into ashes turn.
The Nation in your guilty Paſſion lost,
To me ungrateful, to your Country moſt :
But this ſhall be their Offering, I their Priest.

Zemp. The wounds thou giv'st I'll copy on her Breast.
Strike, and I'll open here a ſpring of blood,
Shall add new Rivers to the crimson flood.
How his pale looks are fix'd on her ! —— 'tis ſo.
Oh, does amazement on your ſpirit grow ?
What, is your publick Love *Orazia's* grown ?
Cou'dſt thou ſee mine, and yet not hide thy own ?
Suppoſe I ſhou'd ſtrike first, wo'd it not breed
Grief in your publick heart to ſee her bleed ?

Trax. She mocks my paſſions, in her ſparkling eyes
Death and a close diſembled fury lies :
I dare not truſt her thus : — If ſhe muſt die,
The way to her lov'd Life through mine ſhall lie.

[He puts her by and ſteps before *Orazia*,
and ſhe runs before *Montezuma*.]

Zemp. And he that does this Stranger's fate design,
Muſt to his heart a paſſage force through mine.

Trax. Can faſt *Orazia* yet no pity ha've ?
'Tis juſt ſhe ſhou'd her own Preserver ſave.

[*Zemp.*]

Zemp. Can Montezuma so ungrateful prove
To her that gave him Life, and offers Love ?

Oraz. Can Montezuma live, and live to be
Just to another, and unjust to me ?
You need not be ungrateful ; can she give
A Life to you, if you refuse to live ?
Forgive me Passion, I had rather see
You dead, than kind to any thing but me.

Mont. O my *Orazia* !
To what new joys and knowledge am I brought !
Are deaths hard lessons by a Woman taught ?
How to despise my Fate I always knew ;
But ne'er durst think at once of death and you :
Yet since you teach this generous jealousie,
I dare not wish your Life, if I must die.
How much your Love my Courage does exceed !
Courage alone would shrink to see you bleed.

Zemp. Ungrateful Stranger, thou shalt please thy Eyes,
And gaze upon *Orazia* while she dies.
I'll keep my Vow : — It is some joy to see
That my Revenge will prove my Piety.

Trax. Then both shall die ; we have too long withstood,
By private Passions urg'd, the publick good.

Zemp. Sure he dissembles, and perhaps may prove
My ruine with his new ambitious Love :
Were but this Stranger kind, I'd crost his Art,
And give my Empire where I gave my heart.

Aside.

Mont. Thee and thy Love and Mischief I despise.

Zemp. What shall I do ? — some way must yet be try'd.
What Reasons can she use whom Passions guide ?

Trax. Some black designs are hatching now ; false Eyes
Are quick to see anothers Treacheries.

Zemp. Rash Stranger, thus to pull down thy own fate.

Mont. You, and that Life you offer me, I hate.

Enter Taylor.

Zemp. Here Taylor, — take — what title must he have ?
Slave — Slave — Am I then Captive to a Slave !
Why art thou thus unwilling to be free ?

Mont. Death will release me from these Chains and thee.

Zemp. Here, Taylor, take this Monster from my sight,
And keep him where it may be always night ;
Let none come near him ; if thou dost, expect
To pay thy Life the price of the Neglect.

Mont. I scorn thy Pity and thy Cruelty,
And shou'd despise a Blessing sent from thee.

Zemp. Oh horror to my Soul ! take him away ;
My Rage like dam'd up Streams swell'd by some stay
Shall from this opposition get new force,
And leave the bound of its old easie course.
Come, my *Traxalla*, let us both forgive,
And in these Wretches Fates begin to live.
The Altars shall be crown'd with Fun'ral Boughs,
Peace-offrings pay'd, — but with unquiet Vows.

*Ex. Zem. Tr.
Oraz.*

Oraz. How are things ordered, that the wicked shou'd
Appear more kind and gentle than the good ?
Her Passion seems to make her kinder prove,
And I seem cruel through excess of Love :
She loves, and wou'd prevent his Death ; but I
That love him better, fear he shou'd not die.
My Jealousie, immortal as my Love,
Wou'd rob my Grave below, and me above,
Of Rest.—Ye Gods, if I repine, forgive ;
You neither let me die in Peace, nor live.

Enter Acacis, Taylor, and Indians.

Taylor. They are just gone, Sir.

Aca. 'Tis well: be faithful to my just design,
And all thy Prince's Fortune shall be thine.

Indian. This shall to the Empress.

Oraz. What can this mean ! —
'Twas Prince *Acacis*, if I durst believe
My sight ; but Sorrow may like Joy deceive :
Each object different from it self appears,
That comes not to the Eyes but through their Tears.

[Exit Acacis.
[Exit Indian.

Enter Acacis bringing in Montezuma.

Ha ! —

Aca. Here, Sir, wear this again ;
Now follow me.

Mont. So, very good ; —
I dare not think, for I may gues amiss ;
None can deceive me while I trust to this.

[Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Orazia, conducted by two Indians with their Swords drawn :
Montezuma, Acacis, whispering another Indian.

Aca. Think what a weight upon thy Faith I lay.

Ind. I ne'er did more unwillingly obey.

Aca. First, Montezuma, take thy liberty ;
Thou gav'st me freedom, here I set thee free ;
We're equal now. Madam, the danger's great
Of close pursuit ; to favour your Retreat
Permit we two a little while remain
Behind, while you go softly o'er the Plain.

Oraz. Why shou'd I go before ? what's your intent ?
Where is my Father ? whither am I sent ?

Aca. Your doubts shall soon be clear'd. Conduct her on.

So, Montezuma, we are now alone :
That which my Honour ow'd thee I have paid ;
As Honour was, so Love must be obey'd.

I set Orazia as thy Captive free,
But as my Mistres ask her back from thee.

Mont. Thou hast perform'd what Honour bid thee do ;
But Friendship bars what Honour prompts me to.
Friends shou'd not fight.

Aca. If Friendship we profess,
Let us secure each others happiness ;
One needs must die, and he shall happy prove
In her Remembrance, t'other in her Love.

My

My Guards wait near, and if I fail they must
Give up *Orazia*, or betray their trust.

Mont. Suppose thou conquer'st, wou'dst thou wander o'er
The South-Sea Sands, or the rough Northern Shore,
That parts thy spacious Kingdom from *Peru* ;
And leaving Empire, hopeless Love pursue ?

Aca. By which of all my actions cou'd you gues,
Though more your Merit, that my Love was less ?
What prize can Empire with *Orazia* bear ?
Or where Love fills the Breast, what room for fear ?

Mont. Let fair *Orazia* then the Sentence give,
Else he may die whom she desires to live.

Aca. Your greater merits bribe her to your side ;
My weaker Title must by Arms be try'd.

Mont. Oh Tyrant Love, how cruel are thy Laws !
I forfeit Friendship, or betray thy Cause.
That Person whom I wou'd defend from all
The World, that Person by my hand must fall.

Aca. Our Lives we to each others Friendships owe ;
But Love calls back what Friendship did bestow :
Love has its Cruelties, but Friendship none ;
And we now fight in Quarrels not our own.

[*Fight.*]

Enter *Orazia*.

Orazia. What noise is this ? —
Hold, hold ; what cause cou'd be so great to move
This furious hatred ? —

Mont. 'Twas our furious Love. —

Aca. Love which I hid till I had set you free,
And bought your pardon with my liberty :
That done, I thought I less unjustly might
With *Montezuma* for *Orazia* fight ;
He has prevail'd, and I must now confess
His Fortune greater, not my Passion less ;
Yet cannot yield ye till his Sword remove,
A dying Rival that holds fast his Love.

Orazia. Who ever falls, 'tis my Protector still,
And then the crime's as great to dye as kill.

Acacis, do not hopeless love pursue,
But live, and this soft malady subdue.

Aca. You bid me live, and yet command me dye,
I am not worth your care, fly, Madam, fly,
While I fall here unpittied, o'er this Plain,
Free from pursuit, the faithles Mountains gain ;
And these I charge as they wou'd have me think their Friendship true.
Leave me alone to serve and follow you :
Make haste, fair Princess, to avoid that fate,
Which does for your unhappy Father wait.

Orazia. Is he then left to dye, and shall he see
Himself forsaken, e'er his death, by me ?

Mont. What wou'd you do. —

Orazia. To Prison I'll return,
And there in Fetters with my Father mourn.

Mont. That saves not his, but throws your Life away.

Orazia. Duty shall give what nature once must pay.

Aca. Life is the gift, which Heaven and Parents give,
And duty best preserves it, if you live.

Orazia. I shou'd but further from my Fountain fly,
And like an unfed stream run on and dye:
Urge me no more, and do not grieve to see
Your Honour rival'd by my Piety.

[Exit. *She goes softly off, and often looks back.*

Mont. If Honour wou'd not, shame wou'd lead the way.
I'll back with her.

Aca. Stay, Montezuma, stay —
Thy Rival cannot let thee go alone,
My love will bear me, though my blood is gone. [As they are going off.

Enter Zempoalla, Traxalla, the Indian that went to tell her, and the rest, and seizes them.

Zemp. Seize them —

Aca. Oh, Montezuma, thou art lost. [Orazia comes back.

Mont. No more, proud heart, thy useless Courage boast.
Courage thou curse of the unfortunate,
That canst encounter, not resist ill fate.

Zemp. *Acacis* bleeds. —

What barbarous hand has wounded thus my Son ?

Mont. 'Twas I, by my unhappy Sword 'twas done.
Thou bleed'st, poor Prince, and I am left to grieve
My Rival's fall.

Trax. He bleeds, but yet may live.

Aca. Friendship and love my failing strength renew,
I dare not dye when I shou'd live for you ;
My death were now my crime, as it wou'd be
My guilt to live when I have set you free :
Thus I must still remain unfortunate,
Your Life and Death are equally my fate.

Orazia comes back.

Orazia. A noise again, alas what do I see !
Love thou didst once give place to Piety :
Now Piety, let Love triumph awhile ;
Here bind my hands : come, Montezuma, smile
At Fortune, since thou sufferest for my sake,
Orazia will her Captive's Chains partake.

Mont. Now, Fate, thy worst.

Zemp. Lead to the Temple straight,
A Priest, and Altar for these Lovers wait :
They shall be join'd, they shall.

Trax. And I will prove —

Those joys in Vengeance which I want in Love.

Aca. I'll quench your thirst with Blood, and will destroy
My self, and with my self, your cruel joy.
Now, Montezuma, since Orazia dyes,
I'll fall before thee, the first Sacrifice ;
My title in her death shall exceed thine,
As much as in her life, thy hopes did mine :

And when with our mixt blood the Altar's dy'd,
Then our new Title let the Gods decide.

[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Temple of the Sun all of Gold, and four Priests in habits of white and red Feathers, attending by a bloody Altar, as ready for Sacrifice.

Then Enter the Guards, and Zempoalla, and Traxalla; Ynca, Orazia, and Montezuma bound; as soon as they are plac'd, the Priest sings.

SONG.

YOU to whom Victory we owe,
Whose glories rise
By Sacrifice,
And from our fates below ;
Never did yet your Altars shine
Feasted with Blood so near divine ;
Princes to whom we bow,
As they to you,
Thus you can ravish from a Throne,
And by their loss of power declare your own.

Zemp. **N**OW to inflict those punishments that are
Due to the Authors of invasive War ;
Who to deceive the oppressed World, like you,
Invent false quarrels to conceal the true.

Ynca. My quarrel was the same that all the Gods
Must have to thee, if there be any odds
Betwixt those Titles that are bad or good,
To Crowns descended, or usurpt by Blood :
Swell not with this success, 'twas not to thee,
But to this Man the Gods gave Victory.

Mont. Since I must perish by my own success,
Think my misfortunes more, my Crimes the less ;
And so forgiving make me pleas'd to dye,
Thus punish'd for this guilty Victory.

Ynca. Death can make Virtue easie ; I forgive :
That word wou'd prove too hard were I to live ;
The Honour of a Prince wou'd then deny,
But in the Grave all our distinctions dye.

Mont. Forgive me one thing yet ; to say I love,
Let it no more your scorn or anger move,
Since dying in one flame, my ashes must
Embrace and mingle with Orazia's dust.

Ynca. Name thy bold love no more, lest that last breath
Which shou'd forgive, I stifle with my death.

Orazia. Oh my dear Father ! Oh, why may not I,
Since you gave Life to me, for you now dye ?

Mont. 'Tis I that wrought this mischief ought to fall ;

A just and willing sacrifice for all.

Now, *Zempoalla*, be both just and kind,
And in my fate let me thy mercy find :
Be grateful then, and grant me that esteem,
That as I live, so dead I may redeem.

Oraz. O do not for her cruel mercy move ;
None shou'd ask pity but from those they love.

[Weeps.]

Tnca. Fond Girl, to let thy disobedient Eyes
Show a concern for him whom I despise.

Orazia. How love and nature may divide a Breast,
At once by both their Pow'rs severely prest !

Yet, Sir, since love seems less, you may forgive,
I wou'd not have you dye, nor have him live ;
Yet if he dies, alas what shall I do ?
I cannot dye with him, and live with you.

Mont. How vainly we pursue this generous strife,
Parting in death more cruel than in life !
Weep not, we both shall have one destiny,
As in one flame we liv'd, in one we'll dye.

Trax. Why do we waste in vain these precious hours ?
Each minute of his Life may hazard ours :
The Nation does not live whilst he enjoys
His life, it is his safety that destroys.
He shall fall first, and teach the rest to dye.

Zemp. Hold —
Who is it that commands — ha, you or I ?
Your Zeal grows saucy ; sure you may allow
Your Empress freedom first to pay her Vow.

Trax. She may allow — a justice to be done
By him that rais'd his Empress to her Throne.

Zemp. You are too bold —

Trax. And you too passionate. —
Zemp. Take heed with his, you urge not your own fate
For all this pity is now due to me.

Mont. I hate thy offer'd mercy more than thee.

Trax. Why will not then the fair Orazia give
Life to her self, and let Traxalla live ?

Mont. Orazia will not live, and let me dye ;
She taught me first this cruel jealousie.

Orazia. I joy that you have learn'd it —
That flame not like immortal love appears
Where death can cool its warmth, or kill its fears.

Zemp. What shall I do ? am I so quite forlorn,
No help from my own pride, nor from his scorn !
My Rival's death may more effectual prove,
He that is robb'd of hope, may cease to love :
Here, lead these Offerings to their deaths.

Trax. Let none —
Obey, but he that will pull on his own.

Zemp. Tempt me not thus, false and ingrateful too.

Trax. Just as ungrateful, and as false as you.

Zemp. 'Tis thy false love that fears her destiny.

Trax. And your false love that fears to have him dye.

Zemp. Seize the bold Traytor.

Trax. What a slighted frown
Troubles your brow ? feared nor obeyed by none ;
Come prepare for Sacrifice.

Enter Acacis weakly.

Aca. Hold, hold, such Sacrifices cannot be,
Devotion's but a solemn Cruelty :

How

How can the Gods delight in humane Blood ?
Think 'em not cruel ; if you think 'em good.
In vain we ask that mercy, which they want,
And hope that pity, which they hate to grant.

Zemp. Retire, Acacis —

Preserve thy self, for 'tis in vain to waste
Thy breath for them : The fatal Vow is past.

Aca. To break that Vow is juster than commit
A greater Crime, by your preserving it.

Zemp. The Gods themselves their own will best express
To like the Vow, by giving the Success.

Aca. If all things by Success, are understood,
Men that make War, grow wicked to be good :
But did you Vow, those that were overcome,
And he that Conquer'd both, shou'd share one Doom ?
There's no excuse ; for one of these must be
Not your Devotion, but your Cruelty.

Trax. To that rash Stranger, Sir, we nothing owe,
What he had rais'd, he strove to overthrow :
That duty lost, which shou'd our Actions guide,
Courage proves Guilt, when Merits swell to Pride.

Aca. Dar'st thou, who didst thy Prince's Life betray,
Once name that Duty, thou hast thrown away :
Like thy Injustice to this Stranger shown,
To tax him with a Guilt, that is thy own ? —
Can you, brave Soldiers, suffer him to Dye,
That gave you Life, in giving Victory ?
Look but upon this Stranger, see those Hands,
That brought you Freedom, fetter'd up in Bands.
Not one looks up —

Lest fuddain pity shou'd their Hearts surprize,
And steal into their Bosoms, through their Eyes.

Zemp. Why thus in vain, are thy weak Spirits prest ?
Restore thy self, to thy more needful Rest.

Aca. And leave *Orazia* —

Zemp. Go, you must resign —
For, She must be the Gods ; not Yours, nor Mine.

Aca. You are my Mother, and my Tongue is ty'd
So much by Duty, that I dare not chide.

Divine Orazia —

Can you have so much Mercy to forgive ?
I do not ask it, with design to Live,
But in my Death, to have my Torments cease :
Death is not Death, when it can bring no Peace.

Orazia. I both Forgive, and Pity —

Aca. O say no more, left Words less kind destroy,
What these have rais'd in me of Peace and Joy ;
You said, you did both Pity, and Forgive ;
You wou'd do neither, shou'd *Acacis* live.
By Death alone, the certain way appears,
Thus to hope Mercy, and deserve your Tears.

[*Stabs himself.*

Zemp. O my *Acacis* ! —

What cruel Cause cou'd urge this fatal Deed
He Faints, help, help, some help, or he will Bleed,
His Life and mine away :

[*Weeps.*

Some

Some Water there — Not one stirs from his Place ;
I'll use my Tears, to sprinkle on his Face.

Aca. Crazia. —

Zemp. Fond Child, why do'st thou call upon her name ?
I am thy Mother.

Aca. No, you are my shame,
That blood is shed that you had title in,
And with your title may it end your sin :
Unhappy Prince, you may forgive me now,
Thus bleeding for my Mothers cruel vow.

Tnca. Be not concern'd for me —
Death's easier than the changes I have seen,
I wou'd not live to trust the World again.

Mont. Into my Eyes sorrow begins to creep,
When hands are ty'd it is no shame to weep.

Aca. Dear Montezuma.
I may be still your Friend, though I must dye
Your Rival in her love ; Eternity
Has room enough for both, there's no desire,
Where to enjoy is only to admire :
There we'll meet Friends, when this short storm is past.

Mont. Why must I tamely wait to perish last ?

Aca. Crazia weeps, and my parch'd Soul appears
Refresh'd by that kind shower of pitying tears ;
Forgive those faults my passion did commit,
'Tis punish'd with the life that nourish'd it :
I had no power in this extremity
To save your life, and less to see you dye.
My Eyes wou'd ever on this object stay,
But sinking Nature takes the props away.

— Kind Death —

To end with pleasures all my miseries
Shuts up your Image in my closing Eyes.

[*Dyes.*

Enter a Messenger.

1 Mess. To Armes, to Armes.

Trax. From whence this sudden fear ?

1 Mess. Stand to your Guard, my Lord, the danger's near :
From every quarter Crowds of People meet,
And leaving Houses empty, fill the street.

[*Ex. Mess.*

Trax. Fond Queen, thy fruitless tears a while defer.
Rise, we must join again — Not speak nor stir !
I hear the Peoples Voice like Winds that roar,
When they pursue the flying Waves to shore.

Enter second Messenger.

2 Mess. Prepare to fight, my Lord ; the Banish'd Queen,
With old *Garrucca*, in the streets are seen.

Trax. We must go meet them e'er it be too late ;
Yet, Madam, rise, have you no fence of fate.

Enter third Messenger.

3 Mess. King *Montezuma* their Lord thouts Proclaim,
The City rings with their new Sovereign's Name ;
The banish'd Queen declares he is her Son,
And to his succour all the people run.

[*Zempoalla rises.*
Zemp.

Zemp. Can this be true ? O Love ! O Fate ! have I
Thus doated on my mortal Enemy.

Trax. To my new Prince I thus my homage pay ;
Your Reign is short, young King.

Zemp. Traxalla, stay —
'Tis to my hand that he must owe his fate,
I will revenge at once my love and hate.

[She sets a Dagger to Montezuma's Breast.

Trax. Strike, strike, the conquering Enemy is near,
My Guards are pres'd while you detain me here.

Zemp. Dye then, ungrateful, dye ; Amexia's Son
Shall never triumph on *Acacis* Throne :
Thy death must my unhappy flames remove ;
Now where is thy defence—against my love ?

[She cuts the Cords, and gives him the Dagger.

Trax. Am I betrayed ?

He draws and thrusts at Montezuma, he puts it by and kills him.

Mont. So may all Rebels dye :
This end has Treason join'd with Cruelty.

Zemp. Live thou whom I must love, and yet must hate ;
She gave thee Life, who knows it brings her fate.

Mont. Life is a trifle which I wou'd not take,
But for *Orazia*'s and her Father's sake :
Now, *Inca*, hate me, if thou canst ; for he
Whom thou hast scorn'd will dye or rescue thee.

As he goes to attaque the Guards with Traxalla's Sword, Enter Amexia,
Garrucca, Indians, driving some of the other Party before them.

Gar. He lives, ye Gods, he lives, great Queen, see here
Your coming joys, and your departing fear.

Amex. Wonder and joy so fast together flow,
Their haste to pass has made their passage slow ;
Like strugling Waters in a Vessel pent,
Whose crowding drops choak up the narrow Vent.

My Son. —

[She imbraces him.

Mont. I am amaz'd, it cannot be
That fate has such a joy in store for me.

Amex. Can I not gain belief, that this is true ?

Mont. It is my fortune I suspect, not you.

Gar. First ask him if he old *Garrucca* know.

Mont. My honoured Father, let me fall thus low.

Gar. Forbear, great Prince, 'tis I must pay to you
That adoration, as my Sovereign's due :
For from my humble Race you did not spring,
You are the Issue of our Murthered King,
Sent by that Traitor to his blest abode,
Whom to be made a King, he made a God :
The story is too full of fate to tell,
Or what strange fortune our lost Queen befel.

Amex. That sad relation longer time will crave ;
I liv'd obscure, he bred you in a Cave,
But kept the mighty secret from your Ear,
Lest heat of blood to some strange course shou'd steer
Your youth —

Mont.

Mont. I owe him all that now I am,
He taught me first the noble thirst of fame,
Shew'd me the baseness of unmanly fear,
Till th' unlick'd Whelp I pluck'd from the rough Bear,
And made the Ounce and Tyger give me way,
While from their hungry Jaws I snatch'd the Prey :
'T was he that charg'd my young arms first with toils,
And drest me glorious in my Salvage spoils. —

Gar. You spent in shady Forest all the day,
And joy'd returning to shew me the Prey.
To tell the story, to describe the place,
With all the pleasures of the boasted chase ;
Till fit for arms, I reav'd you from your sport,
To train your Youth in the *Peruvian* Court :
I left you there, and ever since have been,
The sad attendant of my exil'd Queen.

Zemp. My fatal Dream comes to my memory ;
That Lion whom I held in bonds was he,
Amexia was the Dove that broke his Chains ;
What now but *Zempoalla*'s death remains ?

Mont. Pardon, fair Princess, if I must delay
My love a while, my gratitude to pay.
Live, *Zempoalla* — free from dangers live,
For present merits I past crimes forgive :
Oh might she hope *Orazia*'s Pardon too. —

Orazia. I wou'd have none condemn'd for loving you ;
In me her merit much her fault o'erpowers,
She sought my Life, but she preserv'd me yours.

Amex. Taught by my own I pity her estate,
And wish her penitence, but not her fate.

Tnca. I wou'd not be the last to bid her live ;
Kings best revenge their wrongs when they forgive.

Zemp. I cannot yet forget what I have been,
Wou'd you give life to her that was a Queen :
Must you then give, and must I take ; there's yet
One way, that's by refusing to be great :
You bid me live — bid me be wretched too,
Think, think, what Pride unthron'd must undergo :
Look on this youth, *Amexia*, look, and then
Suppose him yours, and bid me live again ;
A greater sweetnes on these Lips there grows,
Than breath shut out from a new folded Rose :
What lovely charms on these cold Cheeks appear,
Cou'd any one hate death and see it here ?
But thou art gone —

Mont. O that you wou'd believe,
Acacis lives in me, and cease to grieve.

Zemp. Yes, I will cease to grieve, and cease to be,
His Soul stays watching in his wound for me ;
All that cou'd render Life desir'd is gone,
Orazia has my Love, and you my Throne :
And Death *Acacis* — yet I need not dye,
You leave me Mistris of my destiny ;
In Spight of Dreams how am I pleas'd to see,
Heavens truth or falsehood shou'd depend on me ;
But I will help the Gods ;

The greatest proof of Courage we can give,
Is then to dye when we have to power live.

[Kills her self.

Mont. How fatally that instrument of death
Was hid —

Amex. She has expir'd her latest breath.

Mont. But there lies one to whom all grief is due.

Orazia None e'er was so unhappy and so true.

Mont. Your Pardon, Royal Sir.

Ynca. You have my Love.

[Gives him Oraz.

Amex. The Gods, my Son, your happy choice approve.

Mont. Come, my Orazia, then, and pay with me, [Leads her to Acacis.

Some tears to poor Acacis memory ;

So strange a fate for Men the Gods ordain

Our clearest Sun shine shou'd be mixt with rain ;

How equally our joys and sorrows move !

Death's fatal triumphs join'd with those of Love.

Love Crowns the dead, and death Crowns him that lives,

Each gains the Conquest which the other gives. [Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE to the INDIAN QUEEN,
Spoken by Montezuma.

YOU see what Shifts we are inforc'd to try
To help out Wit with some Variety ;
Shows may be found that never yet were seen,
'Tis hard to find such Wit as ne'er has been :
You have seen all that this old World cou'd do,
We therefore try the fortune of the new,
And hope it is below your aim to hit
At untaught Nature with your practis'd Wit :
Our naked Indians then, when Wits appear,
Wou'd as soon chuse to have the Spaniards here :
'Tis true, y'have marks enough, the Plot, the Show,
The Poet's Scenes, nay, more, the Painter's too ;
If all this fail, considering the cost,
'Tis a true Voyage to the Indies lost :
But if you smile on all, then these designs,
Like the imperfect Treasure of our Minds,
'Twill pass for currant wheresoe'er they go,
When to your bounteous hands their stamps they owe.

F I N I S.

THE
VESTAL VIRGIN,
OR, THE
Roman Ladies.
A
TRAGEDY.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.



L O N D O N ,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by
R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet.
M DC XCII.

Some Large

УДАЧАЯТ

Dramatis Personæ.

Emilius, A Roman Senator of great Quality.

Sertorius, One that had been a General ; a brave Man,
of a high Spirit.

Sulpitius, His Brother, of a treacherous Nature.

Mutius, One that had been a Lieutenant of a Province,
a Lover of War.

Artabaces, Prince of Armenia, driven from his Country
by the Romans.

Tiridates, His younger Brother, Pris'ner at large in
Rome, and kept as Hostage till his Brother
came in.

Caska, Servant to *Sertorius*.

Corbulo, and four or five more Veterans.

W O M E N.

Hersilia, Daughter to *Emilius*.

Virginia, Her Sister, the Vestal.

Marcellina, Their Cousin.

S C E N E R O M E.

3 H T

P R O-

PROLOGUE.

Prologues, like Forlorn-hopes, first face the Stage,
Before the main Battalions do engage :
Just so our Poet, doubtful of the day,
Ventures his Prologue first, and next his Play.
But stay, I fancy that I hear one call ;
I'll step but to the door, and tell you all.
'Troth 'tis the Poet's Voice, now danger's near ;
He sends me back as his Commissioner,
To treat that he might fairly march away,
If you won'd be content to have no Play.
He offers fair : Should it prove very bad,
As like enough it will, you'd wish you had :
He has been wounded, proofs there need no more
Than what you know, that he has writ before ;
For sure none ever scap'd that ever writ ;
There's no being shot-free in the Wars of Wit :
Poets by dangers like old Souldiers taught,
Grow wise, and shun the fame which once they sought.
But if he must proceed —
Would you won'd tell him which of all the ways
You like in Prologues, us'd to help out Plays.
Some tell you stories of the former Age,
And swear that Faction now undoes the Stage ;
Sure such believe you'll do as you are bid,
And that you paid your money to be chid.
Some craftier Poets at each other hit,
Knowing grave Rudeness has been took for Wit ;
This does a wretched dearth of Wit betray,
When things of Kind on one another prey.
Some Prologues are more modestly address'd,
Just like Petitions, those he thinks are best ;
For such a one he means that this shall be,
And therefore humbly shews as you shall see.

THE

THE
VESTAL VIRGIN,
OR, THE
Roman Ladies.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sertorius and Sulpitius.

Sert. **N**O T speak to her, nor see her !
Sulp. But for a few days.

Sert. A minute is too much.

Sulp. Be but patient.
Sert. And tamely wait upon my Rival's triumph.
Sul. You do mistake.
Sert. So do you, to think a Roman Soul can be
So mean to stoop to his own Victory ;
Submitting to a Prince's empty Name,
And tamely yield unto a vanquish'd Fame.

Sulp. Your Passion tells you wrong ; 'tis not that Prince,
But 'tis *Hersilia* sends you these Commands.

Sert. I care not whence they came, I like 'em not.
Sulp. You throw away your fury now as wildly,
As Tempests waste their giddy violence.

Sert. No matter, raging Storms grow loud and high
When they are most oppos'd, and so will I.

Sulp. Am not I your Brother !
Sert. Is not Prince *Tiridates*, as you call him,

Your bosom Friend ?

Sulp. You are not jealous, are you, that his Friendship
Makes me betray the trust you plac'd in me ?

Sert. You shou'd have scrupled then to bring a Brother
Such an unwelcome Message.

Sulp. Consult a little with your prudence.
Sert. Wisdom's too froward to let any find

Trust in himself, or pleasure in his mind ;
She takes by what she gives, her help destroys ;
She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our joys :
Rashness allows unto the sudden sense
All its own joys, and adds her Confidence.

Sulp.

Sulp. You have not patience but to hear the Circumstance.

Sert. Well, well, what is't? quickly then.

Sulp. 'Tis more than you deserve.

Sert. Then keep it for your self.

Sulp. They properly belong to you,

Since they were her Commands; when she sent them

She mingled trouble with her seeming Cruelty,

— Then sigh'd, and paus'd — then bid me tell you,

Her Father was so kind to *Tiridates*,

She cou'd no other way deny his Visits,

But by forbidding yours for some few days,

To give her self time to attempt some Friends,

To try their interest to perswade her Father

That she with freedom may be left to chuse

Where inclination guides her.

Sert. Um²h.

Sulp. Now, Sir, is the Circumstance so trivial?

Sert. But was this all she said?

Sulp. Was not this enough?

Sert. As it may prove —

You are sure *Tiridates* will be forbid too, —

— Are you not? —

Sulp. As I suppose.

Sert. I will be sure of that, — or else —

Sulp. What need you question it? in a few hours

You will discover that you are abus'd,

If there be foul play meant on any side.

Sert. That's true, — but —

Sulp. Come trouble your self no more, but strictly
Observe what she Commands.

These Starts are the Convulsions of weak Reason,

When fits of Passion grow too strong upon you.

We have all our haggard Passions, but none so wild

Or so unman'd as yours; —

They may be tam'd and brought from their excess,

And watch'd by Reason into gentleness.

Sert. Without your *Simile* I will endeavour to endure it,

— But —

Sulp. But what?

Sert. I find a mutiny in all my Faculties,

That will not yield to this Cessation;

My Tongue seems to consent without Commission:

But I'll go wrangle with my self,

And will obey her — if I can —

[Exit Sertorius.

Sulp. Where must my wild beginnings find an end?

Nature and Friendship; Brother too, and Friend!

Titles that grow in soils so rich and good,

Whose Roots are spread in Honour and in Blood:

Yet all those ties keep not their hold so fast,

As to oppose unshaken but one blast

Of Love's unruly storm; great Trees fall so,

Pulling up all about 'em where they grow.

Enter *Tiridates*, runs to *Sulpitius*, and embraces him.

Tir. O my *Sulpitius*, thou that canst prove
Friend to the Rival of thy Brother's Love;

Have

Have you yet spoke of me, and wond she hear?
'Tis not thy Friendship, but her Love I fear.

Sulp. I did not name you.

Tir. —— Perhaps you did not dare.

Methinks concern'd Physicians, in despair,
Gaze on their Patients as you stare on me,
And from their Skill sink to their Piety.

Sulp. I wish *Hersilia* had not nam'd you.

Tir. You are my Friend.

Sulp. And therefore cou'd not like th' unwelcom Office
That she has put upon me.

Tir. Cou'd you dislike what she commands!

Sulp. Yes, I do, or else I must repent
My Love to you, and grow indifferent.
Know, 'tis the cruel fair *Hersilia*'s pleasure
You shou'd forbear to visit her, or if you meet her,

To speak to her for some few days.

[He looks down as sad.]

Tir. Why shou'd *Hersilia* cruelly contrive
Death for that Passion which she keeps alive?
But 'tis a guilt to question or repine;
She acts like what she seems, something divine:
For when Mankind their frailer passions shew,
Those Pow'rs above condemn that made them so.

Sulp. I fear'd 'twou'd trouble you, for I can find
A measure of your Sorrows by my Mind.

Tir. Did she not tell you why?

Sulp. —— That she refus'd,
Though I still prest it to find out her end,
More than became one that was less your Friend:
At last continuing still importunate,
She told me with a Smile, 'twas not her hate,
Nor love unto another was the cause,
She seem'd to be so cruel in these Laws.

Tir. When I lost my Brother ——
Brave *Artabaces*, whom I cou'd not call
More Brother than a Friend: for he was all;
I did not think a Friendship cou'd expres
It self so great, to make his loss the less:
But thine, my dear *Sulpitius*, is above
The Rules and Measures of the strictest Love.
You might have hop'd to see your Brother's joy,
Sprung from those harsh commands which mine destroy.

Sulp. My love unto *Sertorius* is not less,
I wish his Gratitude, his Happiness,
To pay great *Marcellina* all Love's scores,
Whom every Roman but himself adores:
Why do you droop? fie, fie, do not give way
To your encroaching Griefs; hope and obey:
In the mean time during your Banishment,
In my best Love and Care rest confident.
I'll weary her with Pray'rs, till I obtain
Leave from her Lips to call you back again.

Tir. My hopes are only rais'd by thy kind Charms,
O let me always hold thee in my Arms.

[Embrace]

Enter Sertorius.

Ser. I must go back and tell him 'tis impossible.
— Ha — twisted. —

Sulp. How, my Brother ! —
I must say something quickly ; but — what,
— Brother — perhaps you wonder —

Ser. Yes, I do.

Sulp. I mean, to see my kindness at this time
So great to *Tiridates* : but as a Friend,
I cou'd not be exempt from pity.

Sert. What pity does he need ?

Sulp. It seems much more than you,
In the severe Commands of fair *Hersilia* :
He is for ever banished ; no time nor hopes
Allow'd to him : you are too generous
To swell upon his sinking.

Sert. That I despise.

Sulp. Pray give me leave at least to shew
That pity which a Friend ought to bestow :
Perhaps the Reasons of a Friend may prove
A Balm to cure the Wounds of hopeless Love.
— I cou'd not stay a minute, Sir, —

[Goes to *Tiridates*.]

From telling you the happy News
Which you may find writ in my Brother's looks.
The fair and just *Hersilia* has pronounc'd
His Banishment for ever. —

Enter *Hersilia* and *Marcellina*.

Ha, *Hersilia* ! what new Confusions crowd upon me ?

How near my Plots are to discovery !

I must out-face Fortune and Honesty. [He steps to *Sertorius* hastily.

Brother, give not *Tiridates* the advantage

To seem more pleas'd than you in his Obedience.

I'll instantly attempt to serve you. —

[Goes to *Hersilia*.]

— Madam, this unexpected Happiness
Adds to the greatness of it.

Hers. The coolnes of the Evening, and these Walks,
Invited out me and my Cousin,
Not thinking to have met so much good Company
As you, Prince *Tiridates*, and *Sertorius*. [She curtseys to them, and they

bow and stand still.

— Ha — *Marcellina*, a word.

[Speaks aside with *Marcellina*.]

D'y'e not observe what an unusual distance

Prince *Tiridates*, and *Sertorius* keep ?

Marc. I both observe and wonder.

Hers. Peace, let's be gone —
We have almost tir'd our selves, Sir,
And were just now returning home.

Sulp. Permit me, Madam, to receive the Honour
Of waiting on you ; I have something to acquaint you with.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam,
Your Sister the fair *Veriginia* is just now
Brought from the *Vestals*, and begs to see you.

Hers. I long as much to look on her :

They

They say she is much alter'd.

— This is strange, *Marcellina*. — Looks at *Tiridates* and *Sertorius*.
Sulp. I will return presently ; till then be silent : [To *Sertorius*.
I wait upon you, Madam. [Exeunt.

Manent Tiridates and Sertorius ; they stare at one another ;
at last *Sertorius* speaks.

Sert. I hope you do not think that I forbore
To speak my love and thoughts unto *Hersilia*,
Because a Rival did look on.

Tir. Nor did that hinder me to own my Love.

Sert. Your hopes upon her Father's friendship move.

Tir. The greatness of my love is its own aid.

Sert. Some use of empty Titles might be made :
There is a noise with Names of Princes brought ;
Yet though her Father is with nothing caught,
Those that have conquer'd Princes need not show
Respect to Titles which they can bestow.

Tir. Cou'd any Roman Sword find Victory,
As soon as you can with your Vanity ;
A Prince indeed might tremble then to hear,
But now he smiles at what you'd have him fear.

Sert. O you shall see that I can keep my word,
And shew no Roman e'er out-talk'd his Sword ; [They draw and fight.
To this a greater Quarrel yet I joyn,
Hersilia's Cause, they equally are mine.

Enter *Sulpitius*, runs in and parts them.

Sulp. Hold, hold, hear me but speak :
From what hid Cause does all this Fury break ?

Sert. Love is our Cause which we resolve to trust
To our own Swords, we're sure that they are just.

Tir. 'Tis mean to wait for one to be deny'd,
And to refer that which we may decide :
Death is the certain Umpire that makes friends ;
With him that dies *Hersilia's* trouble ends.

Sert. Stand by, and since you wear the double tyes
Of Friend and Brother, look with equal Eyes.

Sulp. Must *Hersilia* thus
Be sav'd from trouble by the loss of Fame ?
Your Swords will wound her yet unspotted Name ;
No drop of blood you shed but will remain
Upon her injur'd Innocence, a stain ;
She will be equally oblig'd to hate
The Victor's life ; the vanquish'd in his Fate.

Sert. She's cruel now ; if she her hate shou'd show
When I am dead, 'tis more than I shall know.

Sulp. Suppose she never wou'd your loves requite,
For what is't then you wou'd pretend to fight ?
'Tis vain to strive for Empire, that wou'd be
Not gain'd, but rather lost by Victory.

Sert. Yet without Conquest she is gain'd by none,
And only can be overcome by one ;
Both in *Hersilia* cannot happy prove,
The Government is Monarchy in love.

Tir. *Sulpitius* now your troubles shall have end,
Left free to serve a Brother or a Friend :
He that first falls, (for one of us must dye)
Leaves you to t'other as his Legacy.

Sert. All the disputes of love are judg'd by fate,
And death makes room when life is grown too strait. [Offers to fight.]

Sulp. Hold, hear me a word !

Sert. Pish.

Sulp. Of you I ask it, *Tiridates*, stay,
And let your reason this rash action weigh.

Tir. Love never waits on Reason but on chance ;
But why shou'd you advise this temperance ?
Bid me be cold, and bring the Fever too ;
Hersilia sent the banishment by you.

Sert. Ha, — Did my careful Brother bring you such news ?

Tir. Yes, and from *Hersilia*'s cruel Lips.

Sert. I received just such another Message.
Can you tell Brother which was the Copy and Original ?

Sulp. No.

Tir. How !

Sert. Whence came they then ?

Sulp. From me.

Sert. And your invention.

Sulp. Right.

D'you think *Hersilia*'s lov'd by you alone ?
Had I perceiv'd it easie to be done,
I wou'd have fool'd you both : Why d'you stare ?
D'you wonder that I love, or that I dare
Avow a Passion which both you proclaim ?
I'll be as loud as you in Love or Fame.

Sert. O Monster.

Sulp. See I am chang'd, of your opinion grown,
Think Life and Love is useful but for one : [Draws.]
We shall but hinder one another still ; agree
Which is my Man, so Fate and Love for me.

Sert. Brave *Tiridates*,
This Villain's baseness the first cause removes,
And makes the quarrel Nature's, which was Love's :
To me 'tis just the title to resign,
To let out his foul blood that will stain mine :
Nor will I on the score of Rivals fight.
And while I take my own injure your right :
But as his Executioner I'll prove,
The Minister of Justice, not of Love.

Sulp. Fight you by your own Rules, I'll make the Laws
For my own Sword, and Love shall be my Cause. [Offers to fight.]

Tir. Hold, hold, *Sertorius*,
No seeming cause can check or cousen Fame,
Every thing will at last bear its own name ;
You may stand by with justice and look on,
Nature is your excuse, but I have none.

Sert. Nature did never yet send an excuse
In her own whispers, for her own abuse.

Sulp. Come, come, we trifle ; let some lots decide
Which of your Fates with mine shall first be try'd.

Sert.

Sert. Fortune has ever been too curst to me,
To trust her with my hopes of Victory :
But, Tiridates, now methinks we shew
In our own Caufe too quick, in Loves too flow :
He that survives of us by love will be
Entitled to revenge thy Treachery.

Tir. Thus I embrace the offer.

[Offer to fight.

Sulp. Not so fast,
I will fight too, and will not fight the last :
That mighty rate which nicely you assign
Your love and honour, I have fixt on mine.

Sert. My flesh trembles like shaking Earth, when prest
By tempests that want room within her Breast :
Through all my Veins there runs a boiling flood,
And makes a thousand pulses in my blood.

Tir. Stay, *Sertorius*, stay ; methinks we grow
Too bold ; *Hersilia*'s Sentence shou'd bestow
Life, or give Death : we but like Rebels are,
While with our Swords *Hersilia*'s Pow'r we share.
Come let us go like Friends in misery,
And from our Judges Lips learn which shall dye.

Sert. He does dissemble sure — — 'tis noble — —
Brave Prince, with your fair temper I am brought
To reason, by a Rival's Friendship taught :
Had you or I sunk under t'others hate,
The living wou'd have pittied his hard fate.
Though love condemns, our grief may be the same ;
For death's all one brought by a Sword or Flame :
'Twere mean, if love had not the pow'r to shew
That gen'rous grief which honour can bestow.
Why shou'd the steps rais'd by our honour prove
Too hard to be ascended by our love.

[Aside.

Sulp. Good, very good ; d'ye think to couzen me ?
You practise to dissemble scurvily.

[They put up.

Tir. All treachery dwells only in thy Breast.

Sulp. Pish, none are truly by themselves exprest ;
He that seems Virtuous does but act a part,
And shews not his own Nature, but his Art.

Sert. I can be tame no longer. [Draws and offers to run at him.

Tir. — — *Sertorius*, stay
Our Friendship must not yet oblige this way.

Sulp. O does the mask fall off !

Sert. Let us together then dispatch the Traytor.

Sulp. You dare not — —

— — Your honours as my guard will stand ;
You both scorn odds, and I a single hand.

Sert. Tortures seize thee. — *Tiridates.*

[Makes a sign to him.

Tir. Enough.

Sulp. I'll follow too : O you need say no more.

Ser. How meanly we must part ! never before
Honour and Love shew'd such strange properties,
To keep all safe by being Enemies ;
With their own nicenels they themselves betray,
And while they both Command they both obey.

[Exeunt at several doors.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Emilius, Hersilia, Marcellina, and Virginia *vail'd.*

Emil. **V**Elcome my sweet, my dear *Virginia* ;
Off with this Cloud, in thy own brightness shine,
And let my longing Eyes twist rayes with thine ;
All my decaying joys grow warm, and bring
A heat which thaws me into youth again.

Ver. Are you my Father, Sir ?

Emil. I am, sweet Innocence ; and richer in that title
By Nature's gift, than he that by his fame
Of his own Country gains a Father's name.

Ver. Your Pardon, Sir, that I seem amaz'd,
I never saw a Man before.

Her. Pray, Sir, give us leave
To have a little share in her enjoyment ;
Dearest Sister, you look amaz'd or troubled.

[Embraces her.]

Ver. Pardon me, dear Sister, if you find
Some small disturbance hang about my mind ;
To be thus soon from a devotion brought,
Not more by precept than by custom taught.

Mar. Dear Cousin, so much kindness yet express
As to take pleasure in our happiness.

Ver. 'Twere want of true Religion not to know
Some joy in so much goodness which you shew.

Emil. My dear *Virginia*,
I have found out a Man to make thee happy,
Whose Vertues, and whose Fortunes shall contend
Which are the greatest, both without an end.

Ver. What does my Father mean ?

Emil. Come, *Virginia*, Company troubles thee I see,
Be not amaz'd ; I must be fond of thee,
To wean thee from thy self, till thou sha't find
No room but for content within thy mind.

[Exeunt.]

[Manent Hersilia and Marcellina.]

Mar. How fair she is, how full of Innocence !
All true content dwells with unpractis'd sense.

Her. O *Marcellina* !

Though Knowledge does beget both Joy and Love,
Yet Vice and Sorrow too her issue prove ;
Prest with the last the greatest numbers shew ;
And the Worlds seeming mischief is to know.

— Did you not wonder, *Marcellina*,
At the strange distance that was kept so strictly
By *Tiridates* and *Sertorius* ?

Mar. I did, and was as much amaz'd as you ;
I wish no mischief happen, for their looks
Strove with a strange constraint.

Her. Prince *Tiridates* too exprest the same

— Whose gentle temper I have always seen,
Like standing Water wearing still one face,
That had no tides to move it from its place.

Mar. Can you guess the cause ?

Her.

Her. Not in the least.

Mar. I need not ask, it is enough that they are Rivals,
And both love you.

Her. Such quarrels still my injury must prove,
Both may deserve, but cannot have my love;
Love cannot like the wind its help convey
To fill two sails, though both are spread one way.

Mar. D' you love one of them?

Her. Yes, but not *Sertorius*:
Though freely I confess my love to thee,
Yet I forgive thy short return to me,
Which seems to violate our Friendship's Laws;
But his ingratitude pleads in thy cause;
Since the acknowledgment wou'd lay a blame
On thy great Soul, or on thy cheeks a shame.

Mar. Be not deceiv'd, *Hersilia*,
I wou'd not make my self so guilty prove,
And like a hidden sin disown my love.

Her. Thus his ingratitude the more is shown.

Mar. By his ingratitude confess your own:
Where does the difference appear to be?
You cannot sigh for him, nor he for me.

Her. But you deserve much more than he can do.

Mar. He merits more than me, he merits you:
Love pleads no cause for the unfortunate,
Choice rules above our pow'r as much as fate:
Love unrewarded may to Virtue grow,
But love for love like a design may shew.

Her. *Sertorius* my revenge not love invites,
And that strict Friendship which our Souls unites:
Must now our Soul's affections separate,
And what you love 'tis just that I shou'd hate.

Mar. What friendship wou'd return my love denies,
I dare not say I hate whom you despise.

Enter Sulpitius.

Her. Peace; *Sulpitius*;
Let him not see disorder in our looks,
I suspect him.—How amaz'd he seems!

Sulp. Help, Fortune, now, thou that hast always sent
Thy willing aid to the most confident.

—Madam—

Her. Sir.

Sulp. Perhaps your own amazement might be less,
Coul'd I forbear my wonder to express.

Her. What wonder, Sir?

Sulp. Some wonder must attend a sudden change,
To see Prince *Tiridates* and *Sertorius* strange.
So unlike Lovers now they did appear,
That they both seem'd as if they never were.

Her. I know not what you mean.

Sulp. I wish 'twere so, my troubles then might end,
One is my Brother, t'other is my Friend:
Yet to those titles there is nothing due,
Since they so soon forget themselves and you.

Her.

Her. You only fancy sure this strange neglect,
They paid to me as much as I expect.

Sul. I'm sorry that my Passion renders me
The severe judge of their inconstancy.

Her. Your Passion, Sir!

Sulp. Yes mine, so mingled with Eternity,
It understood not what they seem'd to be.

Mar. You speak too like a Rival now to prove
A uncorrupted Judge in Pleas of love.

Sul. If I confess the bonds in which I'm ti'd,
Fair *Marcellina* shou'd not seem to chide ;
Since if the just *Hersilia* pitties me,
I leave *Sertorius* to her love more free.

Mar. In such mean paths as cou'sning States-men move,
To walk to greatness, others tread to love :
Both creep upon the strength of fawning lies,
And on Mens blasted fames attempt to rise.

Sulp. This to me, Madam, that have always shewn
A sorrow for your wrong !

Mar. I know of none,
But those which I receive from your design ;
The injury of Vertue must be mine.

Sulp. Vertue by truth receives no injury.

Her. Truth is ill carried by an Enemy ;
I'll do my self and them at least this right,
To forbid you to come into my sight.

O *Marcellina*,
How hard it is my trouble to disguise,
Though I believe not him, I must my Eyes.

[As going out.

[Exit.

Enter Sulpitius.

Sulp. What can this mean, perhaps they both agree !
To hide their trouble, and to couzen me ;
'twas dull and foolish to betray my flame,
Designs that hit shou'd be as swift as aim.
They shou'd go quicker off; Powder not dry
Does seldom hit, but makes the Fowl more shie.

Enter Servant.

O, *Claudius*, welcome.

Ser. Have you sped, Sir ?

Sulp. Indifferently ; but still thy merits
Deserve more than I promis'd : Here, take this,
And still continue constant to my wishes ;
I shall need thy further help.

Ser. You shall not fail to have it, Sir.

Sulp. Meet me an hour hence

Hard by the *Flavian* Bridge : fail not.

Serv. You need not, Sir, repeat commands to me.

Sulp. Thy rewards shall fall like show'rs upon thee.
My plots fall short, like Darts which rash hands throw
With an ill aim, and have too far to go ;
Nor can I long discoveries prevent,
I deal too much among the Innocent I
Their tracks are not so soon discern'd that go
Thorough foul paths, as theirs that tread in snow.

[Ex. Serv.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Sertorius and Caska.

Sert. When will *Tiridates* meet?

Caska. Presently, Sir; he promis'd to be there as soon as you.
A little farther brings you to the place.

Sert. He's noble.

Why shou'd it easier prove
To agree more in Virtue than in Love!
Those that are Rivals in their Piety
Are kind, yet all bow to one Deity:
We both have but one Altar and one Flame,
Our Honour, Love and Wishes are the same;
From those fair Springs true Friendship us'd to flow;
But from those Fountains now our Quarrels grow.

Enter Mutius.

Mut. Noble *Sertorius*.

Sert. You mean *Sulpitius*.

Mut. I shou'd be glad to see him.

Sert. Prerhee look him.

[Exit with Caska.]

Mut. What's this! I have been better entertain'd;
My Sword has help'd this Man to Victory;
But now it seems there is no use of me:
There may come yet a time—

Enter five or six Veterans.

1. Brave *Mutius*.

Mut. Mighty *Plebeians*, yours.

1. A hard time, *Mutius*.

Mut. Ease enough for you, brave *Veterans*;

I take it you are not cloy'd with busines.

2. Troth we have scarce busines for our teeth.

Mut. Draw 'em then;

Hunger is the worst kind of Tooth-ach.

1. We have been courted, *Mutius*,

Speeches made to us, and call'd the Bulwarks of the Country;
Now we are slighted.

Mut. Did you intend that for a Jest?

I hate a Sou'dier that is poor and witty;

Wit is the peace of every Man; hang it,

A Souldier shou'd be blunt and mutinous.

1. We shou'd be hang'd then.

Mut. Not if you'd hang together, Puppies.

O the brave days of *Julius*, when he flew

The *Roman* Eagles at the stooping World,

And dar'd it like a Lark!

1. I, I, those were days.

Mut. Peace is the rust of Minds; brave Souls refine

By great Examples and with use they shine.

I remember *Pharsalia*'s dreadful Field,

When the first Ranks came to so near a view,

The *Roman* Souldiers all each other knew;

In vain the Generals gave their fierce Commands,

The Eyes of both the Armies held their hands;

While Brothers gaze, and Fathers Sons behold,

Nature in whispers her fond stories told;

Y

Friends

Friends gaz'd on Friends, forgot they were to fight,
And made a halt as shameful as a flight ;
When *Crastinus* advanc'd before the rest,
And struck his Pyle into a *Roman* Breast :
As from one Cloud vast Tempests fill the Skies,
So shoures of Piles from his began to rise :
Had not his great Example set us free,
We had been robb'd of that day's Victory.

1. I Captain, our Emperour has shut up *Janus*'s Gates,
The World's at peace now.

Mut. Let him lull in't,
Till he forget the way how to Command ;
'Tis a dark Lanthorn in a Prince's hand ;
'Tis Peace that shines, while he in darkness lives,
Hid by the light which he to others gives.
The Gown-men now by cherish'd Vices thrive ;
Virtue is starv'd, or hardly kept alive ;
Mischief is fed, while out of Policy
They keep some to betray, and some to lie.

1. No employment now for Souldiers.

Mut. You are dull Blockheads when y'are out of pay ;
The Souldiers Vices lie another way.
D'ye think that Statefinens kindnesses proceed
From any principles but their own need ?
When they'r afraid, they'r wondrous good and free ;
But when they'r safe they have no memory.

1. The Great Men swallow all.

Mut. Mankind upon each others ruines rise,
Cowards maintain the brave, and Fools the wise :
Honour and all Religion bears a price,
But as the rates are set by Death and Vice.

Enter *Sulpitius*.

Sulp. Brave *Mutius*, never more happily met.

Mut. That's well ; did you not meet *Sertorius* ?

Sulp. No, why d'ye ask ?

Mut. Nay nothing ;

I thought he had been going to keep an Oracle,
He practis'd to stare and swell strangely.

Sulp. Let him swell and burst, it matters not.

--- Who are these, *Mutius* ?

Mut. Quiet Rogues ; they were brave Souldiers.

Sulp. Have they lost their Spirits ?

Mut. I know not ; they are out of practice ;
They have been bob'd ;

They might be train'd again perhaps, and enter'd.

Sulp. This way a little, *Mutius* ; you are my Friend.

Mut. I wou'd cut any Man's throat
That said the contrary.

Sulp. I must use your Sword, *Mutius*.

Mut. Here it hangs ready, 'tis almost rusty.

Sulp. Be not startled when I tell you
Tis against my Brother.

Mut. Let it be against your Father,
Tis all one to me.

Sulp. The quarrel is *Hersilia*.

Mut.

Mut. A Woman is the worst that cou'd be.
Are you to fight who shal have her?

Sulp. That she must only judge.

Mut. So then, shall we fight to make her sport?
A parcel of such Lovers

Wou'd make excellent pastime in the Amphitheatre:
I had an easier way with my Damsels;
Kind or cruel, they never scap'd me.

Sulp. Not if you cou'd come at 'em, *Mutius.*

Mut. If they were hid in Houses
I made 'em bolt with Fire,
And pitch'd my toils on all sides ready for 'em.

Sulp. Ha —

1. Noble *Mutius*, farewell; we'll wait on you
Another time.

Sulp. Pray let your Friends stay a little.

Mut. Stay, Gentlemen.

Sulp. Fire a House, *Mutius!*

Mut. There's no such way; the coyest then
Will leap into the next Man's Arms:
I have been thank'd for saving them
Out of the very Fire that I kindled.

Sulp. They may live to love *Hersilia.*

Mut. If we kill 'em, 'tis two to one however
That you'll ne'er have her.

[Seems troubled.]

Sulp. Dare these Men stick by us?

Mut. Pay 'em well, and let the business
Be wicked enough; Then never fear 'em.

Sulp. They shall eat Gold.

Mut. 'Trost I believe they can digest it too.

Sulp. Thou hast put wild thoughts into my head:
If I shou'd fall, she crowns their Victory;
Or if Prince *Tiridates* falls by me;
I must live hated by her. You Pow'r's above,
Let either Death or Life reward my Love.

Mut. You are troubled, Sir: I did not talk
To save the fighting part: I wou'd serve you in your love
Through greater dangers.

Sulp. O *Mutius*, advise me something;
My blood and thoughts stand still within my Breast;
Reason's asleep, and torments seem at rest.

Mut. Why I have told you my best stratagem;
If you get her Father's House but fir'd,
Let us alone, we'll help to quench it;
And in the hurry we may get your Mistress;
There's no suspicion waits on such disorders.

Sulp. Dear *Mutius*, thou reviv'st my drooping Soul;
There is no other way left probable.

Enter *Claudius a Servant.*

See, *Mutius*, Fortune seconds thy advice,
Here's one may prove the Instrument — walk off.

Claudius, welcome; here I have been short in my Rewards.

[Gives him money.]

Claud. You have been, Sir, too bountiful
To my small services.

Sulp. I have a business, if thou dar'st attempt it,
Shall treble thy Rewards, and yet leave me thy debtor.

Claud. Name it, Sir, and think it done.

Sulp. Thou know'st
How unsuccessful I am like to prove ;
One Act of thine may help me to *Hersilia*,
Then think what thy reward shall be.

Claud. Speak but the thing, Sir :

Sulp. Presently then in some convenient place
Set fire on thy Master's House; do not wonder,
I'll have those ready that shall quench it quickly;
And in the hurry, under pretence of help,
Bring *Hersilia* forth at the East-gate,
That looks towards the *Tiber* ;
There I'll wait for her ; and by my happiness
Measure thy own Rewards.

Claud. Whither shall we fly, Sir ?

Sulp. Trouble not thy self, leave that to me :
Dar'st thou do it ?

Claud. When wou'd you have it done, Sir ?

Sulp. Presently, before suspicion can have time to grow.

Claud. I'll do it, Sir; be sure that you wait ready.

Sulp. Be gone about it, let me see it flame
Before an hour's expir'd : trust to me,
And have no fears.

Claud. I know an unfrequented room
Fit for my purpose; I'll do it instantly :
Expect me at the East-gate.

[Ex. Claud.

Sulp. I will not fail.
'Tis done, *Mutius*, 'tis a fire already ;
That Fellow is a Servant to *Emilius*,
Whom I have made my Slave with Bribes ;
He's gone about it : Are your Friends prepar'd ?

Mut. Beyond sick Men, ready to dye for you.

Sulp. 'Tis well,
I'll place you in your several stations
That she may scape no way :
Then if we can but carry off our plunder.

Mut. Pish, the fire will have all the Enemies,
We shall have none.

Sulp. Where shall our Rendezvouz be ?

Mut. At my House of pleasure
That stands upon the *Tiber* ;
That will be least suspected, because I live
Most in the City : besides, we have the River
To help us to escape if need require.

Sulp. No better place. — Gentlemen,
Pray observe such orders as my Friend *Mutius* gives you.
He shall have money to reward you
Equal to all your services, and beyond modest wishes.

1. 2. Doubt us not, Sir, we will be punctual.

Sulp. Come, *Mutius*, as we go
We will agree on the particulars :
Justice has took away all my compassion ;
And when their flames in cruel brightness shine,
I'll smile, since there was none that pittied mine.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Sertorius and Caska.

Sert. Have you plac'd the Horses where I appointed?
Caska. Yes, Sir.

Ser. I have but one thing more then to enjoyn thee ;
If I shou'd fall by *Tiridates* Sword,
Carry the News thy self unto *Hersilia*,
And watch her as thou woud'st an Arrow shot,
To see whether it hit or no.

Caska. To what purpose, Sir?

Sert. If she had any pity for me living,
Her sorrow for me dead, will shew it.

Caska. But how, Sir, shou'd I send you word?

Sert. 'Tis true, abundance travel through the Grave ;
But there's not one of all the multitude
Will carry more than his own News about him :
Why shou'd things so remote beget such strife
Beyond our knowledge, and beyond our life ?
Succession thus come to fond Joys betray,
For whose vain hopes their ruine must make way.

Enter *Tiridates*.

Caska. Prince *Tiridates*, Sir,

Sert. O 'tis well ; leave us now, *Caska*,
And watch where I appointed :
If *Tiridates* comes without me,
Let him receive those helps that I shou'd have.

Caska. This is a cruel Service, Sir.

Sert. Dispute it not

[Exit *Caska*.]

Tir. Your pardon, *Sertorius*, that I seem'd thus slow.
I was enforced to make some little stay
To 'scape *Sulpitius* ; he and *Mutius*
Were earnest in Discourse.

Sert. May be they are looking us ; *Mutius* is bold,
Nor is that base *Sulpitius* less than he ;
And thus much, *Tiridates*, I'll acknowledge,
Had they now met us with their Swords about 'em :
I shou'd with much more pleasure as your Friend
Have took my share against 'em.

Tir. Assisted by *Sertorius*, I shou'd have been.
As sure of Conquest, as he is now of Victory.
I have one motion only left to make,
He that survives let him go tell *Hersilia*
That though his Rival in the fatal Strife
Was lost in Death, yet Love out-liv'd his Life.

Sert. I will be just to you ; but if I fall,
Carry no news of Love ; nor me at all ;
For I have thought upon't, and find it vain,
To me no Message can come back again.

— So to our Fortunes.

[Draws.]

[Draws.]

[Fight.]

Enter *Caska* hastily.

Caska. Hold, hold, as you have Honour, hold.

Sert. Ha, *Caska* ! What tempts thee to this Folly ?

Caska. The saddest Spectacle that ever was :
Emilius's House seems almost wrapt in Flame ;

The

The noise of people, and the Fire encrease.

Sert. Take heed you do not play the Fool.

Cask. Go but to the place where you appointed me to wait,
And if it be not true, cut me to pieces :
While you doubt,
You but delay to help *Hersilia*.

Tir. Can this be true !

Cask. Or I am more a Villain than I was us'd to be.

Sert. We may believe him. Come, *Tiridates*,
Hersilia's Danger now our Quarrel ends,
And when she is unsafe, we must be Friends :
Our Actions some fantastick Planet guides,
I'll Fortune can unite whom Good divides.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene appears a Burning-house.

Enter Artabaces.

Artab. **W**Hat Noise is this ! — How ! — [Noise.]
A House in Flames ! where e'er I go, I see
Ruines of several Natures wait on me.
— Hark, they cry for help — [Noise of help.]
'Twere pity to devote my self to Flames,
To save I know not who ; what need I care ?
He that is wretched has a Life to spare ;
Fate shall not need look after me, I'll try
Which is most careles grown, Fortune, or I. [Exit, as into the House.]

Enter Mutius, and two Souldiers.

Mut. No stirring yet ?

1 Sould. Not as we can see.

Mut. They are not findg'd yet :
Nor do I gaze with such a Gust of Joy,
As *Pyrhus* had to look on burning *Troy* :
That this might grow to be *Rome*'s funeral Flame,
And in its Ashes bury its own Name.

2 Sould. Shall we go to th'other side ?

Mut. We'll keep our motions in this compass.

1 S. How shou'd we know the right Lady, *Mutius* ?

Mut. Troth 'twas high time to ask ;
Yet to say truth, I scarcely know myself ;
But that we may be sure not to mistake,
Catch up every thing that looks but like a Woman.
Come softly this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Artabaces with Virginia, vail'd, and in a swoon.

Art. Here's something yet, she was well findg'd,
And had been over-roasted presently.

[*Sets her down.*]

— Now let me see my purchace. —

— Ha, — my Eyes dazzle as if they star'd on Sun-shine.

— I'll wipe 'em, and then look again ;

Her

Her Eyes are clos'd ; and though with her 'tis Night,
Her Beauty shines without the help of Light :
A darker Form has hid a Deity,
But Death's too near for Immortality.

I'll bow her gently ;
Nature begins to triumph in the Strife,
And through her Lips soft Whispers steal of Life.
How fresh they shew, the Roses almost gone
For want of air, by Breath seem newly blown.

Ver. — Ha, — where am I ?
Hersilia, Sister, *Hersilia*, —
Ha, — who are you ? Are you not my Father ?

Art. No, by no means, fair Creature.
Ver. Are you not a Man ?
Art. That's an odd question — yes. —
Ver. You shou'd be then my Father.
Art. That's right, a man indeed shou'd be her Father. [Aside.]
Ver. Or is there any other man besides my Father ?
Art. She's mad, over-heated with the Fire.
Ver. Pray pardon my want of knowledge,
I never saw a man besides my Father,
Till I saw you, if you be one.

Art. This is the likeliest thing to be a Virgin
That e'er I met with.
— Where have you liv'd, to be so ignorant ?
Ver. Among the *Vestal Virgins* from an Infant,
And help'd to keep the Sacred Fire alive.

Art. O that my Flame, as pure as those, might be
Fed by your pity, though not piety !

Ver. Help me but back again, and I'll attend
With true Devotion those pure Flames you send.

Art. From Ignorance alas her pity grows,
Her Innocence above a Virtue shews.

Ver. I had forgot, my Father and my Sister
May want the help that you ill plac'd in me.
O pity, there's rather my misery ;
Their Merits and Rewards far exceed mine.

Art. Rewards cou'd never yet my Soul incline.
Ver. I can invite you then no other way.

Art. Command me to my Death, and I obey.
Ver. Sure all Mankind are not thus virtuous too.

Art. All Womankind do less resemble you.
Ver. Hark, a Noise again ; O my Father !

Gentle Sir, that gen'rous pity shew,
Which those above gave you but to bestow.

Art. Dry up your Tears, fair Innocence ;
I only beg, if I return,

That I may find you in this place again.

Ver. Here you shall find me sending up my Pray'r's
For your Success and Happiness.

Art. I had forgot to ask your Name. [Bows, and as going.]
Ver. *Virginia*, Sir, my Father's Name's *Emilius*,

You never ask'd me that.

Art. Nor never shou'd ;
I have your word to stay just in this place.

Ver. You need not doubt ; I know not where to go.

Art.

Art. 'Tis all I ask for my Reward ;
 Think, bright *Virginia*, all your Cares are mine.
 Fortune has play'd her Tricks, now Love play thine. [Exit, as into the
Burning-house.]

Manet Virginia.

Ver. Does Heaven on all Mankind such good bestow?
 My Fortune's excellent, or they are so :
 I grow strangely concern'd, some unknown Cause
 A secret warmth into my Bosom draws ;
 I blush, I know not why ; my confus'd Sense
 Whispers, that Shame can live with Innocence ;
 Mind's like smooth Paper never writ upon,
 When folded up, by some Impression,
 Marks will remain it never had before,
 And ne'er return to former smoothness more.

Enter Mutius, and three or four.

Mut. No news yet of *Sulpitius* !
 — The Women are all burnt, I hope.
 — Ha, here's one yet left, a very fair one too.
 — Come, Lady, you must along with me.

Ver. What are you ?

Mut. Why, men.

Ver. You wou'd not be thus rude then.

Mut. Who the Devil shou'd be rude, if men shou'd not ?
 Away with her, and stay for me
 Under the Grove I told you of.

— Come along.

Ver. Whither ? why d'ye pull me ?
 Alas, you'll frighten me.

Mut. She's wond'rous fair. — Away with her.
 I hope this is not *Hersilia*. —

Aside.

Then 'tis fair play : Equal Danger, equal Plunder.

Ver. Pray do not pull me, I promis'd to stay here
 Till a Friend come ; I must not break my word.

Mut. Indeed you must. — Away with her.

Ver. What d'ye mean. O my heart fails me.
 — Oh.

Swoons.

Mut. Up with her, she'll wake with jogging :
 Stay where I told you ; I'll see a little farther,
 And then come to you.

Exeunt.

Enter Sulpitius and Hersilia, with Claudio and others.

Sulp. Follow still behind, and give me notice
 If any overtakes us : Is *Cinna* gone to *Mutius* ?

— Yes, Sir.

Her. Whither d'you carry me ?
 I do command you let me go.

Sulp. When we are a little farther,
 Free from the Danger that concerns your Honour,
 I will obey you ; till then, believe it was your Service,
 That made me throw my self into this Danger.

Her. This is strange, I mistrust something.

Sulp. You might if you knew all I know ;
 Pray ask no Questions in this place.
 All is unsafe about us.

Exeunt.
Enter

Enter Sertorius, bringing out Marcellina out of the fire.

Mar. Set down your wretched load, for I am grown
Your burthen, that only wou'd have been my own ;
Had you preserv'd *Hersilia*, you had prov'd
Happy to save the person we both lov'd ;
But now you are as much unfortunate

To save a wretched thing whom we both hate. [He stands amaz'd.

Sert. Forgive the mixture which in me appears ;
Wrong not my joys, nor yet condemn my fears.

Mar. Why do you stay, look on those shining Walls,
And think that from those flames *Hersilia* calls.

Sert. O what a wonder does your Friendship prove !
Forgives ingratitude, and urges love.

— I know not what to do.

Mar. —— Go, go,
And pay what you to Love and Honour owe.

Sert. Then I must stay ; for there is nothing due
From Love or Honour justly but to you.

Mar. All debts to me, to her I thus resign ;
Be gone, and think *Hersilia*'s danger's mine.

Ser. And leave you thus !

Mar. —— If you stay here,
Your formal gratitude will look like fear.

Sert. It is my shame to stay, my shame to go ;
Yet not my Virtue, but yours makes it so :
If in these flames I meet my death, they'll prove
As gentle, but more just than those of love. [Exit as into the House.

Mar. —— What shall I do, my thoughts are tir'd, I find,
With tedious Journeys up and down my mind ;
Sometimes they lose their way, sometimes as slow,
Like Beasts o'er-loaded, heavily they move,
Prest by the weight of sorrow and of love.

Enter Artabaces.

Art. So much for this ; I'll have no more of these fiery trials,
My hair stinks like new burn'd Tinder :
See, she has kept her word.

— Best Lady.

Mar. Sir.

Art. 'Slife, 'tis not she.

Mar. You seem concern'd at some mistake.

Art. A little, Madam ; it was my good fortune
To save a Lady from these flames,
That I expected here : 'twas her Commands
That sent me back, to see what help
Her Father and her Sister might have need of.

Mar. She was not tall, Sir.

Art. No, Madam, her beauty and her stature
Shew'd her very young.

Mar. You are happy, Sir, to be the fortunate preserver
Of so much Innocence and Beauty.

Art. D'you know her, Madam ? or to whom
This wretched House did once belong ?

Mar. She was my Cousin, Sir, and that was once
Her Father's Palace : you seem a stranger by these questions.

Art. I am, Madam, and but arriv'd this minute :
The first thing I almost saw, at least took notice of,
Was this sad Spectacle.

Mar. Is all consum'd ?

Art. Every one now is 'scapt or perisht,
And need no help, or else are past it :
The last I met with was a noble Gentleman,
Concern'd it seems above the thought of danger ;
For he appear'd careless of cracking beams,
And uncheck'd flames : A sudden noise
Without the House call'd him away.

Mar. O Sertorius ! which way, Sir, was the noise ?

Art. 'Twas on the other side.

Mar. That way Sertorius went, and I must follow.
— Pardon my disturbance, Sir — yet —
— Reason and Honour check my hafte —
But our unsteady actions cannot be
Manag'd by rules of strict Philosophy ;
There is but part belongs unto our care ;
Fortune has right, and title to a share.

[Exit.]

Manet Artabaces.

Art. Shou'd Fortune count with me unto this day,
She'd find there was a mighty debt to pay ;
The Roman Conquest o'er my Country spread,
My Brother lost, or worse, in Triumph led ;
Sure such full Empires have no aim or guide,
And those that reach 'em do not move but slide.
Man is too weak to manage with frail sense,
Such a resemblance of Omnipotence.
A Storm at Sea threw me on *Italy*,
And here I thought to find my death or thee :
Poor *Tiridates*, — how cou'd fortune prove,
So curst among my woes to mingle love !
Which way to go I know not, nor need care ;
I have been us'd to wander in despair.
All by uncertain ways pursue their ends,
And unto every object Reason bends.

[Exit.]

The Scene shuts.

Enter Emilius, and Tiridates, and followers.

Emil. You have sav'd my Life, brave *Tiridates* ;
Wou'd I cou'd pay you with *Hersilia*,
That wou'd appear more than a common gratitude.

Tir. *Hersilia* is a happiness beyond
My hopes and merits.

Emil. This fire was kindled by some treachery ;
I fear *Hersilia* is the purchace
Of their designs and mischiefs.

Tir. Let us not now waste time with vain conjectures ;
Hersilia and *Virginia* may want help,
While we are talking how they come to need it.

Emil. 'Tis true, let us take several ways,
And meet down by the *Tiber*, hard by *Numa's Grove*.

Tir.

Tir. If I have life I'll bring it thither.
 — What did I say ! how cou'd I talk
 Of carrying any longer life about me !
 — But humane things have such variety,
 Neither the wife nor brave know when to die ;
 For neither justly can their deaths intend,
 Till they are sure all hopes have first their end.

[*Ex. Emil. and followers.*]

Enter Sertorius.

Sert. — Ha — *Tiridates* !
 He's it seems no happier yet than I.
 Stay, — Sir, — what news ?

Tir. None that either of us wish ;
Herfilia is for certain forc'd away
 By unknown Persons.

Sert. So I have heard.

Tir. *Emilius* has took the great *Flaminian way* ;
 Let us divide our selves, — and when —

Sert. Stay, *Tiridates* ; Fortune seems wise in bringing us together,
 She knows not what to do with both of us ;
 In the pursuit of Honour she can be
 Liberal to many in one Victory :
 When Fame's the Mistress, more than one may prove
 Happy at once ; but 'tis not so in Love.

Tir. He that blind Fortune will have happy made,
 Let her guide him unto *Herfilia*'s aid.

Sert. She shall guide me no farther ; you and I
 Will not ask her Opinion which shall die ;
 Our Swords will tell us all that she can know ;
 Her means are quick, though she her self be slow.

[*Drams.*]

Tir. I draw for my defence, not my design ;
 You urge a wrong both to your Love and mine ;
 While your Revenge above your own does prove,
 And force my Honour to exceed my Love.

[*Drams.*]

Sert. 'Tis only Love that does this quarrel breed,
 And so my Love my Honour does exceed.

Tir. Wou'd Love attempt to ruine its own aid ?
 We fight for them by whom she is betray'd :
 Whoe'er o'ercomes, his guilty Conquest shews,
Herfilia nothing to his Valour owes.

Sert. 'Tis true, —
 'Tis against her that I my Sword employ,
 And she may want that help which I destroy.
 — Forgive me, Sir : — Yet all things that can move,
 As well as I, have felt Revenge and Love ;
 Unruly heats are with our Essence spread,
 And by craz'd Passion Nature's cemented.

Tir. While she has Enemies let us be Friends,
 And now by several ways pursue our ends.

Sert. Stay, I am yet confus'd ; 'tis a hard fate
 To help to make my self unfortunate.

Tir. We waste that time which takes too fast a flight,
 And 'tis more guilt to talk than 'twere to fight.

Sert. How weak these wild distractions make me prove !
 I am taught when to fight, and how to love ;

Yet one thing more, if in your Breast you have
No mix'd desig's but what are clear and brave ;
Let us engage, whoe'er is happy made,
To find *Hersilia* first, and bring her aid,
That he shall make no use of his success,
Nor the least story of his Love express,
Till first by our own Swords our cause is try'd ;
It is too great for Fortune to decide.

Tir. To keep this sacred here I freely vow ;
You learn'd at first, but teach me Honour now.

Sert. Till then let us embrace ; whoe'er Love guides
Unto his blis, for t'other Fate provides.
Now to our Fortunes ; I'll pursue the way
Which leads through *Numa's* Grove.

Tir. — But stay,
Where shall we meet ?

Sert. Under those stately ranks
Of Cypress Trees that shade the *Tiber's* Banks,
Near *Mutius's* House ; for still I apprehend
That Man ; he's Mischief's and my Brother's Friend.

Tir. Agreed ; — in equal hopes now both are tied.
Sert. But when we meet our wishes must divide.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Artabaces.

Art. How ignorant of every thing I move !
I know not where I go, nor what I love :
Yet though she's gone, her Image still I find,
And I pursue what she has left behind.
Ah, my dear Brother, — poor *Tiridates* ! —
Cast on these Shores I came to look out thee,
And by my Bonds or Death to set thee free ;
But into other Fetters I am thrown,
Not by my honour but my Love put on.
Quite tir'd I seem, like a hard-hunted Beast,
That does not seem to go, but sinks to rest.
Spent Nature's weight hangs heavy on my Eyes,
Sleep can cure Fevers, why not Miseries ?
A Soul's disease can few Physicians find ;
For Emp'ricks only practise on the mind :
Yet sleep her Image might convey to me,
And shew in Dreams what I must never see.

Enter two of *Mutius* men with *Virginia* still in a swoon.

1. On, on, to the *Tiber* with her,
And Sacrifice her to *Neptune*.

2. The Devil we will ; — what,
Go twice as far as we need,
To try to be apprehended for Murderers !
The next Ditch will serve. — Ha, — what's here !
A dead man ! 'slife, a most excellent Companion for her ;
If he be asleep let him wake and answer for't,
Gently, gently ; so, lay her behind him.

[They lay her behind Artabaces.]

So, now to *Mutius*, and swear she was dead.

1. I, and cold too.

[Exeunt.]

Artabaces

Artabaces after a little time wakes.

Art. Sure 'twas that Beauty which appear'd so bright ;
 My Eyes by waking rob me of my sight ;
 When they were shut her Image did appear ;
 I star'd too boldly sure, and made her fear. [Turns and sees her.]
 Ha ! —— look where she is ; alas, I do mistake ;
 For I dream still, and think I am awake :
 Some pitying Pow'r this Vision does bestow,
 And helps me to deceive my Sorrow so. [She groans.]
 What's that ! my Senses sure are not my own !
 Can empty Dreams and airy Visions groan ?
 Her Eyes begin to move and shine with life,
 Now sink again in Death's ungentle strife :
 In doubtful Weather, so the Sun resigns
 Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and sometimes shines.
 She lives again ; O cease your Cruelty,
 And she'll by that Example pity me. [She revives.]

Ver. Oh me !

Have I not slept too long, and am to blame,
 Neglecting to attend the Sacred Flame ?

Art. Here is that Flame to which your Eyes did give
 Life first, and promis'd it should always live.

Ver. Where are the Vestals then, or where am I ?
 Some confus'd Thoughts now shake my Memory ;
 I do remember I was seiz'd upon
 By some rude men ; I thought there had been none.
 Pray, who are you ?

Art. —— Alas, I have no Name,
 But that which is my Trouble, or my Shame.

Ver. Sure both my Eyes and Ears deceive me now,
 Once I saw something look'd, and spoke like you :
 But by my fond Desires he was betray'd ;
 I lov'd him Life, which with his Death I pay'd. [Weeps.]

Art. Those Flames you sent me to, have let me live,
 Perhaps reserv'd to dye by those you give.

Ver. Pray do not wrong me, are you he indeed ?
 I feel some unknown Joys that do exceed
 The usual Measures of my Happiness ;
 I fear there may be guilt in the excess.

Art. O do not fear that Pity e'er can prove
 A guilt in any, shou'd it grow to Love.

Ver. Pity is Love, and then it need not grow.

Art. In the World's common Charity 'tis so ;
 Such Love is only in Obedience shewn
 To those above, the other is our own.

Ver. We shou'd deny our own Affections still.

Art. These Passions are all Strangers to the Will.
 When I first saw your Eyes, my Heart was free.

Ver. O that I cou'd restore your Liberty.

Art. That way there is no pity to be shewn,
 Restore not mine, but try to lose your own.

Ver. Will that strange way a Remedy procure ?
 Can a Disease in one, another cure ?

Art. In Love's Disease neither their Cures obtain,
 But both grow well by one anothers pain. Ver.

Ver. I know not what you mean, but I incline
To think that your Misfortunes wou'd be mine.

Art. May I not dare to wish a little more ?

Ver. ————— Take heed,
Our Wishes may be Faults when they exceed.

Art. Do covetous men, or the ambitious find
Their vast Desires by any bounds confin'd ?
If pow'ful Nature lets no Passion move
Within known limits, why alas shou'd Love ?

Enter the two men of Mutius.

1. On, on ; we are dead men ;
Look where she is alive too : O happy Chance.

Ver. Help, help, these are the Villains.

Art. Your business, Rascals.

1. That Woman is our business.

Art. You shall have her thus, Dogs.

[He steps before her.
Eight, kills one, the other
runs, and as he pursues,

Enter Mutius, and others behind him, and seize him.

Art. Unhand me, Slaves.

Ver. O help.

Mut. You call for that you need not.

Art. Slaves, Dogs.

Mut. Ha, what's this ? Tigellinus dead !

Thy Life for his is justly forfeited. [Offers to run at Artabaces, she steps
between.

Ver. O hold, I was the cause that stain'd his Innocence
With that man's blood, for 'twas in my Defence ;
Besides, I'm tir'd with Life, and fit to dye.

Art. There's none so weary of a Life as I ;
Yet if you Romans wou'd be thought such men,
Give me a Sword, and try to take it then.

Mut. 'Tis for her sake I do not punish thee.
This Fellow is not to be trusted free ;
Bring him along.

[Aside.

Art. ————— Slaves, I will not go.

Mut. Drag him along.

Ver. ————— O, do not use him so.

Alas, what d'you mean ?

Mut. Why do I stay
Thus trifling ? Madam, come, here lies our way.
Bring him alive or dead.

[Exit.

Ver. ————— Pray hold your hands.
Good Sir, obey their Pow'r, or my Commands.

Art. Come, lead me where you please ; how much above
My Reason and my Courage is my Love !

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mutius and Virginia.

Mut. **S**TILL weeping, Madam ? these are unkind Tears,
Love is ill paid with Sorrow, or with Fears.

Ver. If Love's ill paid with Grief, it needs must be
As ill exprest by signs of Cruelty.

Mut.

Mut. It is a Cruelty to my Soul exprest,
Because I keep it Pris'ner in my Breast?

Ver. Not while 'tis willing, but it wou'd be so
Had it as much desire as I to go.

Mut. Since Life and you in me bear equal sway,
Be not less willing than my Life to stay.

Ver. If Bondage only does express you kind,
Why does the Stranger such harsh usage find?
Can you pretend that the same act should be
Cruel to him, and yet so kind to me?

Mut. O my vex'd Soul! how true my Fears do prove!
Love betrays me, and she betrays her Love.
I'll try her yet. — — — Shou'd I not seem to be
In all things kind, to set this Stranger free?

Ver. Alas, what shall I say! — — I think you were,
He offers all I wish, and all I fear

Mut. How brightly her betraying Blushes move,
And seem a glorious Traytor to her Love!

Ver. Sure when he has his Freedom he'll be gone.
Shou'd I beg his that am deny'd my own?

Mut. You need not now your Pow'r or Tears employ,
The Stranger does his Liberty enjoy.

Ver. But is he gone already? Can it be?

Mut. What, are you troubled at his Liberty?

Ver. Did he not ask to see me ere he went?

Mut. He said not much: I know not what he meant.

Ver. Perhaps you did refuse that small Request?

Mut. I cou'd not grant that which he ne'er exprest.

Ver. Why, did I owe my Safety to his aid?

O Kindness ill bestow'd, but worse repay'd?

Mut. Thou hast betray'd thy self, the Lover's part
I'll act henceforward with a Souldier's Heart.

Ver. Alas, what do you mean? What Tempests rise?
The gathering Storms lye rowling in your Eyes.

Mut. I bluith that I have been so calm and tame,
Conquests in Love and War are but the same;
Both reach'd by boldest hands, and Fools alone
Thank Fate or you, for that which is their own.

Ver. Alas, what have I done?

Mut. — — — How cou'd you be
So foolish to think I had set him free?
I quickly found he was too fortunate:
You may cheat those you love, not those you hate.

Ver. O be more gentle.

Mut. — — — Yes, when you are kind.

Ver. Storms hardly will teach Calmness to a Mind.

Mut. You rais'd the Storm which shall his ruin prove,
And he shall owe his Fate unto your Love.

Ver. Alas, 'tis your suspicion does engage
Your Fury thus; this Object of your Rage
I never saw, till from the Flames just now
He brought me forth, and gave me Life to owe.

Mut. What Flames were those?

Ver. — — — Those wretched Flames which burn'd
My Father's House, and all to Ashes turn'd.

Mut. O happy, *Herilia's* Sister!

[*Aside.*]

How the kind Fates still nearer Bonds provide,
For me, and for *Sulpitius* to be ty'd.

Ver. Are you not yet appeas'd ? Or can it be,
That Gratitude shou'd cause such Jealousie ?
In gentle Minds, Love takes the most delight ;
Rough Natures urge not Passion, but affright.

Mut. Come, dry those gentle Show'rs, for there will be
No need of tears, unles to pity me.

Ver. Will you no more appear in such a Rage ?
Mut. You need not fear the Storms you can asswage :
Teach me by your Example, I shall prove
The aptest Scholar, when I'm taught by Love :
— But I forget *Sulpitius* : — Who's there ?

— Here — — — — —
Receive this Virgin with Respect and Care,
Safely till I return, and let her be
Obey'd by you that is ador'd by me.

Ver. I find his Jealousie has told him true,
And found my Love sooner than I cou'd do ;
What shall I say ? which will the hardest prove,
To hide my Hate, or to conceal my Love ?
How can I practise what I never knew ?
And appear false, that so I might be true ?
And yet if they shou'd take his Life away — —
Will none of these as well as I betray ?
— Is your Captain gone, my Friend ?

1. A little way.

Ver. When will he return ?

2. That's uncertain.

Ver. He was very kind to me ;
You know it best, with whom he left
Commands that were so civil.

2. Yes, I think he did.

Ver. I do believe there was no need ;
Your Natures won'd have urg'd you to as much
As I shall beg.

2. What does she mean ?

Ver. I have a small Request.

2. Well, what is't ?

Ver. Nay, do not ask me harshly ;
A Kindness may be lessened by the manner.

2. What the Devil does she mean ?

Ver. How ruggedly they look ? — —
Yet I shou'd take it well, nay, very kindly.

1. 'Slife, how she tempts ! — —

— Well, name it.

Ver. 'Tis only — — If they shou'd deny me,
I know you'll think it but a small Request.

1. Well, let's hear it.

Ver. I wou'd see the Stranger that was taken with me,
I have a little busines with him.

1. We dare not do it.

Ver. Your Captain said you shou'd obey me ;
But I wou'd owe it to your Natures,
Rather than his Commands.

2. 'Tis impossible to deny her.

[Walks musing, she
after him.

[Enter 1.

[Exit.

[Looks on the men.

[Aside.

[Aside.

[Aside.

Ver.

Ver. Yet I wou'd be grateful too ; not to bribe,
But to reward your gentle natures.

1. If we do not take the better care,
She'll make us think w're honest too.

2. We can easily convince her.

Ver. Why d'you delay ? pray make more haste to goodness ;
Here, divide this between you. [Offers money.]

1. Do'st think we shall be able to deny her ?
2. 'Tis impossible to deny her, and her money too :
Our Captain has a brave prize.

Ver. Alas, I fear they will deny me :
Are you not yet resolv'd ? — here, pray accept it.

1. Well, for once we'll strain a point ;
Come follow us, we'll bring ye to him :
But 'tis two to one whether he'll speak to you or no :
He's as sullen as a new taken Eagle.

Ver. I'll venture that.

1. My Companion will guide you to the place ;
Follow me slowly, for I must step before
And prepare those that guard him.

Ver. I thank you, may you find full rewards
In the success of all your just deserts : [Exit.]
When shall the fears of minds concern'd grow less,
I tremble now at my own wisht success :
Courage in great distrets can only aid,
But fear of what shou'd help will be afraid.
The Gods from passions might have made us free,
Or gave us only those which best agree ;
For such as mine a wretched mingle prove,
The want of Courage, and excels of Love :
They were not jealous sure that we might be
By Virtue rais'd too near Divinity ;
For since within their pow'r dwells all our breath,
The distance is preserv'd enough by death. [Exeunt.]

The Scene a solitary Room.

Enter Artabaces out of it.

Art. That I cou'd fly from every thought I have,
And lie as senseless in my Life as Grave :
I that had pow'r of thousand lives am thrown
In bonds out of the Title to my own.

Why did the gods —

Make us so fit for Vice and Misery ?
In goodness their immortal Chequers lye :
They might have given our Souls better Estates,
And set our Blessings at far cheaper rates.

[Lies down.]

*Enter one of those that went from Virginia, with another Comrade that had
the keeping of Artabaces.*

1. Come, come, here's that will conquer
Both thy Fears and Honesty.

2. If *Murius* shou'd return.

1. Pish, he's engag'd to look *Sulpitius* ;
Besides, he bid us to obey what she desir'd.

A a

2. Well,

2. Well, let's go to him ; to tell thee true,
I pity him ; 'tis a brave Fellow.

1. I cou'd pity too ; but we are paid too well
To be good-natur'd, — prethee tell him
That one desires to speak with him.

2. He's horrible surly. — Sir, —
D'hear, Sir ? there's one without desires to speak with you.

Art. 'tis a question whether I'll speak with him or no.

2. You must needs.

Art. I am busie, Rascals.

1. 'Tis but a word, Sir.

Art. I will not waste halfe a one, Slaves, for you.

2. Fetch her in Man ; he'll ne'er be perswaded.

[Exit 1.

D'you suppose your Company is pleasant ?

2. You'll be made tamer.

Art. Yes, thus Rascals.

2. 'Twere a just act to take away your Life,
It troubles you

Art. Prethee do me but that curtesie ; if not,
Lend me the Sword, and see how kind I'll be.

2. He does amaze me.

[Starts up.]

Enter Virginia and 1.

Ver. Hold, hold ; what's this ? why a Sword drawn ?

2. This Madman wou'd provoke his death.

Ver. Pray hold, you do mistake : — does he not, Sir ?

2. How he stares on her !

1. And how his fury slides away ! — Sir —

— The Lady — Sir —

Art. Peace, Slaves, — I was considering.

[Stamps.]

2. What, Sir ?

Art. That, Rascal.

[Strikes him ; the Fellow offers to draw.]

Ver. Pray hold ; here, take more ; pray hold :
For my sake, Sir, be gentle.

Art. I have done.

Ver. Pray be gone ; you do disturb him.
Why are your furious Eyes so fix'd on me ?

[Exeunt.]

I do confess I caus'd your misery.

Propose your own revenge, and my just heart
Against the Life it feeds, will take your part.

Art. Alas, if your just heart so kind can prove,
To share in Griefs, teach it to share in Love.

Ver. 'Tis you must teach my heart what it shou'd do ;
'Tis aptest to learn any thing from you.

Art. Love's hardly to be taught, easie to have ;
'Tis strange you shou'd not know the thing you gave.

Ver. Though what I gave perhaps I do not know,
Sure I shou'd understand what you bestow.

Art. Fortune, alas, has taken all from me ;
Love seldom is the gift of Misery.

Ver. You said Pity was Love.

Art. A common Pity does not Love express ;
Pity is Love when grown into excess.

Ver. If that be all, Love is not taught I see ;
For before you cou'd speak 'twas learn'd by me.

Sure

Sure Nature's Laws are above Heaven's got ;
Love need not, though Religion must be taught.

Art. O speak again ; the breath that tells your Love
Approaches like the gentle Winds that move
Over the tops of fragrant Flow'rs, and brings
To the blest Sense their Souls upon their Wings.

Vir. Alas, I have said something which I fear
Had such a sound a Virgin shou'd not hear ;

Art. O do not teach your Love a common way ;
Love's power is small, unless it can betray.

Ver. You'll then confess y'ave pow'r enough in me,
If for your sake I'm pleas'd with Treachery.
But tales of Love make us forget our woes,
A sudden fear upon my spirit grows,
Like People that tell tales of Ghosts at night,
So long till they are talk'd into a fright.

Art. Such phancies, from no real cause, will prove
But Dreams, that hinder the repose of Love.

Ver. You call my phancies dreams ; but if they are,
All those must wake that do their dreams declare.
Think I am sleeping when you see me sad,
And when I wake I'll tell what dreams I had.

Enter Mutius suddenly.

Mut. I cannot find *Sulpitius* ; all's in an uproar.
—— Ha ! ———

What fight is this, at which my stiffened hair
Starts from their shaken roots ! I shou'd not stare
So frightened, had I met every Ghost
Started from Hell which *Roman* Conquests boast.

Ver. Ah me ! what storm is falling on us now ?

Art. No Thunder dwells upon a humane brow.

Mut. Yes, you shall feel the Thunder that you flight :
It shews more pow'r to ruine than to fright.

Art. Vain flighted Villain.

Ver. ——— Pray let me speak ;
Perhaps he'll least resist what is most weak :
Pray be not angry ; did you not engage
That I shou'd never see you in a rage ?

Mut. You Pow'rs, what an ungrateful confidence
This Woman hides with painted Innocence !

Art. Wou'dst thou have thanks for want of liberty ?
Which way is gratitude grown due to thee ?

Mut. While thou dost speak 'tis with ingrateful breath,
Which I cou'd stifle if I wou'd in death.

Art. Prethee then do. —

Ver. ——— Cannot my tears incline ?
Will you provoke your ruine, perhaps mine ?

Art. I've done ; and though death's busines I despise,
Yet when you talk that it may close your Eyes,
This too fond heart of mine, that did not fail
At death in gross, shrinks now at the retail.

Mut. Come, have ye done ? I long till I remove
With him thy hopes, if not destroy thy love.

Ver. Hold, hold, your passion guides you to mistake ;
Alas, 'tis the wrong life that you wou'd take.

Mut. My just revenge is this way best express'd,
To take that Life away which you love best.

Ver. Yet hear me speak; Had I no life to pay
To Nature, wou'd you then take his away?
How plain it is, if Death to him you give,
The reason only is because I live?

[Mut. studies.]

Art. Do not on my loath'd Life set such a rate;
It is unkind to plead for what I hate.

Mut. One thing may save all yet;
If you will swear by all that you adore
From hence, never to see each other more.

Ver. What shall I do? I fear that this may be
An easie Oath for him, though not for me.

Art. — Then hear me swear.

Ver. Alas, I thought 'twou'd prove
My fears wou'd be far truer than his love.

Art. By all that's good, thus, in this blest amaze,
I wou'd for ever on this object gaze.

Mut. They trifle with my rage. Without there, ho.

Enter one or two.

Here, Take 'em away.

— Hold — be gone with her, but let him stay.

— Now, Sir,

Once more I ask you, will you swear?
You'd best consult with wisdom, and with fear.

Art. Let fear upon the prosp'rous hearts take hold,
Cowards themselves in miseries grow bold.

Mut. Fortune, by me, now offers to be kind.

Art. And raise me on the ruines of my mind;
Though I am funk, my honour keeps above.

Mut. 'Tis not thy Honour urges, but thy Love.

Art. Those are the same. Poor frightened men at Sea,
To save their lives cast all their goods away.
In storms of Fortune, where there is a strife
Which shall be sav'd Man's Honour, or his Life,
Who wou'd preserve this tottered Bark from fate,
But sink the Vessel to preserve the freight?

Mut. I'll shake thy stubborn Spirit, while I feed
Thy Life with tortures, Death shall death exceed.

Art. Life may be les than Life, as it does waste;
But Death cannot be more than death at last.

Mut. Who's there?

Enter one or two.

— Here —

Take him away, and shut him up from light,
Let him see nothing but Death's Image, Night.

Art. Thou canst not reach the light that I shall find;
A generous Soul is Sun-shine to the mind.

Mut. Be gone,
In the least tittle he that disobeys,
His own neglect his wretched Life betrays.

[Ex. with Art.]

Manet Mutius.

In what encrease of Tempests I am tost,
Like those in storms afraid of any Coast:

Now

Now every way to me unsafe appears,
Reason has left the Helm, and Love now steers:
Yet one Trick more I am resolv'd to try;
Love's Wisdom is compos'd of Treachery.
—Ho —— *Corbulo.*

Enter Corbulo.

Cor. Your pleasure, Sir?

Mut. Fetch *Virginia* hither.

And send *Titus* to spy abroad:
And bring what News he can; however
Let him not stay, for I intend at his return,
To look my self after *Sulpitius*.

Cor. I will, Sir.

Exit.

Mut. This Fellow fits my humour;
Like Flies he feeds upon the foulest things,
And to the rugged'lt places fastest clings.
—But — I forget my Busines, I must now
With all that's gentle, smooth a rugged Brow,
And tempt her with feign'd Goodnes to believe;
The shape of Virtue still can best deceive.
Those that in faithless Oceans take their way,
Sink in the Storms, but 'tis the Calms betray.

Enter Corbulo with Virginia.

She comes. —— Now leave us, *Corbulo*,
But stay within my call. ——
Still drown'd in Sorrow? sure my Rage appears
As just, and far more gentle than your Tears;
You fear the Storms, yet make the Tempests rise,
While you retain foul Weather in your Eyes.

Exit Corbulo.

Vir. Tempests by Show'rs sometimes are laid to peace.

Mut. And when you weep for me, my Storms will cease.

Ver. To shew my Gratitude, I shew my Fears,
And poorly pay the Debt of Life with Tears;
Secure me only this, that he shall live,
Or do not blame the Sorrow that you give.

Mut. Does not feign'd Gratitude true Passion hide?
But since only by this it can be try'd,
Here in a sacred Vow my self I tye,
By me, nor by my means he shall not dye.

Ver. Now you are gentle,
And as in Tears I paid to him his due,
Now with dry'd Eyes I'll pay my thanks to you.

Mut. Your Gratitude might find a better way,
And my kind Vow with one as gentle pay:
'Tis the same Oath which he has took before,
To avoid ever seeing of him more.

Ver. If he has swore, alas, what need I swear?
A Vow shou'd be as gentle as a Pray'r.

Mut. Can Pray'rs to all alike so gentle be,
Since all the World's Devotions disagree?
None beg the same, the Pray'rs of all the best
Are little more than Curses for the rest.

Enter

Enter Corbulo.

—How now —

Cor. *Titus* is return'd, Sir, and says, there is most noise
By *Numa's* Grove ; another joyn'd to him
To scout on either side, might bring you full Intelligence.

Mur. No, I will go my self.—In the mean time
Think, gentlest Maid, how little I deny ;
Who ever you command, must live or dye.

—*Corbulo*, — Come back. — [Ex. with Ver.]

I have a Busines that I dare commit
Unto no Care but thine. — Give out that I am gone,
And with a shew of pity offer *Virginia*,
To bring her to the Stranger ; in the mean time,
I'll place my self to over-hear their Passions :
The Busines will be easie.

Corb. If 'twere hard, it were all one to me.

Mur. Dispatch then, my brave *Corbulo*,
And send *Spurius* along with *Titus*. [Ex. Corbulo.]
I will search out the Secret of her Heart,
And find that Passion which she hides with Art :
May be 'twas Charity that fear'd his harm,
But Charity does seldom shew so warm.
No, no, such deep Concerns appear above,
All taught Affections, 'tis unlessem'd Love :
When this Disease of Jealousie can find
A way to seize upon a crazy Mind ;
Most things instead of help or giving ease,
The Humour feed and turn to the Disease.

[Exit.]

Enter Marcellina.

— Hark —

I listen still for Noise to be my Guide,
And want, yet have too much on every side.

— *O Sertorius* ! —

How I pursue, with what uncertainty ?
Yet though I lose my way, I follow thee :
Hurried along upon Love's Wings I move,
Pursuing Fate, and am pursu'd by Love.

[Exit.]

Enter Sulpitius, with Herfilia and others.

Sulp. Be pleas'd to pardon me, Madam,
I was enforced to lead you a by-way,
Something about ; we are nearer a place of safety now.

Her. I wou'd not censure, but this seems to be
A mingle between Force and Courtesie.

Sulp. Since 'tis so hard to gain your clear belief,
I must be innocent, though it gives you Grief.
Yet for your own sake do not wish to know,
Time is too hasty, and my Tongue too slow :
Why shou'd his Guilt and Mischief blemish me ?
Yet Silence seems a virtuous Treachery.

Her. Why do you shew such struglings in your Breast ?

Sulp. Nature and Friendship are at a Contest ;
Know then, I wou'd you cou'd, and I not tell,
That *Tiridates* by *Sertorius* fell :

You

You were the Quarrel, and for you they strove
With equal Courage, and with equal Love ;
Till Fortune blinder now than ever prov'd,
And deny'd Victory to what you lov'd.

Her. Ha, Tiridates dead !

[Weeps.]

Sulp. We have no time to talk, or to lament,
Left we meet Dangers which we shou'd prevent.

Her. Alas, my Grief's the greatest Dangers are :
Who wou'd flye Death, that cannot flye Despair ?

Sul. Sorrow deceives, that bids you stay and dye ;
'Tis from Sertorius, not from Death you flye ;
Whose Rage had blown it self to such a height,
It stopp'd not at th' unhappy Princes Fate,
But presently your Father's Palace blaz'd
In circling Flames, which his Revenge had rais'd ;
As if 'twere just he shou'd the Ruine prove
Of his own Hopes, that had destroy'd your Love.

Her. Methinks my Love looks mean in Sorrow drest,
Sure 'twou'd shew greater by Revenge exprest.

Sulp. Though nothing of your Heart you will resign
To me, let your Revenge at least be mine.

Her. O, Tiridates !

I have condemn'd my self to dye, and grieve ;
Revenge does only my short Life reprieve.

Enter Sertorius.

Ha, the horrid Monster comes ! you Pow'r's above,
Revenge at once Death and an injur'd Love.

Ser. Have I o'er-took you Villain with your Prize ?

[Draws.]

Sul. There's none is over-took but he that flies.

Her. Defend me now, Sulpitius.

Sert. ——— Ha, does Hersilia want such aid ?

O Heavens ! her Virtue's lost, or she's betray'd ;
I will not triflè out my Cause with words.

Her. Let my Revenge and Wrongs assist your Sword.

Ser. What Riddle's this ! she courts his Treachery ?
Then through their Deaths I thus must haste to dye.

[Fights among 'em, and kills one.]

Enter Marcellina, takes up his Sword, and hurts another that is running at Sertorius ; he turns, and she and he fight, and Marcellina kills him, and then falls her self : In the meantime, Sulpitius and the rest wound Sertorius so, that they fall together.

Her. What, do I see ? Marcellina !

Mar. Hersilia !

Sulp. Come, we must not stay,
All is unsafe, and pity will betray.

Sulpitius pulls her.

Sert. Hear my last words, have so much Charity ;
My Life was yours, but here 'tis just I dye ;
I feel new Fires, my ancient Flames appease,
And I own Health unto a new Disease.

Her. Do'st thou not shrink at thy approaching Fate ?
Are all my Sorrows and his Blood no weight ?

Ser. What Sorrows do you wear ? Or what's my Crime ?

Sul. We triflè out our Safety with the Time.

[Pulls Hersilia.]

Her.

Her. Stay — let me tell him. —

Sulp. — — — 'Tis in vain, away.

Sert. That Villain does betray you.

Her. — — — Hold, I will stay.

O, Marcellina! *O, Tiridates!*

Sert. — — — What is the mystery?

Why do you call on them from whom you fly?

Her. What does he say?

Sulp. — — — He raves, no matter what.

Her. I'll hear him speak.

Sulp. — — — Away, it is too late. [Hurries her out.]

Manet Sertorius and Marcellina.

Ser. What can this mean? — farewell my unjust Fires,
New warmth grows in me, though my Life expires.
How slow I crawl? my Love would make more haste,
But weakned Nature cannot move so fast.

My sinking Soul this bleeding Current drowns;
How equal we are now in all our Wounds;
O speak, and tell me if you can forgive;
Or if that be too much, tell me you live.

Mar. I wou'd deny you nothing; shou'd I say
I live, Life while I tell it steals away.

Be not concern'd; Death has the same event,
By Nature call'd, or brought by accident.

Sert. Do not so willingly your Life resign;
Or if you must, let your Soul go with mine.

Mar. It will go softly, if it goes before,
And wait for yours, where they shall part no more.

Sert. And shall we thus know one another there?

Mar. Else we shou'd want a Blessing we have here.

Sert. I feel Death's shades creep upon Nature's light;
O guide your Hand to mine, 'tis almost Night.

Mar. Here, where is yours?

Sert. — — — Searching to find yours out.

Mar. Have it I now? Weaknes and Love may doubt.
Hold fast, — — farewell. — There's something — hides.

Sert. 'Tis Death, that kindly thus it self divides.

[Dies.]

[Dies.]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Enter Artabaces.

Art. **W**H Y to our Bodies are the Gods more kind,
Than to the Place where Worship dwells, the Mind?
Nature provides Defence, and yields Retreat
From piercing Cold, and from the scorching Heat;
But for the Passions which about us wait,
There is no means allow'd proportionate.

Enter Corbulo.

Cor. Are you busie, Sir?

[Adm'ns over-bearing.]

Art. O wondrous busie.

Cor. In what?

Art.

Art. Why I was thinking that the World's ill ballanc'd,
More Knaves than honest Men.

Cor. An honest Man wou'd then be welcome sure.

Art. Not to this place.

Cor. To you, I hope.

Art. Troth I have but little business for him.

Cor. Do you not want a curtesie?

Art. Yes, and one to do it.

Cor. Pray try me, Sir.

Art. With all my heart; — help me to a Sword.

Cor. That's hard.

Art. So are most curtesies; prethee do me an easie one.

Cor. What's that?

Art. Be gone, and leave me.

Cor. I wou'd first willingly do something for you,
And wou'd help you to a Sword too;
But they are too suspitious at this time,
Strict Spies are set on you;

Somewhat more liberty is allow'd the Lady.

Art. The Lady! — ha — didst thou not say the Lady?

Cor. Yes, I did. — It takes.

Art. Cou'd you help me to speak with her, or see her,
Though but for a look or two?

Cor. Uhm.

Art. That's too hard too.

Cor. No, I will do't.

Art. Are you sure of it?

Cor. Stay there a little, and you shall see.

[Steps to Marius

Art. This Fellow sure has inclinations to be honest

Cor. 'Tis done; watch there.

[Comes back and Exit.

Art. My best *Corbulo*.

Art. I have been thinking

Why those above, so full of tenderness,
Made ways so hard to good and happiness:
Through Graves we travel to felicity;
The road unto Religion's misery.
The ways might have been easier to find out,
Not left so rugged, and so far about:
To every object we submit our sense,
And call our accidents their providence.
There is no satisfaction here below,
But such as Chance or strange extremes bestow:
Secure Content can only be acquir'd
By bruitish minds, or such which are inspir'd,
Where Reason must not come, or can't encline,
Sunk unto Beasts, or rais'd to be divine.

Enter Corbulo with Verginia.

Cor. Then, Sir, now believe.

[Exit.

Art. H'as don't indeed.

Just so when welcome light begins to rise,
An unknown Comfort steals on troubled Eyes.
Here let me kneel for ever in this place,
And cling like Ivy to my first embrace.

Ver. Alas, in sorrow shou'd we plant our Loves!
Prisons are barren Soils where nothing proves.

B b

Joys

Joys may spring up and make a little shew ;
But fastning roots in prosperous places grow.

Art. Love may, like Virtue, starve in full content ;
Misfortunes are their noblest punishment.

Ver. If Love fares well, do not his Feasts betray,
While Death stands ready to take all away :
Let rather Art and Wisdom act their parts,
And hide our Love from all things but our hearts.

Art. Dull order takes from Love its edge and grace ;
He stumbles in all steps but his own pace ;
His sacred liberty is in Fetters tied,
When Art or Wisdom his loose steps wou'd guide.

Ver. Perhaps there is a way to set you free.

Art. Can I be so, and you want liberty ?

Ver. Do but at least comply with my design ;
For here your Life's in danger more than mine.

Art. Without your sight my Life is less secure ;
Those wounds you gave your Eyes can only cure ;
No Balm in absence will effectual prove,
Nature provides no Weapon-salve for Love.

Ver. Might you but live a Pris'ner still with me,
It were unkind to wish your liberty ;
'Tis offer'd from my love, — and yet I find
You that deny to take it seem more kind.

[*Sighs.*]

Enter Mutius hastily.

Mut. 'Tis I must bring you freedom at the last.

[*Draws.*]

Ver. O hold, remember what a Vow you past.

Mut. It is thy falseness makes me call it back ;
No Vows so strong but just revenge will crack.

Ver. Revenge will be no plea to those above.

Mut. But they will hearken unto injur'd Love.

Art. The gods will hear no business comes from thee.

Mut. I'll send you on my errand.

Ver. —— Oh through me

Guide your kind Sword : — Methinks your looks appear

[*He pauses and studies.*]

To me at least more gentle than they were.

Mut. O yes, I am grown very tame, and now
I think on't better, I will keep my Vow.

Ver. The Gods reward what I can never pay.

Mut. Hold, hold, take all together when you pray ;
For you shall see me take such wondrous care,
That neither of you both shall need to swear.

Ver. What do you mean ?

Mut. —— Without there, ho, *Corbulo.*

Enter Corbulo.

Art. O treacherous Slave. —

Mut. —— Yes, y're in the right ;
Since you were squeamish to forswear her sight,
I will secure your Eyes without your Vow.

Ver. Oh Sir, by all —

Mut. —— Nay, no dissembling now ;
Take him away, and on his charming sight
With burning Irons sear eternal night.

Cor.

Cor. How, burn out his Eyes!

Mut. —— Yes, burn out his Eyes.

Does *Corbulo* demur at Cruelties?

No more, be gone.

Ver. —— O hold, he bids you stay.

Mut. He stays to meet his death that dares delay.

Art. Farewel, fair Vestal;

By my Soul's Eyes your Image shall be seen;

And when 'tis dark without, I'll gaze within.

Ver. O stay, I know you will relent, you must;

Need you be cruel, when you shou'd be just?

Preserve your Vow without your Cruelty;

And do not make your Sin your Piety. [Exit with *Artabaces*.]

Mut. Begone, I'll practise what you taught before.

I'll shew no pity, nor ask yours no more.

Ver. But you may want pity from those above.

Mut. Not now, since they deny'd it in your Love.

Ver. They'll make me pay, if you will make me owe.

Mut. You are too cunning, and the gods too slow.

Enter *Corbulo*.

How now, is't done?

Cor. No.

Mut. Ha! —— the reason, Slave?

Cor. I think such horrid business was not in our bargain.

Mut. Pitiful Rascal, take that soft reward; [Strikes him.]
I'll trust such tender Slaves no more. [Exit *Mutius*.]

Cor. Am I thus paid?

Ver. Alas, what does he mean to do?

Cor. Mischief, no doubt.

Ver. Look on my wrongs, or your own injury;
Revenge on him will prove pity to me.

Cor. A blow! this my reward! —— follow me;
I will do something, but I know not what.

Ver. The gods wou'd think that I enough had paid,
Were my Tears measur'd, or my Sorrows weigh'd. [Exit.]

Enter *Sulpitius* with others, leading in *Hersilia*.

Her. Hold, or you shall drag me on:

There's something in all this like treachery;

Sertorius now is dead, what need we fly?

— Leave me;

You may be innocent if you obey.

Sulp. No, we have wander'd, you may lose your way.

Her. Take heed lest I suspect some ill design.

Sulp. Suspicion will be more your fault than mine.

Her. I fear that I have shar'd his guilt, I find
Poor *Marcellina*'s Ghost walks in my mind.

Enter *Tiridates*.

Ha! —— *Tiridates*! —— false Villain.

Sulp. Pish, 'tis his Ghost. Here lead her away
To the appointed place; hold, you two, stay.

Her. Help, *Tiridates*.

[Exit with *Hersilia*.]

Tir. Villain, look back, and see thy Death.

Sulp. Death is more us'd to obey me than you.

— Dispatch him. [Fight, Tiridates falls.]
 — 'Tis done; come for *Mutius's* House, away. [Exit.]
Tir. It will not be. [Strives to rise.]
 I bleed so fast that wither'd Life begins
 To fade away for want of Nature's Springs:
 And yet I feel no such decay of Love,
 Though Life and Passion from one Fountain move.
 — *Hersilia*, — *Hersilia*. — [Swoons.]

Enter Artabaces with his Eyes out, and bound.

Art. Where am I now?

I thought the way to death had been so broad,
 Though I were blind I cou'd not miss the road:
 Death's Lodgings such perpetual darknes bave,
 And I seem nothing but a walking Grave.

— *Virginia*, — I must never hope to see;
 All Nature's Windows are shut up in me:
 The Sun to me brings an unuseful light;
 About me now I always carry night.
 There's yet one grief added to all my store,
 Never to see poor *Tiridates* more.

Tir. Who's that names the unfortunate *Tiridates*?

Art. What noise is this which sadly strikes my Ear?
 A sound like *Tiridates* Voice I hear.

Tir. 'Tis yet his Voice; were not my senses broke,
 I shou'd think too 'twere *Artabaces* spoke.

Art. 'Tis *Artabaces* speaks, and seeks about
 For *Tiridates*.

Tir. — Why d'you not find me out?
 It is not dark.

Art. — Alas, 'tis dark with me.

Tir. Here, here; that I shou'd live once more to see
 My long-lost Brother! 'twill scarce shew like death
 In thy embraces to resign my breath.

Art. O take me in thy arms for mine are ty'd;
 If they were free I have no Eyes to guide.

Tir. Afflit me, my weak strength, but to unty
 Those Arms, to make my self a place to die.

[Unties him, and Artabaces sits down and takes him in his arms.]

Art. How dismally we meet like death and night!
 My Arms are now thy strength, thy Eyes my sight.

Tir. What hand or chance shut up those Eyes of thine?
 While I enquire the cause death closes mine. [Dies.]

Art. He sinks; *Tiridates*, — Brother: His pulse is gone;

'Tis grown a dead low ebb with Lifes warm flood:
 How proper are my tears? my Eyes weep blood.

He's gonēs before to rest, why must I stay?
 Eyes that are wounds might weep a Life away:

They drop too slow, Life will not at this rate
 Distil away; I'll seek a quicker fate. [Starts up.]

Now I have hands, they will some death afford;
 I had forgot to ask him for his Sword;

I'll grope it out; — 'tis hard, I cannot find [He creeps up and down]
 The means of death; Fortune shou'd help the blind for't on's knees.

— O — I have it now.

All

All steps of Life were going to this home ;
 But this does not bring Death, but shew 'tis come.
 So Motion causes what it can't express ;
 'Tis the last Step declares the Weariness.
 One Thought for dear *Virginia*, — then —

Enter Corbulo with Virginia.

Cor. This way I'm sure. —

— Look where he stands : I dare not stay.

[*Exit.*]

Ver. Heaven reward you.

Art. Who's there ?

Ver. — The horrid Deed is done ! —

Look down on him you Pow'rs, with Pity too,
 That has no Eyes left to look up to you.

Art. Who's that which does too late the Gods implore ?
 A Musick like that Voice I've heard before.

Ver. That I were dumb.

It is too much that I can speak and see ;
 Each Sense is but a few'ral misery.

Art. It is *Virginia* ; guide me where he stand,
 To leave my last Kiss on your sacred Hand.

[*She comes to him, and gives him her Hand.*]

Ver. O do not to despair your Soul resign ;
 Your Eyes have been my Guides, now see with mine.

Art. 'Tis Life, not you, that I forsake or fly ;
 I do but go before you when I dye.

Ver. Hold, hold ;
 Give me your Sword, 'tis fittest for me now ;
 I dare not use it, and you know not how.

Art. In this condition I can use it best ;
 I need no Eyes to guide it to my Breast.

Enter Mutius, and pauses a little.

Ver. Hold, hold ; Oh *Mutius* comes ! Stand behind me ;
 Give me your useless Sword, for I can see.

Art. Away, away ; those Pow'rs will send Supplies,
 And guide my Sword, that took away my Eyes.

Mut. Fair Cous'ner, have I overtook you now ?
 With Justice, thus I break my slighted Vow.

[*Runs at Artabaces ; he stands still, and catches the Hilt of Mutius's
 Sword as it passes through his Body, and kills him.*]

Art. So I heard him fall ; — I think
 My Sword feels him now. —

Is he — not — dead ? —

[*Staggers and falls.*]

Ver. Are you not dying too ? O, let me know.

Art. Yes, all the while I liv'd, I have been so ;
 Time equal steps to Death, and Life does give ;
 And those that fear to dye, must fear to live :
 Death reconciles the World's and Nature's Strife,
 And is a part of Order and of Life.

Ver. 'Tis out of Order without Nature's call.

Art. It were the same if Accident paid all.
 We have no right in Time to come, no more

Than we had Title to the Time before.

Ver. Yet to my Life some pity shou'd be shown,
 (*Virginia's Life*) though you despise your own.

Art.

Art. Reviving Comfort from that Name is sent ;
 And though my — fainting — Life — is almost spent,
 It baits upon your Name, and then — goes on ;
 But 'tis so tir'd, it cannot — travel — long.

[Sinks.]

Ver. Oh !

[Starts up a little.]

Art. I cou'd have smil'd at loss of Life and Crowns,
 But at the loss of you — I dye — in Frowns.

[Dies.]

Ver. Oh, do not leave me thus ; for pity stay
 A little. — 'Twas but just now he went away ;
 I have not since had time to shed a Tear ;
 And yet the Distance does the same appear,
 As if he'd been a thousand years from me.
 Time takes no measure in Eternity.

[Weeps over him.]

Enter *Hersilia*, with the *Fellow* that went off with her.

Clau. This is th' unhappy place, and there the wretched Object.

— Now, your promis'd pardon.

[Exit.]

Her. Go, and live honest. —
 Oh my *Tiridates*, — speak but one word. — [Runs and kneels by him.]
 He's gone for ever ; — has he not left his Sword [She rises.]
 To help me after ? — Ha ! — who's that appears [Sees *Virginia*.]
 Like me in Griefs, so drown'd in hopeless Tears ?

Ver. — Ha ! — my Sister *Hersilia* ! She will prevent my Death,
 Unless I quickly counterfeit some way
 To deceive her, and my own Life betray.

Her. 'Tis she ; — Ah, poor *Virginia* ! —
 Who's this who in his Blood thus weltring lies,
 Mournd like a Lover by thy tender Eyes ?

Ver. 'Twas one made me concern'd I know not how ;
 But all is past, for he is nothing now ;
 So we are told we must account the Dead ;
 And Tears are wasted when for nothing shed.

Her. Alas, you do but think that you have lov'd :
 Just so when Heaven, by some trouble mov'd,
 Unto some tender place its Flames designs,
 It seems to burn, because the Lightning shines ;
 But when 'tis gone, after its swift retreat,
 It's left, like you, without a Flame or Heat.
 Do but look on, and see me take my leave
 Of my dead Love, and you must learn to grieve. [She goes to kneel by her

Ver. 'Tis Life that must to Griefs their being give ; [She goes to Artab.]
 And she that learns to grieve must learn to live. —
 Come, — lend me your Sword, that I may find my Heart,
 It keeps me now from you : — Sure it will smart ; [Tries the Point.]
 — Yet — all's but Death, — by Nature, — Sword, or Flame ;
 But we find choice in that which is the same ;
 And when the Gods our Life seem to deny,
 'Tis kind to let us chuse which way to dye.

— Why d'ye hold your Sword so fast ? let go : [Tries to get the
 This does not like your Love, but Courage flew.
 I have been told, and do believe it true,
 Love out-lives Death, which Courage needs not do.

Sword.

— Let go.

Her. Stay — I had forgot to take my leave of her,
 'Tis just that Nature shou'd some share receive,
 Since she in Death for ever takes her leave.

[She rises.]

— Ha,

—Ha,— poor Girl, what art thou doing there?
Do not conceal thy Love, nor hide a Tear.

[*Sees* Ver. by
Artab.

Ver. Nothing indeed, I only look'd to see
Why the Dead gave the Living misery;
I fanci'd Death some Horror did exprest,
It rather seems to promise quietness.

Her. In Sorrows Death's surest payment lies,
But Youth like thine, untouched with Misery;
As if it hop'd to 'scape and never pay,
Puts off the Creditor from day to day.

Ver. In Grief the most ill husbandry's exprest,
It makes us poor with paying Interest;
I've heard some *Romans* at a cheerful Feast,
Invited Death to come and be a Guest:
What wondrous Act can you with Sorrow do,
Not to be equal'd with a cheerful Brow?

Her. You may be one day touch'd with Misery,
Sorrow will teach you then to think of me:
Farewel, *Virginia*, these for thee I shed,
All my last Tears are due unto the Dead.

[*She goes to Titidates.*

Ver. O quickly now let go your Sword, —— unkind,
Why do you make me stay so long behind?
Indeed I shall not find which way you went,
Yet Arrows swiftest fly from Bows most bent.

—Let go, —— thank ye, —— I cou'd afford to pay
A thousand thanks'; but that I cannot stay, —— [*She gets the Sword.*]
My Love's in haste, yet not one Tear shall move,
I will no more be childish in my love.

[*She starts up.*

Her. —— Ha ——

Ver. Pray see, you have good skill in Grief you say,
Does any look in all this Face betray
Sorrow within? Can you the least descry?
See how I smile —— and now —— see how I dye.

[*Kills her self.*

Her. Thou hast indeed deceived me, thy brave Fate
I will not poorly praise, but imitate;
In every thing, I'll fall as thou hast dy'd,
And take my rest by my dead Lover's side.

[*Kills her self.*

Enter *Emilius with his Followers, bringing in Sulpitius.*

Emil. Come, Monster, shew me the place
Of all thy Mischiefs and my Misery.

Sulp. By all these signs of Death, here it shou'd be.

Emil. Ha, *Hersilia* dead, and poor *Virginia*!

—Where shall my Griefs begin!
Death like a Frost on a too early Spring,
Stole on thy Blossoms. —— Monster, come and see
What heaps of Ruine thou hast rais'd for me.

Sulp. Ruines for you? Trifles: —there, gaze on mine;

—The love ——
Of forty thousand Fathers that can whine
Their Sorrows out, make but a formal shew,
Short of a Lover's Grief. Let me but go,
And I will shew you why.

Emil. Hold, keep him fast:
What wou'dst thou do?

Sulp.

Sulp. Since all the Mischief's past,
I might be trusted now — I wou'd dye there
Between them two : Those Lovers ly too near,
I fancy they enjoy each other,
For all they are as cold as Cakes of Ice ;
That I might dye but once, or kill him twice.

Emil. One Wish be sure thou shalt obtain, for I
Endure to live, only to see thee dye.

Sulp. We are at last agreed it seems. — Come, —
Lend me a Sword then.

Emil. Monster, thou shalt bleed
By Justice only.

Sulp. O, I understand you, you mean
Thrown down from the Tarpeian Rock ; if you shou'd see
My Tumble, pray, do not leap after me :
Troth it may spoil your whining.

Emil. Stop his vile Breath,
Till the Infection is remov'd by Death.
Farewel, *Hersilia*, — and farewell, my sweet *Virginia*,
I'll first revenge your Deaths, and then I'll dye ;
So, though I take my leave, my Eyes are dry ;
Sorrow for such a Los's too mean appears,
Griefs were a *Roman's* Shame exprest in Tears.
The World shall weep for me when ever Fame
Does but relate the *Vestal-Virgin's* Name.

Just as the last Words were spoke, Mr. *Lacy* enter'd, and spoke
the *E P I L O G U E*.

BY your leave, Gentlemen. —
After a sad and dismal Tragedy,
I do suppose that few expected me ;
But when I saw things grow so Tragical,
I thought the Poet wou'd have kill'd us all ;
And craftily perhaps, so to prevent
An Epilogue, when all his Wit was spent :
Besides, having been once a Poet, it does breed
A foolish Itch to see how others speed.
Troth we Poets have had ill Success of late,
But what you call our Faults, we call our Fate.
I have rais'd a Scheme, and find that Poets are
Damn'd with the Influence of the Blazing-Star.
Here has been Rhime good store, and very fit,
For well-made Noise sometimes has past for Wit.

— I wou'd make you smile. —
To see what confus'd Faces Poets make,
This walks about, and cries 'twill never take :
There's not one word of Mirth, nor Show, nor Dance ;
A Man of Farce thought I might then advance ;
For I had promis'd, and I think you know it,
A proper Crown for the next dullest Poet.
Your Judgment is desir'd, and pray be free,
Whether this shall be Crown'd by You or Me.

Thus

Thus it was Acted the Comical way ; the Alteration beginning in
A C T IV. towards the latter end, after these words,

— And injur'd Love —

Sulp. Come, Madam, fly the sight of what you hate ;
If he pursue us, stop him with his fate.

Ser. She call'd me Monster, and implor'd their aid ;
Hersilia or her Virtue is betray'd.

Slaves, let me pass.

1. — Stop, or we'll make you stay.

Sert. When 'tis deny'd I use to force my way.

[They fight, he kills one ; *Marcellina* enters
up his Sword and kills another ; the rest fly.

Sert. How like a helping Deity you prove !
At once your pow'r has given Life and Love.

Mar. What Love, *Sertorius* ?

Sert. — That which was due
Once to *Hersilia*, is now so to you.

Mar. Take heed ; for though this Passion seems to be
A gratitude, 'tis still Inconstancy.

Sert. If Love admits a change, though it does grow
From Virtue, will the change a Vice still shew ?

Mar. I fear it must ; for Constancy's above
All other Virtues that belong to Love.

Sert. If Virtue merely dwells in Constancy,
By that strange Rule then all Mankind shou'd be
Firm to the error which they first embrac'd ;
For error is no more than Love ill plac'd.

Mar. By this large rule, if ever you confess
Your Love ill plac'd, 'tis just to love me less :
If Love to those that most oblige is due,
Fortune disposes of your Love, not you.

Sert. In Love's adventures Fortune busie shews ;
But 'tis not she, but you, the Love bestows.
What diff'rence in this Argument is shewn,
To shake my Love, and to confirm your own !

Mar. Mine is the same, and never can be less.

Sert. Yours will enough secure my happiness.
Come Fairest, let us thus pursue our Friends ;
Where you begin to help, misfortune ends.

Thus as you appear a Deity,
Like an arm'd *Pallas* crown'd with Victory.

[Exeunt.

In A C T V. the Alteration begins at these Words.

Cor. Am I thus paid ! — Stay, Sir,
If it must be done, I will not for a little squeamishness
Lose my Rewards at last.

Mut. O, I thought you wou'd repent.

Ge

Ver.

Ver. This is a strange Religion to be taught,
To shew repentance but for one good thought.
Mut. Well then, you are resolv'd?
Cor. I'll do't, Sir, as unconcern'd
As you are to command it.
Mut. Take her away, and instantly about it.
Ver. The Gods wou'd think that I enough had paid,
Were my Tears measur'd, or my Sorrows weigh'd.

[Exit.]

Enter a Veteran.

Vet. Sir, *Titus* brings word,
He saw *Sulpitius*, with a Woman,
By *Numa's* Grove ; his haste shew'd some disorder.
Mut. What luck is this, thus to be call'd away !
I wou'd have made a little longer stay ;
But I'll haste back. — It must not be delay'd ;
For ought I know *Sulpitius* may want aid.
No thought I have but comes clogg'd with a doubt :
When ever busie Man does but step out
From his own usual track, he does confer
More power on Fortune than belong'd to her.

[Exit.]

The Scene opens, and *Corbulo* appears busie heating his Irons.Enter *Mutius* peeping.

Mut. O, I am satisfi'd. — When thou hast done,
My best *Corbulo*, turn him out alone,
To wander up and down in his own night,
And let him seek his way without his sight.

[Exit.]

Cor. He was jealous sure. Now to my business.
Within there, *Titus* ; go fetch the Pris'ner, and then
Wait at the Gate that opens on the *Tiber*,
And stir not till I call ; 'tis *Mutius*'s Orders.

Tit. — Well, we know it.

[Exit.]

*Titus goes out, and fetches in *Artabaces*.**Cor.* Come, Sir, are you ready ?*Art.* For what ?*Cor.* For darkness.

Art. — Hadst thou said for death,
T' had been more gentle : I'll not waste my breath
To ask for pity ; bleſs but my last sight,
To let *Virginia* come and say, Good-night.

Cor. Time's precious.

Art. Mischief was ne'er so hasty but t'wou'd stay,
If dying Men ask'd a short time to pray :
So in the midst of all your Cruelties,
Allow me this devotion of my Eyes.

Cor. Well, such a small Request I'll not deny.

Art. Then I forgive thy former Treachery.
I've copied fair *Virginia*'s Eyes within ;
Perhaps it wants a little finishing ;
My last looks in my heart will perfect all,
And make the Copy serve th' Original.

[Exit *Corbulo*.]

Enter

Enter Corbulo with Virginia; Corbulo goes to his Irons.

Forgive me, Sacred Virgin, if my Eyes
Begg'd their last looks might be your Legacies.

Ver. What do you mean! what is he doing there?
What horrid instruments does he prepare?

Art. Such as must rob me always of your sight,
And without Death bring a perpetual night.

— O do not weep! —

I seem to shrink under the load of fate,
Not as 'tis mine, but as it proves your weight.

Ver. My fears for you as kind and grateful are,
Left in your suff'ring I shou'd want a share:
My grief seems great for want of miseries;
I shou'd not weep if I might lose my Eyes.

Art. O do not grieve! see for your sake I'll prove
Injurious to my self, more to my Love:
To make your sorrow prove the less for me,
Know that you love your Country's Enemy,
Th' unfortunate Armenian Prince, that strove
Against all Roman Conquests but your Love.

Ver. Love will admit no such concerns in me,
Because y'ave been my Country's Enemy;
Shou'd therefore my uninjur'd love decline?
I fear it hardly wou'd had you been mine.

Art. Yet think my Love's grown to a sad excess,
When its own greatness makes me wish yours less.

Cor. Come, are you ready?

Art. — Yes, for miseries.

Cor. Here are hot Looking-Glasses for your Eyes.
Ver. Before your own let 'em true Mirrors stand,
And shew how Death stays blushing in your hand.

Cor. My Irons cool.

Ver. — What gentleness they shew!
They from forc'd heats to cooler natures grow.

Art. Fortune and Interest are disposers grown
Of Men, they have no natures of their own.
Fair Vestal, let your sacred hand receive
This kiss as pure as they; and when you find
My Eyes are sunk in darkness, be so kind
As but to tell me if it can be true,
That I have only lost my Eyes, not you.

Ver. My Eyes shall still be yours, when you have none;
But if you apprehend when yours are gone,
Some other object may my heart encline,
I'll beg him if you will to burn out mine.

Cor. Come, I must stay no longer: — If you dare —

Art. Yes, exquisite villain, I can stare
On death in any shape.

Cor. — Then gaze on this;

'Twill make brave Musick when you hear it hiss; Puts his Irons in the
water.
What say you, does it sound unpleasantly?

Ver. What does he mean?

Cor. — I'll tell you instantly:
Stay, I must fetch another Instrument.

Art. His mischief varies only, not latent;

Cc 2

[Exit Corbulo

Unleas

Unless he means a gentle death to give,
That with my Life my torments may not live.

Enter Corbulo with a Sword.

Cor. See how you're both mistaken: Here,
I bring you fate to give, and not to bear.
Here, Sir, at once receive this Sword, and mine;
Thus to your Fortunes all my own I join.

Art. I have seen sudden starts to mischief grow;
But turns to good are usually more slow.

Cort. What, do you wonder at this change in me?
Needs Courage arm'd admit such Jealousie?
Follow me quickly, while the Coast is clear;
To stay or wonder wou'd be faults like fear.

Art. Forgive me, *Corbulo*;
And since thou dost resolve to share in mine,
My gratitude will make my Fortunes thine.

— *O my Virginia,* —
My joys like Men in crowds press out so fast,
They stop by their own numbers and their haste.

Ver. I fear Diseases may this health pursue;
For sudden Fortune has relapses too.

Art. Banish these fears; against the Plagues of Fate,
A Sword and Courage is a sure Receipt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sulpitius with Claudius, bringing in Hersilia.

Her. Stay, what d' you mean? or whither shou'd we fly?
There's something in all this like treachery:
Take heed lest I suspect some ill design.

Sul. Suspition will be more your fau't than mine.

Enter Tiridates.

Her. Ha, *Tiridates*! O Villain!

Tir. Look here, false Man, and see thy Death pursue.

Sul Death will as soon be sent from me as you.
Hold her fast, *Claudius*, that she now may see
Whose due her Conquest proves by Victory.

Tir. 'Tis brave thy Courage seems from Justice sent,
To make thee stay and meet thy punishment.

Sul. Is there a better or worse Cause in Love,
Where all their Titles by their Passion prove?
Love's Thrones by Conquest only are made good,
Like Empire where there is no claim in Blood.

Enter Mutius.

Mut. How's this? *Sulpitius*, stay thy Sword, for thine
Must ne'er engage without the help of mine.

Sul Stay, *Mutius*, do not so injurious be,
As to deprive my Love of Victory.
Look on that Sun, whose power's not less great,
Since she as well disposes life and heat.
Rob me not of my hopes while she stands by;
Love hovering seems to wait a Victory.

Tir. Not all your Swords can so successful prove;
Though they may reach my Life, they can't her love.

Mut.

Mut. Dispatch him, Sir ; I have much more to say ;
Though your Love does, mine will not brook delay.

Sulp. Thine, *Mutius* ! then Love has pow'r I see.

Her. *Sulpitius*, hold, or be my Enemy,
Beyond the pow'r of Mercy to forgive.

Mut. Come, come, we trifle, Sir, he must not live.
—— Ha ! ——

Enter *Artabaces*, with *Verginia* and *Corbulo*.

Art. Whate'er this foul Play means, Justice does guide,
Where *Mutius* is, my Sword to t'other side.

Sir, you seem to want. —— What Mist does rise !

Or has not *Corbulo* put out my Eyes,
And I gaze on my Brother, as I use to do,
Within my Mind ! Pray speak, Sir, Who are you ?

Tir. Your happy Brother, dear *Artabaces*,
And still the same in all things but my Joy ;
Fortune seems now grown weary to destroy.

Mut. Ha ! my Pris'ner by that treacherous Slave set free !

Art. Why do you stare ? ——

Mut. —— O, it seems you can see.
Look there, *Sulpitius*, nothing less divine
Than that cou'd charm a Heart so rough as mine.
These are our Rivals too ; just Fortune draws
Our Swords together in an equal Cause.

Art. Now know, fierce *Mutius*, though no Cause can be
So great as Love, to make an Enemy ;
Yet to raise up thy Horrore to a height,
Armenia's Prince is sent to bring thy Fate.
Now thou shalt see where Conquest be thy due,
And without numbers what thy Sword can do.

Her. *Sulpitius*, hold ; obey me yet at last,
And I'll forgive all thy Offences past.

Sulp. While I am arm'd, I never use to pray,
And Love commands me now not to obey.

Tir. We trifle Time.

Art. —— *Corbulo*, that charge is thine.
Cor. Kind Fate provides another Sword for mine.

Art. Now, idle Fortune, modestly stand by
And let just Love dispose of Victory.

They fight, Mutius falls, and Sulpitius stands staggering.

Tir. Now, *Sulpitius*, to whom's *Hersilia* due ?

Sul. Wou'd she were so to any one but you.
Use your Advantage to the Unfortunate ;
Honour is cruel that denies a Fate,
Must I fall thus, and in *Hersilia*'s fight ?
I stand to talk, that cannot go to fight.

[Falls.]

Tir. *Sulpitius*, live ;
As thou wert once my Friend, my Friend still prove.

Sulp. That Life thou giv'st is Death unto my Love.
Hersilia, now I beg your Cruelty ;
I want no help to live, but some to dye.

Art. Brave Man ! I pity his ungentle Fate ;
I wou'd have none that love Unfortunate.

—— Come, *Tiridates*, ——

How

How trembling after Victory we go,
To pay Devotions which to Love we owe !
Fortune at last seems kind in her Designs,
To bring our Victory before our Shrines.

Tir. Ah, Brother, I am still unfortunate,
Not less by Honour now, than once by Fate.

Art. What's this !

Tir. Fairest *Hersilia*, can you pity me,
Not for your own, but Honour's Cruelty ?
I must not speak of Love ; yet though her tyes
Bind up my Tongue, I thus may use my Eyes.

Art. Fair Vestal,
Though Fortune now at last seems kind to me,
Without you smile, 'tis useles Victory.

Ver. My joys must always wait on your Success,
Since they take being from your Happiness.
I beg now to return from whence I came ;
And there while I attend the sacred Flame,
My true Concerns for you shall never cease,
And pray for yours, while I enjoy my peace.

Art. Will you forsake me now, and be less kind,
Than you once promis'd if I had been blind ?
I had been happier then by Miseries :
Now I lose you, that had but lost my Eyes.

Ver. Then you did need my help, now you are free :
Does Love exceed the use of Charity ?

Art. Yet let not Charity your Love exceed ;
But grant me Alms as long as I have need.

Ver. Afas, the World is full of Storms I find ;
I wou'd return for shelter to my mind.
Come, dear *Hersilia*, which way must we go ?
Ah me ! why do you look upon me so ?
At once I weep and tremble too ; my Tears
Spring without Grief, and without cause my Fears.

Enter *Sertorius* and *Marcellina*.

Sert. Look, *Marcellina*, see what Heaven bestows,
As a full Recompence of all your Woes. —

Mar. *Hersilia* and *Virginia* !
Let me embrace you both, lest I shou'd wrong
My Love, which else wou'd stay from one too long.

Her. Dear *Marcellina*, Joy seems perfect now :
Nor Love nor Fortune gives it without you.

Tir. *Sertorius* ! —

I now demand my Freedom from your Sword ;
In spight of Torments I have kept my word,
And silently endur'd my Miseries,
Though all the while wrack'd by *Hersilia*'s Eyes.

Sert. To such strict Honour all Rewards are due ;
All I once hop'd, I now resign to you.
Here, fair *Hersilia*, may you as happy prove
In his, as I in *Marcellina*'s Love.

Tir. How all my Happiness together flows,
If with *Hersilia*'s Love your Friendship grows !

Her. If I deny, it wou'd ingrateful shew ;
I give not Love, but pay you what I owe.

Sert.

Sert. How, *Mutius* and *Sulpitius* too !
Dead both together !

Sul. —— No, wou'd it were true ;
Mutius, you see, has better Luck than I,
He's quiet, past the sense of Misery.

Sert. By whom fell *Mutius* ?

Art. —— By the Unfortunate ;
One that came here to fetch, not bring a Fate :
While *Tiridates* liv'd and was not free,
I blush'd at my own Life and Liberty ;
Hither I come, either or both to pay,
But lost my Freedom by another way.
'Tis I, *Armenia*'s, wretched Prince whom yet
Rome wants to make her Victory compleat :
Let *Tiridates* live, and let me find
But a swift Death, and *Rome*'s as great as kind.

Ter. Sertorius, if your Friendship can extend
To love *Rome*'s Enemy, because my Friend,
No Conquest that you ever gain'd before,
Can exceed this, or will become you more.

Sert. Dear *Tiridates*, were he not to you
So lov'd a Brother, to his worth were due
All that you ask ; 'tis more than Victory,
Thus to embrace so brave an Enemy.

Art. You *Romans* all the World sure must obey,
Since you know how to Conquer every way.

Tir. Permit me, fair *Hersilia*, to present
Him whose dear Loss I did so long lament.

Ver. If for my sake you can more Love bestow,
My Life and Honour unto him I owe.

Her. Either of these are tyes enough to prove
Strict Bonds, not Motives to oblige my Love.

Mar. My Debts, Sir, and *Hersilia*'s are the same.

Art. You oblige one has nothing but a Name.
My Heart, though not o'ercome by Miseries,
I lost a Conquest to *Virginia*'s Eyes.
While I was mis'rable, she did express
Concerns like Love, but they are all grown less ;
For she will now forsake the World and me.
Good gods, give me agaio my misery.

Dear *Corbulo*, repent, and make me blind,
For when I'm wretched she'll again be kind.

Ver. What have I done, that you shou'd tempt your Fate,
And beg the gods to be unfortunate ?

Art. Did you not say you wou'd forsake me now ?

Ver. To go to Heaven, do I fly from you ?
There by my Pray'rs my Love will best be try'd ;
You shall have more than all the World beside.

Art. It is a strange Devotion takes away
The Happiness for which it seems to pray.

Enter *Emilius*, and others.

Ver. My Father !

Emil. —— Ha, *Hersilia* and *Virginia* !
Does not the fondness of my Eyes betray !

O let me thus confirm my Happiness,
Till my Embraces grow to weariness :
My Joys encrease. Ha ! *Marcellina* too !
All Comforts next to them are brought by you,
And since *Sertorius* finds his Happiness
In yours, to *Iridates* I'll express
My promis'd Care, that he may happy prove,
Like you in mine, and his *Hersilia*'s love.

Tir. Those Blessings that you give are such a store,
I almost blush that I must ask you more.
See, Sir, my long-lost Brother, that here brought
His Life for mine, and his own Ruine sought :
Our Country gave the *Roman* Victories,
Its King's now vanquish'd by a *Roman*'s Eyes :
Yet, Sir, your pity will like Justice shew,
To pay a Love where she a Life does owe.

Ver. I owe him, Sir, my Life, I do confess,
And mean to pay him more than Love, not less :
I wou'd return and see the World no more,
And there for him unweared Heaven implore.

Emil. No, dear *Virginia*, such a Piety
That robs me of thy sight, were guilt in thee.
Nor need you fear, brave Prince, your own Success ;
Our Gratitude enjoyns your Happiness.

Art. Fair Vestal, since you must no more return
To those, pity the Flames that in me burn.
You shall for ever have a Vestal's Name,
And like them always keep alive a Flame.

Ver. Since 'tis my Father's pleasure that I stay,
'Tis you that make me willing to obey.
Press me no more, till I by Time may prove
In yours as weil instructed as my Love.

Art. That breath all my Misfortunes blows away ;
The loss of Scepters Love can over-pay.

Sert. Brave Sir, y'ave lost no Crown; for you shall find
A Prince that loves the Conquest of the Mind ;
The great *Augustus*, whose bright Nature brings
More surer Conquest than his Sword, or Kings.
Take up that wretched Man, that nothing may
Hang heavy on the Joys of this bright Day :
He's still my Brother, and may yet repent ;
A hopeless Love must be his punishment.
How all our Joys are set in foils of Woes !
As after Darkness Light the brighter shews,
So from our Sorrows all our Joys encrease,
And unto Love *Rome* owes a Friend and Peace.

EP I L O G U E Spoken by Mr *Lacy*, who is suppos'd
to enter as intending to speak the Epilogue
for the *T R A G E D Y*.

BY your leave, Gentleman----How! what do I see!
How! all alive! Then there's no use for me.
Troth, I rejoice you are reviv'd agen;
And so farewell, good living Gentlemen.

1. Nay, Mr. Lacy. La. What wou'd you have with me?
I can't speak Epilogues ex tempore:
The Poet has done craftily to day;
H'as spoil'd my Epilogue, perhaps his Play;
H'as cur'd'em all; a very pretty prank!
And from a Poet turn'd a Mountebank.
Well,---- If nothing pleases but Variety,
I'll turn Rageu into a Tragedy.
When Lacy, like a whining Lover, dies,
Though you hate Tragedies, 'twill wet your Eyes.
Letters of Marque are granted every where,
And one Prize-Office is kept always here:
All that are Phlegmatick are Enemies,
Which makes Poets and Dutchmen certain Prize.
All that I wish is that the Dutch may fight
With as ill fortune as we Poets write.
I thought to have spoke something of the Play;
But you'll think what you please, whate'er I say.

F I N I S.

THE
Great Favourite,
OR, THE
D U K E
O F
LERMA.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by
R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet.

M D C X C I I .

D d 2

THE HISTORY OF

THE EARTH

AND

THE
YOUNG

MAN

BY

JOHN
COLLINS

WITH A HISTORY OF
THE EARTH

TO THE READER.

I Cannot plead the usual Excuse for Publishing this Trifle, which is commonly the Subject of most Prefaces, by charging it upon the Importance of Friends; for, I confess, I was my self willing, at the first Desire of Mr. Herringman, to Print it: not for any great Opinion that I had entertain'd, but for the Opinion that others were pleas'd to express; which being told me by some Friends, I was concern'd to let the World judge what subject matter of Offence was contain'd in it: Some were pleas'd to believe, little of it mine: but they are both obliging to me, though perhaps not intentionally; the last, by thinking there was any thing in it that was worth so ill design'd an Envy, as to place it to another Author: The others (perhaps, the best bred Informers) by continuing their Displeasures towards me, since I most gratefully acknowledge to have received some Advantage in the Opinion of the sober part of the World, by the loss of theirs.

For the Subject, I came accidentally to write upon it; for a Gentleman brought a Play to the King's Company, call'd, The Duke of L E R M A; and by them I was desired to peruse it, and return my Opinion, whether I thought it fit for the Stage: After I had read it, I acquainted them, that in my Judgment it would not be of much Use for such a Design, since the Contrivance scarce would merit the Name of a Plot; and some of that, assist'd by a Disguise; and it ended abruptly: and on the Person of Philip the III^d there was fix'd such a mean Character, and on the Daughter of the Duke of Lerma, such a vicious one, that I cou'd not but judge it unfit to be presented by any that had a Respect, not only to Princes, but indeed to either Man or Woman; and about that time, being to go into the Country, I was persuad'd by Mr. Hart to make it my Diversion there, that so great a Hint might not be lost, as the Duke of Lerma saving himself in his last Extremity, by his unexpected Disguise, which is as well in the true Story as the old Play; and besides that and the Names, my altering the most part of the Characters, and the whole Design, made me uncapable to use much more; though perhaps written with higher Stile and Thoughts, than I cou'd attain to.

I intend not to trouble my self nor the World any more in such Subjects, but take my leave of these my too long Acquaintances; since that little Fancy and Liberty I once enjoy'd, is now fetter'd in Buffness of more unpleasant Natures; yet were I free to apply my Thoughts as my

To the Reader.

own Choice directed them; I should hardly again venture into the Civil Wars of Censures.

Ubi —— Nullos habitura Triumphos.

In the next place, I must ingenuously confess, that the manner of Plays, which now are in most esteem, is beyond my power to perform; nor do I condemn in the least any thing of what Nature soever that pleases; since nothing cou'd appear to me a ruder Folly, than to censure the Satisfaction of others: I rather blame the unnecessary Understanding of some that have labour'd to give strict Rules to Things that are not Mathematical, and with such eagerness, pursuing their own seeming Reasons, that at last we are to apprehend such Argumentative Poets will grow as strict as Sancho Panco's Doctor was to our very Appetites; for in the difference of Tragedy and Comedy, and of Farce it self, there can be no determination but by the Taste; nor in the manner of their Composure; and who ever wou'd endeavour to like or dislike by the Rules of others, he will be as unsuccessful, as if he should try to be persuaded into a power of believing; not what he must, but what others direct him to believe.

But I confess, 'tis not necessary for Poets to study strict Reason, since they are so us'd to a greater Latitude than is allow'd by that severe Inquisition; that they must infringe their own Jurisdiction, to profess themselves oblig'd to argue well: I will not therefore pretend to say, why I writ this Play, some Scenes in blank Verse, others in Rhime, since I have no better a Reason to give than Chance, which waited upon my present Fancy; and I expect no better a Reason from any ingenious person, than his Fancy for which he best relishes.

I cannot therefore but beg leave of the Reader, to take a little notice of the great pains the Author of an Essay of Dramatick Poësie has taken, to prove Rhime as natural in a serious Play, and more effectual than blank Verse: Thus he states the Question, but pursues that which he calls Natural in a wrong Application; for 'tis not the Question, whether Rhime or not Rhime, be best, or most Natural for a grave and serious Subject; but what is nearest the nature of that which it presents. Now after all the Endeavours of that ingenious Person, a Play will still be supposed to be a Composition of several Persons speaking extempore; and 'tis as certain, that good Verses are the hardest things that can be imagin'd to be so spoken; so that if any will be pleas'd to impose the Rule of measuring things to be the best, by being nearest Nature; it is granted by consequence, that which is most remote from the thing supposed, must needs be most improper; and therefore I may justly say, that both I and the Question were equally mistaken; for I do own, I had rather read good Verses, than either blank Verse or Prose, and therefore the Author did himself injury, if he like Verse so well in Plays, to lay down Rules to raise Arguments, only unanswerable against himself.

But

To the Reader.

But the same Author being fill'd with the Precedents of the Ancients writing their Plays in Verse, commends the thing, and assures us that our Language is Noble, Full, and Significant; charging all Defects upon the ill placing of Words, and proves it by quoting Seneca, loftily expressing such an ordinary thing, as Shutting a Door.

Referate clusos Regii postes Laris.

I suppose he was himself highly affected with the sound of these Words, but to have compleated his Dictates together with his Arguments, he should have oblig'd us, by Charming our Ears with such an Art of placing Words as in an English Verse to express so loftily the Shutting of a Door, that we might have been as much affected with the sound of his Words. This, instead of being an Argument upon the Question rightly stated, is an Attempt, to prove that nothing may seem something, by the help of a Verse, which I easily grant to be the ill fortune of it; and therefore the Question being so much mistaken, I wonder to see that Author trouble himself twice about it, with such an absolute Triumph declared by his own Imagination. But I have heard that a Gentleman in Parliament, going to speak twice, and being interrupted by another Member, as against the Orders of the House, he was excused by a Third, assuring the House he had not yet spoken to the Question.

But if we examine the general Rules laid down for Plays by strict Reason, we shall find the Errors equally gross; for the great foundation that is laid to build upon is nothing, as it is generally stated; which will appear upon the examination of the particulars.

First, We are told the Plot should not be so ridiculously contriv'd, as to crowd two several Countries into one Stage; secondly, to cramp the Accidents of many years or days into the representation of two hours and a half: And lastly, a Conclusion drawn, that the only remaining dispute is concerning time, whether it should be contain'd in twelve, or four and twenty hours, and the place to be limited to the spot of ground, either in Town or City, where the Play is suppos'd to begin; And this is call'd nearest to Nature: For that is concluded most natural, which is most probable, and nearest to that which it presents.

I am so well pleas'd with any ingenious offers, as all these are, that I should not examine this strictly, did not the confidence of others force me to it; there being not any thing more unreasonable to my Judgment, than the attempt to infringe the Liberty of Opinion by Rules so little demonstrative.

To shew therefore upon what ill grounds they dictate Laws for Dramatick Poesie, I shall endeavour to make it evident, that there's no such thing as what they all pretend; for, if strictly and duly weigh'd, 'tis as impossible for one Stage to present two Houses, or two Rooms truly, as two Countreys or Kingdoms; and as impossible that five hours, or four and twenty hours should be two hours and a half, as that a thousand hours or years should be less than what they are; or the greatest part of time to be comprehended in the less; for all being impossible, they are none of them nearest the truth, or nature, of what they

To the Reader.

they present, for Impossibilities are all equal, and admit no degrees: and then if all those Poets that have so fervently labour'd to give Rules as Maximes, would but be pleased to abbreviate, or endure to hear their Reasons reduc'd into one strict definition, it must be, that there are degrees in impossibilities, and that many things which are not possible, may yet be more or less impossible; and from this proceed to give Rules to observe the least absurdity in things which are not at all.

I suppose I need not trouble the Reader with so impertinent a delay to attempt a farther Confutation of such ill-grounded Reasons, than thus by opening the true state of the Case, nor do I design to make any farther use of it, than from hence to draw this modest Conclusion, That I would have all attempts of this nature be submitted to the fancy of others, and bear the name of Propositions, not of Confident Laws, or Rules made by Demonstration; and then I shall not discommend any Poet that dresses his Play in such a fashion as his fancy best approves; and fairly leave it for others to follow, if it appears to them most convenient, and fullest of Ornament.

But writing this Epistle in so much haste, I had almost forgot one Argument, or Observation, which that Author has most good fortune in; It is in his Epistle Dedicatory, before his Essay of Dramatick Poesie; where, speaking of Rhyme in Plays, he desires it may be observ'd, That none are violent against it, but such as have not attempted it, or who have succeeded ill in the attempt; which as to my self and him I easily acknowledge; for I confess none has written in that way better than himself, nor few worse than I: Yet, I hope, he is so ingenuous, that he would not wish this Argument should extend further than to him and Me; for if it should be received as a good one, all Divines and Philosophers would find a readier way of Confutation than they yet have done, of any that should oppose the least Thesis or Definition, by saying, they were denied by none but such as never attempted to write, or succeeded ill in the attempt.

Thus as I am one that am extreamly well pleas'd with most of the Propositions, which are ingeniously laid down in that Essay, for regulating the Stage; so I am also always concern'd for the true honour of Reason, and would have no spurious Issue Father'd upon her. Fancy may be allow'd her wantonnes; but Reason is always pure and chaste: and as it resembles the Sun, in making all things clear, it also resembles it in its several Positions, when it shines in full height, and directly ascendant over any Subject, it leaves but little shadow; But when descended and grown low, its oblique shining renders the shadow larger than the substance, and gives the deceiv'd person a wrong measure of his own proportion.

Thus begging the Reader's Excuse for this seeming Impertinency, I submit what I have written to the liberty of his unconfin'd Opinion, which is all the favour I ask of others to afford to me.

PROLOGUE

To the Duke of Lerma, spoken by Mrs. Ellen, and Mrs. Nepp.

Nepp. **H**OW, Mrs. Ellen, not Drest yet, and the Play ready to begin.

Ell. Not so near ready to begin as you think for.

Nepp. Why? What's the matter?

Ellen. The Poet and the Company are wrangling within.

Nepp. About what?

Ellen. A Prologue.

Nepp. Why, Is't an ill one?

Nell. Two to one it had been so if he had writ any; but the Conscious Poet, with much Modesty, and very Civilly and Sillily —— has writ none.

Nepp. What do they mean to do?

Nell. Nay, Fortune knows; They are now Compounding with him but for two Lines.

Nepp. And what says the wilful Rhimer?

Nell. Why he says for his Defence, that Prologues are like Corn well thrash'd, there's nothing left in the Straw.

Nepp. What shall we do then? 'Slife, let us be bold,
And speak a Prologue.

Nell. —— No, no, let us Scold.

Nepp. Nay ——
Since to be try'd here is our Poet's Chance,
We'll wish him sure a good Deliverance.

Nelle. Why, then deliver him from you that fit
And boldly Censure, what, you have not Wit:
May you be poor, and know not what to do
For Six-pence, and then rail at Money too.

Nepp. From you that have some Wit, and yet more Spight,
May you be judg'd, as you do those that write;
May all your Courted Mistresses to you
Prove froward and malicious Criticks too.

Nell. May they observe with Care your ugliest Looks,
As you do the worst things in Plays and Books.

Nepp. Deliver him from you that nothing spare;
Nay, you that would fain seem worse than you are,
Out-talk your own Debaucherries, and tell
With a fine Shrug, *Faith, Jack, I am not well.*

Nell. From you that with much Ease, and little Shame,
Can blast a Poet's, and a Woman's Fame;
For at first sight a well-bred Trick y'have got,
Combing your Wiggs, to Cry, *Dam me, She's naught.*

Nepp. Prithee let's say no more, but run away,
For they'll revenge themselves on the poor Play.

Nell. No matter, we have here one Party fast,
I mean the Gentlemen we spoke of last:
Though they deny't the Poet, yet we know,
On us they freely wou'd their Claps bestow.

[Exeunt.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Philip, the young King of Spain.
The Duke of Medina, Uncle to *Donna Maria*.
The Duke of Lerma, Father to *Donna Maria*.
The Duke d' *Alva*.
The Marquis of *Alcara*.
Count *Bruchero*.
The King's Confessor made Archbishop of *Toledo*.
Caldoon, *Lerma*'s chief Servant and Creature.
Angelo, Servant to *Lerma*.
Francisco and *Don Juan*, two Courtiers.
Antonio.
Three Lords.
Three Courtiers.
Three Suiters.
Fryars.
Officers and Attendants.
Four Blackamores.
Six Pages.

W O M E N.

The Queen Mother.
Donna Maria, Daughter to *Lerma*.
Catalina, a Maid of Honour to the Queen.
Izabella, a Lady, Kinswoman to *Medina*.
Attendants of Court-Ladies.

The S C E N E M A D R I D.

T H E

THE
 Great Favourite:
 OR, THE
 D U K E . of L E R M A .

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lerma, *Alone.*

Ler. **R**epulse upon repulse; like Waves thrown back,
 That slide to hang upon obdurate Rocks;
 The King shot Ruine at me, and there lies,
 Forgiving all the World, but me alone;
 As if that Heaven too, as well as he,
 Had scratcht me out of numbers; at the Last,
 He turn'd his feeble Eyes away from me,
 As dying Men from sins that had mis-led 'em,
 Blasting my hopes, and theirs that hang upon me:
 Thus all those mighty Merits of my Family,
 Are going to his Grave, there to be buried;
 And I my self have hung upon his frowns,
 Like dew upon a Cloud, till shaken off
 In a cold showre, and frozen as it fell,
 Starving my growth, with this untimely frost;
 But, — I fondly prate away my thoughts
 Till I have made 'em nothing, like my self.

Enter Pedro, Lorenzo, Jaques, Paulo, and Caldroon, *his Servants.*
 See — here are the parts of my full Ruine,
 These decay'd Out-Houses shew the chief Building
 Wants Reparation. A good day
 May you all share my Friends, and better too
 Than *Lerma's* belt, or 'twili be dark enough.

Pedro. What means this Salutation?

Loren. I understand it not.

Ler. What? all struck dumb? has then the news
 Of *Lerma's* late Repulse, from Mighty *Philip*,
 wrought such effects upon your shaken spirits,
 Who are but Play-Fellows with my decays,

That it hath ravish'd from you all your tongues,
(Afflictions best Appeasers) he that's boldest,
Let him attempt to talk me up to slight it,
And he that's fearful, Let him pity me ;
For I have thanks for every sort of kindness,
Nay, for your looks ; I see a sorrow there,
For which *Lerma* has nothing left to give you,
But that poor empty name of Thanks, a word
That pays for faint salutes, or a good morrow.

Cald. My Lord, we were commanded, at this hour
Here to attend your pleasure :

Ler. 'Tis true, I had forgot,
I call'd you to confess, I am your Debtor,
And you my patient Creditors,
Pen, Ink, and Paper there ; and now my Friends, [Ex. Paulo, for Pen,
Ink, &c.]
I'll tell you all the Fortune I have left,
And you shall shar't, as far as it will go.
How long, *Pedro*, hast thou serv'd me ?

Ped. Seven years, my Lord.
Ler. Dost thou not Curse me now for want of Wages ?
In such A'prentiship, with great *Medina*
Thou hadst set up thy self ; thy tedious service
Has now no more Inheritance, than a loose Ragg
About a hang'd-up Man, confusing with
The shameful Carcass it should cover.

Omn. We do beseech your Lordship.
Ler. I apprehend you : all I can do, is this :
Let every Man examine his own wishes,
The aptness of his own abilities ; and see
The Man, how great so e'r, (the King excepted)
In reach of whose great fires I dare not trust,
My wither'd Supplications) And to him
I will with all the liberal praise I can
Give him a fair preferment.

Omn. We wish no other choice, but as we are.
Ler. No more ; your kindness is ill-tim'd.
That Paper waits for your Impressions,
And I to finish your desires : peruse it. [He walks about while they write.]
So — nay grieve not, this is a day
Of your most happy changes. [He reads.]

Let me see — *Pedro* to *Don Bruchero*, 'tis well.
Jaques, the Duke d' *Alva* ; good. *Lorenzo*,
The Duke of *Auzon*, in *Naples*, fit. *Paulo*,
To *Don Lewis de Velsco*, very well. —
Who for the Wars then ?

Ped. I, my good Lord.
Ler. 'Tis a good choice — but stay, what's this,
At last ? sure I mistake. Read it, *Pedro*.

Ped. *Roderigo del Caldroon*, and the Marquis of *Lerma*.
Ler. Ha, ha, ha, I was not then mistaken
In him, though in the Rest. [Aside.]

Cald. I hope your Lordship never shall have cause
To alter your good thoughts, of your poor Servant.

Ler. Thou'st took a course to make thee poor enough ;
But e'er we part, I must say something to thee.
For you, Gentlemen, you may assure your selves

You

You shortly shall possess your several choices :
I dare not wish you well, lest my desires
As in my own successes, fail in yours ;
Yet all the parts of good, that are not dangerous,
Your miserable Lord will pay you : now go in,
I'll follow presently ; in the mean time,
I'll try to turn poor *Roderigo's* Love
More to his proper use.

Omn. Heaven Crown you with success.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ler. See, *Caldoon*, how my infected fate
Has driven these to seek more healthful Airs.
But why dost thou dote on my misery,
Thus to pursue a death, that would fly from thee,
Or Lov'st thou to grow old in poverty,
Hurrying thy Fortune on before 'tis ready,
And making my ill Fate, Conscious of thine.
By Heaven, unless some Holy Nunnery
Receive my dear *Maria*, I have not means
Left to preserve her : of my self
I'm grown more careless now, than others are :

Cald. My Lord,
I never follow'd any hopes of yours,
Nor vow'd my self a Servant to your Fortunes ;
I only beg, I may not be discarded
Before you see some tryal of my Faith.

Ler. Thou dost engage me in new Wars, *Caldoon*,
For I am urg'd by gratitude to thee,
To tug agen with froward destiny,
That I may ravish mighty favours from her
To throw in showres upon thee : but consider,
Art thou resolv'd to try this chance with me ?

Cald. In spight of Injury, and Fate, my Lord.

Ler. Our Contract then is seal'd — but no more,
See, some Servants of the King, stand close.

Enter *Don Francisco* and *Don Juan*.

Don Juan. Good day, *Francisco*, how fares the King ?

Fran. Ill enough, I fear, for even now I met
Physicians, and some of his Bed-Chamber,
Who had this time the watch about his Person ;
By them I heard, he had a cruel night.

Don Ju. Made they a question then of his Recovery ?

Fran. No, For they said it was impossible.

Ler. The weather alters.

[*Aside.*]

Don Ju. Of what nature may his Disease be ?
Fran. Physicians are pleas'd to tell us that
After the Patient's dead : 'tis supposed
To be of a strange Nature ; if bloody Men
May draw down Vengeance; Heaven seems
To send a Portion of his Anger on him.

Ler. Revenge my Quarrel, little Mighty People.

[*Aside.*]

Fran. 'Tis dangerous to talk : At St. *Merced's*
'Twixt Nine and Ten I'll meet you.

Don Ju. I will not fail : Farewel.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Ler. Grow up, you Blessed Ministers of Anger,
And turn the giddy Court into Distractions,

And

212 *The Great Favourite: Or,*

And let Great *Philip* die, as loath'd as Poverty,
Or as his own Disease — ha! more distractiōn?

Enter two or three, running hastily with Lights; Physicians and Fryers
another way, and every way Noblemen with Torches before them, as the
Duke d' Alva, Marques of Alcara, and Count Bruchero.

Cald. This strange confusion tells the news of death.

Ler. My heart is wing'd, and soars I know not whither.

[Aside.]

D' Alva. Call the Florentine Doctor.

1 Lord. H'as watcht three nights, and is stoln hence to rest.

Alca. Where's that Florentine, and the Confessor?

2 Lord. Not in the Court.

Ler. Now it heightens.

[Aside.]

Alca. Not in Court?

Has the Impostor then leisure to sleep

When Spain's Great Majesty lies so afflicted?

Go raise him up, and bid him waken nature,

That almost now is in a dying sleep:

Hark, I fear the fatal blow is struck. [noise of a groan.]

[Exeunt.]

Cald. Heard you not that, my Lord?

Ler. I heard methoughts a groan as Horrible

As if great Nature's Frame had crackt in two,

And yet that blow kill'd not a fly, *Caldoon*;

Something is gone old Folks will talk on.

But see, these Faces speak a certainty;

Draw near 'em.

Enter two or three Courtiers.

1 Cour. The King is dead.

Ler. Thanks be to Heaven.

[Aside.]

2 Cour. He dy'd in extream torment.

Cald. Good news, my Lord.

[Aside.]

Ler. Oh Admirable! but see, here's more.

[Stand aside.]

Enter the Duke of Medina, the Duke D' Alva, and the King's Confessor, with Attendants.

Medi. My Lords, 'tis fit we every one retire
Freely, to pay our Griefs for our dead Master;
In the mean time summon the Privy-Council,
To meet two hours hence —

In the King's Chamber.

D' Alva. Father Confessor, you must bring the Will:

And Publish it at the Council-Board. [Exeunt. *Lerma pulls the Conf-*
Conf. I shall not fail. *for as he's going out.*

Ler. Is the King dead?

Conf. Too sure.

[Exit.]

Ler. I have Ideas in my head, *Caldoon*,
Thy Council and thy Service must give Life to,
That holy Robe I toucht at going off
Must Sanctifie, and hide my mortal thoughts,
For I am very Worldly at the present.

Cald. Command me, I am all yours, my Lord.

Ler. Then the young King — It will not out,
But I will cleave unto the Court, like flesh
Grown up to fill the place, where 'twas cut off;
I will sow Jealousie in every Breast,

[Tis

'Tis a Rank growing weed, and will choak up
All that shou'd spring of Love, or Confidence.

And then —— Good, Excellent. ——

My mind grows fruitful now, and brings forth thoughts
Enough, to stock the World with my ambition,
And like a fruitful Mother now takes care,
That was before as barren as despair.

[Studies.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter the young King, the Queen-Mother, the Duke of Medina, the
Duke D' Alva, the Marques of Alcara, Count Bruchero
and the Confessor, carrying the King's Will upon a Cu-
shion in State.

Queen **S**hou'd we all stay, till we had pay'd our griefs
To his dead Majesty; we shou'd neglect
The Just performance of his sacred Will.
By long continu'd Sorrows: Therefore we must
Beg so much time from tears, as to fulfil
The Last commands of our dead Sovereign.
In which your Services we must command.

Med. Madam, th' Affairs of Spain, dwell in a Calm
By the wise Conduct of our dead Master:
And our last troubles in the Belgicke Wars,
Backt by the English, for a time laid by;
So that the breath we have from all our toyls
May be employ'd in this our last obedience,
To our dead Sovereign; and our future Loyalties
Perform'd to this fair risen Sun.

D' Alva. The first visit this new Sun must make
Is through the several Governments; calling all
To just Accounts, that those that have done well
May be continu'd, other Men remov'd.

Alca. Committees for that purpose, must be impower'd:
At our next meeting, and the Peoples Oaths
In every Province taken for the King.

Bruch. Then all the Garrisons must be survey'd,
The General, Colonels, and the Captains, sworn
By a new Oath, to their immediate King;
And all the Souldiers pay'd their full Arrears.

Queen. Add to this our Navies, and our Gallies,
And then Embassadors to several Nations
Must be next thought on, the King and I
Will if he pleases go to the Escorial,
Till all things are dispos'd in better order.

Alca. Madam, the Marques of Lerma is yet in Court;
Queen. To little purpose Alcara; That's not forgot
In the King's Will, and we must blast him hence
With the disdain, that by the Will's bequeath'd him.

D' Alva. He is a danger always where he is.

Queen. The King has left us heirs unto his State,
And we have not forgot, the sawcy words
His idle Spleen gave out against our Person;
I'll keep him like a poyson, in a glas,
Till his own venome bursts him.

King.

King. Madam, I think it best, that I retire
To the Escorial.

Queen. If you please, Sir, till the Funeral
Of your dead Father's past, for Stars ne'er shine
In Clouds : the rest, my Lords, the King
Commits to you, for safety of his Person and Affairs.

Med. It is the Boast of Spain, and our best Glories,
That we have ever truly serv'd our Kings.

Queen. 'Tis an undoubted truth : please you to go.

King. I must first speak with my Confessor.

Queen. Let him attend you to the Escorial.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bruch. That Confessor's a *Lerma*.

Alca. Wou'd he were shaken off.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Lerma and the Confessor.

Ler. **N**A Y, I am not very pious ;
And yet I hardly think it will be call'd
A holy thought.

Confess. By whom ?

Ler. The Multitude.

Confess. Oh I confess, you have a long time striv'd
With mighty Care to please their giddiness.

Ler. She is my Daughter.

Confess. The fitter then to save her Father.
Is't not more piety for such a Cause
To lose her Honour, than her own Appetite ;
And she perhaps may do like other Women.

Ler. You have confirm'd me now to be that thing,
I faintly wist before ; were all the Honours
Of my dead Ancestors, lock'd up in this Casket,
It shu'd be thus broke up ; but you must now,
Soften her squeamish coyness ; you may tell her,
The Mistress of a King, is half a Saint,
For she'll be worshipt ; and with her self
She raises up her Father to his wishes.

Now, by my hopes, I speak ingenuously,
You have a fine, large Text, to preach upon :
And I will second you, and add new motives,
Hugging her sin, and bless her for offending,
See the Sedan is come.

[*A Sedan carried by four Moors, Cal-
droon attending, pass over the Stage.*

Confess. Dispatch the Slaves away, before
You do unload the Chair.

Cal. I understand you.

Ler. There go the Spells must catch the King :
And now if Love have Power, or Womens Eyes
Can shoot a flame into a Sovereign's heart,
I shall grow warm agen ; by standing by.
If these Plots fail, I'll raise another Spirit
Shall keep my Enemies from rest.

Confess. Swell not too soon above your banks,
And so betray the head of all your springs :
We will not fail what fate so e'er oppose us.

Ler.

Ler. Nobly resolv'd ;
But have you found the humours of the King ?
Conf. Yes, 'I have trac'd an easie nature in him,
But too much fixt to one unhappy virtue.
His temper is too gentle for our business,
And would be rather cruel to himself
Than unto others ; for if prest to Justice,
I find a pitty hangs upon his heart
Like gentle dew that cools all cruel passions.
Such a smooth heart as his, will sooner take
Impression of a figure than a rough one.
In his soft nature Love's prepar'd to grow,
When fair *Maria's* Eyes, their Sun-beams show.

Ler. Thou hast now made my hopes so strong
That I dare lean upon 'em : farewell,
If we but prosper now ; not we on Fate
But she on us, shall for direction wait.

[Exitus.]

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter *Maria*, and the Confessor following her.

Maria. **I**S this Divinity ? Defend me, Heaven !

Conf. Sweet Lady, hear me.

Maria. Go preach thy Heresies to Toads and Serpents,
Or to the Sun-burnt-Indians, whose Devotion
Is paid to that which thou wou'dst have me be,
A Devil.

Conf. Pray, Madam, be not so loud, you may be heard.

Maria. Wou'd my Soul's storms cou'd raise my Voice
Loud as the Oceans Raving ; that the Fool'd World
May know what dangerous Couzenage may lie hid
Under such holy shapes.

Conf. Is this my Recompence ?

Maria. Oh Monstrous !
Thou exquisite Exceeder of Impieties,
That dost Expect a Recompence from Sin,
Perhaps 'tis all your Trades with Cheating Zeal,
To tear your Jaws, and stretch your Throats to hoarseness,
To raise poor People to a fond belief,
The easier to o'erthrow their new-built Faith ;
When such as you but laugh at what you taught ;
Such a Destroyer now of all Mankind
Art thou black Homicide.

Conf. Homicide ?
Who whispers to a Storm, may be o'erwhelm'd,
But never heard ; I wish'd you to the King,
And something with it, of a holier name
Than what you rave at, but farewell.

Mar. — Stay, Father —
What's this ? A holier name ? —
You or I rave indeed.

Conf. Yes, and perhaps may warm your coldnes,
The name of Queen, Will that yet take Impression ?

F f

Mar.

Mar. No — I am as chaste to that as to the other,
Ambition has its Lust, as well as Love.

Con. You give too coarse a name to great Attempts,
And blast our honours, with the care of yours,
You may be rais'd unto your Prince's Bed,
And climb by your obedience to his Throne,
Led by your Love, and not Ambition.

Mar. These are large thoughts — but the Queen. —

Conf. Forget her, she is in her wayne.

Mar. Ha ! there is no safety while she is alive.

Conf. Nothing's unsafe to thee but unbelief,
Thy Father got thy Honour, and thy Life,
And will not murder either : take my advice,
And for the rest — see — your Father.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Tell me, holy Father, is it Idolatry
To pay Devotion to those Glorious Eyes,
And call them Lights Divine ? they are my Stars,
Since their Bright Influence must direct my fate,
My growth of Life, and Fortune must depend
Upon their warmth, whose power must fetter pow'r,
And Majesty it self learn to obey.

Mar. What means my honour'd Father ?

Ler. Call me not Father, I must take Life from thee,
And from thy Suns, like growing Fruit be ripen'd.

Mar. This is strange, to me, Sir.

Ler. Ha ! Have you not wrought her ?

Conf. I have us'd my utmost art, and tempted her
With the name of Queen — but —

Ler. You are dull : I thought your profession
Had been more subtile in these practices ;
Leave us a little —

Has not your Confessor, my best *Maria*,
Acquainted you with my designs ?

Mar. He told me something, Sir, had an ill sound,
But may be 'twas his Piety to try me,
It was not his Religion sure to tempt me ?

Ler. Tempt you ? to what ? to a King's Love,
Perhaps his Throne ; Call your own nice ness folly,
And not his Love and Care Impiety.

Mar. My Mother, Sir, upon her Death-bed, charg'd me
(When her Acquaintance grew so great with Heaven,)
That I shou'd still be chaste ; chaste to all Appetites,
Call'd Pride, the Dropsie of Infected Souls,
That swell'd 'em first, then burst 'em.

Ler. Your Mother was for t'other World
When she preach'd thus, but I am yet for this ;
And I must leave it in a hurry, unless thy power
Steps the fierce Whirlwind that is just now ready
To wrap me into nothing —

Mar. Heaven defend my Father.

Ler. Amen, but you must help ; it was
On purpose that Heaven made thee fair,
To save thy Father.

Mar. I hope there is no danger near you ?

[Exit Confessor.]

Ler.

Ler. Nothing but Death, or Banishment ;
Come, *Maria*, my Best, my Dear *Maria*,
Come shine upon the King, the flames thou giv'st
Will return warmth to thee, like the bright Sun
That gives the World his heat, and yet so justly
Paid back again, he lends at no expence,
But preserves all, and shines, as thou maist do.
If a declining Father be thy all, if not,
Let it be night, and it shall be a dark one
To more than me.

Mar. Oh Heavens ! What do you mean ?

Ler. Peace, see the King.
This opportunity is lost.

Mar. Good Sir, let me go.

Ler. You must not.

Enter King, *Duke D' Alva*, the *Marquess of Alcara*,
and *Count Bruchero*.

D' Alva. Your Father's Blessing
Seal'd it with that condition.

[*Lerma observes.*

Alca. You forfeit all the strength of his advice,
If at the first you break his strict Commands.

Bruc. The King commanded *Lerma's* Banishment,
As if some Oracle had said, till that be done,
The Plague shall Reign, or Famine, or the Sword.

Ler. Mark that, *Maria*.

King. I am unwilling to begin my Reign,
With a severity to any one — but —

D' Alva. Look, Sir, where he is, no fitter time
Than now, to throw him to his Banishment.

King. What Lady's that ? —

Alca. How he gazes on her ? —
'Tis his Daughter, Sir. —

D' Alva. Sir, Remember now, your Father's last Commands :
What do you look at, Sir ?

Ler. Now, my prophetick Soul !

[*Aside.*

King. Look at ? — that fair Lady :
Is she not wondrous fair ?

Bruc. But she is *Lerma's* Daughter, Sir.

[*Goes to her.*

King. No matter — Madam —
I ought sooner to have Saluted you,
But 'tis not less Respect, to so much Beauty
To lose Civility in Admirations.

[*She looks down.*

Ler. Speak.

King. Be not displeas'd, fair wonder of your Sex,
That I admire so suddenly ; a flower Conquest
Is fit for lesser Beauties.

D' Alva. Sir, Do you remember ?

King. I do, concerning *Lerma*,
Know, my Lord, I will not wait for a Petition
That this fair Beauty might present ;
'Tis juster to her power to tell you,
I can pronounce no Banishment, nor Death
To him that gave her Life.

Ler. You pour Mercies on me.

Bruc. What change is this ?

King. In Return, my Lord, I do expect this gratitude,
That I and all the Court may be made happy
By this fair Object—I do expect your promise.

Ler. You have it, Sir.

King. I will no more punish her modesty.

D' Alva. Sir, Will you forget?

King. No more.

Ler. Now, my *Maria*, Should I not fall down
And worship the Divinity that saves me?

Mar. Are there Divinities below?

Ler. There are; every wise thing is a Divinity,
That can dispose, and check the fate of things:
I ask no other help but thine,
To make *Spain* know I am their Deity.
Come, you must to Court, my word's engag'd.

Mar. What to do, Sir?
To be a Prostitute, or to be thought so?

I shall show there, Sir, not like a Sun,
But like a Meteor, risen on a sudden,
Whose false light quickly slides into a vapour.

Ler. Ha!
Dost thou in Disobedience shew thy vertue,
And with those guilty Eyes, that may preserve me,
Gaze unconcern'd on my approaching ruine.

Mar. Heaven will defend you, Sir.

Ler. I will not trouble Heaven, when you may do't;
Did you not hear my Banishment and Death
Charg'd on the young King, as his Father's Legacy,
Of safety to his Crown? Was he not going
Just to pronounce it too? when thy bright Eyes
Arrested all his Anger at Love's Sute.

Mar. What should I do?

Ler. Keep still his heat alive, or I am sent
To an Eternal Coldness; and like a Crocodile,
Thou may'st then weep, o'er him thou hast destroy'd.

Mar. Were there no way, Sir, but by my Death
To make your Life secure? I wou'd resign
It willingly, and pay you back,
The Life I borrow'd of you.

Ler. No, 'tis the Death of others then must save me,
Since I must fall, excuse me, curs'd necessity;
For I will sow Murders so thick, and sudden,
That Death shall have a fruitful Harvest.

Mar. What d'ye talk of, Sir?

Ler. Of Death.

Mar. Of whose?

Ler. Of those that have the power of mine.

Mar. Not of the King's, Sir?

Ler. Yes of the King's, why d'ye start?
Nature has no exceptions, though Laws have.

Mar. Direct me, Heaven!

Ler. Come, I trifle,
And play with my own dangers, farewell:
I'll leave a Father's Curse behind me,
And only stay to please my Eyes with ruine
Before mine comes.

[Offers to go.]
Mar.

Mar. Stay, Sir — I know not what to say ;
I will do any thing ; I should have said
That had been honest ; but that is disobedience.
I beg, Sir, but one minutes time to think.

Ler. Do, while I call the Confessor :
Be sudden in your thoughts, for death depends
Upon your Meditations.

Mar. What storms are risen, in my shaken breast ?
Thoughts succeed thoughts, like restless troubled waves,
Dashing out one another : if I deny,
My Father to avoid his destiny,
May reach that sacred Life, which I may save ;
If I discover this my Father dies.
Vertue, thou shalt protect me before heaven.
Though not from this bad world. Ah me !
The only way now left me to preserve
A King, and Father, is t' expose my Fame :
Hard fate, when Vertue is the guide to shame.

[Exit.]

Enter Lerma with the Confessor.

Ler. Come, Are you resolv'd ?

Mar. I am, Sir.

Ler. To what ?

Mar. Obedience, Sir.

Ler. Oh, *Maria*, thou breath'st new life into me,
And I could waste it in embracing thee ;
But time will not allow me choice in happiness.
Here, Father, carry her : where I appointed :
Remember only this my dear, *Maria* ;
Be not too easie, nor too nice : she's wife
That rules as much by Craft, as by her Eyes. [Ex. *Maria and Confessor*]
So now I may rise
To be a Pyramid,
For I have laid a large foundation.
The Queen must be remember'd and forgotten,
Or she may shake my politick structures.

Enter Caldron.

How now, *Caldroon* ; what has transported thee ?
There is a kind of wantonness that plays
On thy pleas'd Countenance, what is the matter ?

Cald. Nothing but your good fortune cou'd
Have caus'd it.

Ler. Why, didst thou meet the Confessor
That told thee ?

Cald. No.

Ler. How didst thou hear it then ?

Cald. The quick-ey'd Rascals spy'd it.

Ler. Who ?

Cald. Poor suffering fellows, whose busines
Is to watch, on every change of power :
They have heard of the King's smiles.
And are now in full cry, hunting after you.

Ler. Good, Excellent.

Cald. They were running on a wrong track
But I hollow'd 'em in — see, my Lord —

They

They have found you ; walk by,
Leave 'em to my managing.

Enter two or three Suitors, they follow Caldroon fawningly and bow to Lerma. He walks smiling.

Ler. Good, very good.

Cald. Well, my Lord is now a little busie.

Suit. We ever pray'd for your Grace.

[Exeunt.]

Ler. Kind Rogues.

Here's an alteration, strange as Winter's Thunder,
Not two days since neglected as the Grave,
That holds dead Inmates ; now I grow warm,
The Flies begin to buzz and swarm about me ;
What an attractive force has a King's favour ?
The Dogs now fawn upon me, that before
Started away, and bark'd like little Curs
At some unusual Traveller ; I was grown
Useless, like a dull piece of Iron of no vertue,
Till by a Loadstone touch'd, and then it gathers.
Such a magnetick Power's in a King,
Where he but kindly touches, others cling.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter King, D' Alva, Alcara, and Bruchero at a distance, the King is pensive.

D' Alva. What fatal sadness, like a sullen Cloud,
Hangs on his growing Brightness ?

Alca. That cursed sight of *Lerma's Daughter*
Has sunk the hopes, and fortunes of all *Spain*.
When must our dangers have an end,
When *Lerma* can beget 'em ?

King. My Lords, I wou'd be private.

D' Alva. Wou'd your heavy thoughts, Sir,
Were as obedient as we are,
And would at your command depart.

King. I have not yet desir'd 'em to be gone.

D' Alva. Have you the power, Sir, to force 'em :

King. I have not power enough, it seems
To compel your obedience.

Alca. We will be gone, to death, when you command ;
Let us but leave you happy in your life.

Bru. Oh, Mighty Sir —

King. No more, I did not doubt your Loves, or Loyalty.
I have some busines in my thoughts

That does require weighing : stay without.

[Exeunt.]

Oh, what a Traytor is my Love

That thus unthrones me ! I am no longer King
Of any thing but sorrow ; and my griefs
Have but a half obedience, they will stay ;
But wou'd not go, shou'd I command 'em from me ;
I see the errors that I would avoid,
And have my Reason still, but not the use on't ;
It hangs about me like a wither'd Limb
Bound up and numb'd by some disease's Frost,
The Form, the same, but all the use is lost.

Enter

Enter Lerma with Maria.

She comes, and in her mighty Beauty
Has drawn new forces up ; so wondrous powerful
That Reason shrinks, to
Venture the dispute.

Ler. Mighty Sir,
We come, like Pilgrims creeping to a shrine
Of some blest Saint, by whom kind Heaven
Dispenc'd its showre of Mercies on their
Crown'd Devotions.

King. And I, like him that gave me power
And pleas'd with Mercies when acknowledg'd,
But this Pilgrim, you better might have call'd
Your Saint, or Mine, for her fair Mediation
Is your Blessing. *Rise, Maria;*
Your knees must bow to nothing but to Heaven.

Mar. That they do now for you, Sir, though to you:
For while I bend my knees, before my King,
I beg that Heaven would preserve you so,
And give you power over your self and others.

King. Ha !

Ler. Death ; she will spoil me yet.

King. Wou'd Heaven wou'd grant her Prayers !

Ler. Fond Girl, no more of these dull *Orizons* — — —
Mighty Sir, I leave this blessing of my life,
To be a witness of my Loyalty ; malice it self
Cannot, I hope, shake you against this testimony.

[*Afids.*

King. Why do you look with fears, *Maria* ?
As if a King were by his name alone
Made powerful in his passions, as his Throne.
Those that obey may fear a slavery,
You now may be the Tyrant, but not I.

[*Exit.*

Mar. If this, Sir, from your power does you remove
Against your self ; there's Treason in your Love.

King. It is your power that makes me any thing.

Mar. I wou'd preserve you, Sir, to be my King.

King. Enthrone me in your heart, and make me so.

Mar. A Throne of passion, for a Koug's too low.

King. Were I no King, but blest like other men,
Wou'd you despise, or chide my passion then ?

Mar. Oh, why Sir ; do you send out treacherous spies ?
Should they bring back such weak discoveries,
'Twere useleſs, as to say, what kind of Love,
Angels shou'd have to leave their Joys above.

King. Their joys are sure, but ours are shook with care.

Mar. Oh, raise my Father from his black despair,
While we our selves to Heavens practice raise
Your Love in Mercy's shew'd, and mine in praise.

King. 'Tis yours, that may encrease his power and name ;

Mar. And shou'd his Glories, Sir, spring from my shame ?

King. Suppose your Father does my joys design.

Mar. Wou'd he to purchase Honour, ruin mine ?
Yet his Commands make not my guilt the less,

For Heaven allows no pious wickedness.

King. Thy Father shall both Life, and Honours owe
Unto thy vertues ; fair *Maria*, know

A

A miracle is done, I more admire,
And inlarg'd Love grows grows from confin'd desire.

Enter the Duke of Medina gazing at them.

[The King stands admiring.

Med. What blasting sight is this? I must
Disturb him, with an unwelcome piece of Duty.

Sir,

King. Ha!

Mar. Oh, my Uncle!

Med. I was afraid, Sir, that you were not well.

King. Not well? —— wou'd you be a Physician?

Med. With all my heart, Sir, wou'd you let me practise,
And wou'd prescribe such wholsome Medicines to you
As should prevent this great Distemper
Growing on you and all the Nation.

King. The Nation!

Med. Yes, the Nation, Sir, that will of you
Demand their King, when you have lost him
In *Lerma*'s Charms: Think of your Father, Sir,
Who did despise that any Favourite
Shou'd be a lawful Traytor by permission;
And usurp all the Power.

King. What do you mean?

Med. I mean *Lerma*, Sir, whose wicked hand
Grasps at your painted Scepter; that *Lerma*
That was to sink into the lowest banishment
Is creeping up into your Throne, and Power.
That he had never twisted with my Sister,
And like a Snake begotten such a Viper,
Whose sliding to your bosome will but leave
A sting upon your Conscience, and disturb
The ashes of her sleeping Mother.

King. Though your bold Duty might receive a pardon
For any large discourse; know yet,
(That ignorantly you may not snatch your Fate)
All injuries to *Maria*'s virtues,
Shall be forgiven as I wou'd a malice
Studied to blast my Honour.

[*Lerma whispers to the King*]

Med. My Life, Sir, is a thing you once believ'd;
I did despise to ballance with your service.
For her, Sir; Nature be my witness,
I wou'd preserve her full as vertuous
As I believe her wretched Mother was,
But then she must not, Sir, be the foul means
To charm your sacred Breast, to breath out Honours
On every thing that is but *Lerma*'s Creature,
Whos hungry Poverties must eat as deep
As Famine to the Nation. Honours, mighty Sir,
When they meet Fortunes, are support's to Thrones;
But joyn'd to Poverty are the shakers of it:
And wasting Crowns sink with such deep Consumptions.

King. I can give no greater Testimony
That all your former services to my Father
Are not forgotten, than to pardon you now.

Med. If this, Sir, that I say, be an offence,

That

That I wou'd have none to be King but you,
Take your forgiveness back ; for I must live
A Traitor by your Mercy.

King. If you despise our Mercy.

Med. Oh Sir, upon my Knees I beg it rather,
But 'tis for all your Kingdom, not for me :
Think, Sir, what 'tis to sit upon your Throne
Without your Thunder ; only so much left
As a swell'd Favourite will please to lend you

[Enter Lerma, *whispers to the King.*

To hurl at honest Truths ; so, he may speak,
And at this idle time sure you may hear.
What, is your Father turn'd your careful Bawd ?
For his ambitious ends he wou'd have been
So to thy Mother too, but that her vertue
Had an unshaken soundness ; thou art rotten
As he that did beget thee ; only Nature
Painted thee over with a fair resemblance
Of her blest Image, wou'd it were blotted out.

[To Maria.

King. Ha ! she weeps, that insolent Man
That dares draw tears from fair *Maria's* Eyes,
Shall drop his blood as fast : Without there, my Guards.

Mar. Let mine, Sir, drop, before you shed my Uncle's.
Think how the World would Curse me, when they hear
Medina's love to Vertue, lost his Life.
He talkt to me of nothing but of goodness ;
And when he spoke of that, (as he must needs)
He nam'd my Mother, and by chance I wept.

King. Thy vertue is too excellent, let thy goodness
Punish him for the injuries he did thee,
Though I forgive him ; and hence forward
I will send for you when I want your Council,
Till then, forbear my sight.

[To Medina.

Ler. Mighty Sir ;
Perhaps his wild and unbecoming passions
Had their beginnings from an ill-tim'd Duty.
(If boldness to a Sovereign may be call'd so)
Yet I dare swear, his Loyalty is perfect,
Though my fond Nature is a partial surety
For what I love.

Med. Oh, spare your partial kindness, good my Lord ;
'Tis your old Craft to whet your sharpest Weapon
Upon pretended Friendship ; and cut a Throat,
As smoothly, as if it were good manners.

King. No more, lest your rude breath raise an anger
More fatal than your snarling : from hence be
Duke of *Lerma*, and your next Friend, what you
Will call him — Come, *Maria*,
At thy fair sight my blushing anger shrinks
As if some Angel from above descended,
Whose powerful Vision made all passions cease
But only Love, still waited on by Peace.

[Exeunt.

Manet Medina.

[*Lerma looking back upon him.*

Med. What a look was there
To out-stare honesty ?

G g

Sure

Sure he practises to set his eyes,
 As some do Guns to make 'em carry right,
 But he can take no aim, but at the fearful ;
 Those he may hit perhaps ; his full-charg'd eyes
 Will hardly carry level to brave minds.
 I must do something, I think it is no Treason,
 To snatch a King from falling down a precipice :
 But in *Maria's* eyes, lies *Lerma's* power,
 And I must find a way to put those Lights out.
 Nor will I leave to help him one small spark,
 Then let him grope for power in the dark.

Enter D' Alva, Alcar. and Bruchero.

How now, my Lords, do you seek any thing ?

D' Alva. The King, my Lord.

Med. He's lost.

Alca. Does not your Lordship know which way he went ?

Med. Wou'd you find the King ?

D' Alva. Yes.

Med. Look in his Father's Grave then ; for his ashes
 Do yet retain more Majesty than he,
 If you look after him that shou'd be King.
 You may perhaps find him in *Lerma's* pocket.

Alca. We are miserable.

Med. It tamely adds to misery to talk on't,
 Like hearts weaken'd with griefs, that spend
 Faint sorrows on their dying friends,
 When they should strive,
 Rather to give them help ; my worthy Lords,
 Were all your Courages, and Wisdoms ready
 To snatch at any honest opportunity
 That fortune offers : keep near the King,
 And cross him not, till you hear more of me :
 Something I'll do to merit from you all,
 At least, deserve your pity, if I fall.

D' Alva. Heaven prosper and direct you ;
 This man's Soul is greater than his Title.

Alca. We have new Titles.

Bru. And likely to have more, all the Spawn
 Of that poor slave, *Caldoon*, must be
 Call'd Something, as well as he is now,
 They say, a Marquis.

D' Alva. The Queen ! her looks are full of sorrow,
 All is not well.

[Exit.]

Enter the Queen and Catalina with Ladies.

D' Alva. Madam.

Alca. Royal Lady.

Bru. Is your Majesty not well ?

Queen. Ha ! I was thinking of the King.

D' Alva. What of him, Madam ?

Queen. I know not what, but yet he lately seeks
 Retirements from his Friends, and from himself.

A fatal sadness grows upon his youth
 And makes him hafte (before it comes) to age.

D' Alva. He has ill Council, Madam.

Alca.

Alca. From Lerma too.

Queen. I thought e'er now, he had been banish'd.

Bru. He'll banish us all, if his power holds.

He hangs in the King's bosom like his Crucifix,
And with no less an Adoration.

He may be safe in power, that can beget

Those beauteous Charms that have subdu'd the King,
Power seems to grow, nay, grow his own Inheritance.

Queen. We must quickly try to prevent
This growing danger to us all, and *Spain*.

Where's *Medina*?

D' Alva. Shall he be sent for?

Queen. Ha! — I feel a coldness creeping in my veins;
What haste it makes to my griev'd heart. —

Alca. Ah, me!

Bru. Carry her in, this news
Has troubled her.

[She faints.]

[The Queen is carried off.]

D' Alva. I cannot tell, I am suspicious of all Accidents.

Alca. These fainting fits seem as if she were
With Child.

D' Alva. With Death I fear.

Enter *Catalina*.

Alca. How now, how does the Queen?

Cata. I fear there is as little hopes now left,
As signs of life; just as we laid her on the bed,
She fetcht a heavy groan mixt with a sigh,
I fear all the small stock of breath

That she had left.

D' Alva. This is sudden.

Cata. 'Tis fit your Lordship know all my suspicion;
I doubt, she's poys'on'd, this fatal day:
There came a Fryer with a face unknown
To the Queen's Ante-chamber;
To all, a stranger, and to the Queen her self;
By him, a Letter was deliver'd to her,
Which had no name, but in its matter fair:
When she had half read o'er the fatal Paper,
Her eyes seem'd to grow weary, and pulse
Kept an uneven, and a heavy time, and then
Just as you saw her now, she fainted.

Alca. What became of the Fryar?

Cata. 'Tis not yet known; for in this hurry,
While every one was careful of the Queen,
He vanisht,

Bru. 'Twas poys'on on my life.

D' Alva. 'Tis evident, we must make further
Search into't.

Bru. You must assist us, Madam; and by your faith
Revenge the murder of your Mistress.

Cata. Doubt not my Faith or Secrecy,
I must return, I fear, to a dead Woman.

[Exit.]

Alca. Here's a strange Relation:

Bru. It must be kept with secrecy:
We are hunted, and the toysl pitcht about us.

Enter to them, Caldron, the Archbishop of Toledo.

Alca. See the new Indian Stars.

D' Alva. Silence, he gapes; a Proclamation sure.

Cald. The Duke of Lerma, Constable of Spain;

By Father Francisco late Confessor to

His Majesty, now Archbishop of Toledo,

And me Roderigo del Caldron, Marquis

Of Mirida; and Treasurer of Spain;

Commands thee, Philip Duke D' Alva,

Don Pedro, Marquis of Alcara;

And Don Bruckero, Great Major Domo;

Within an hour to meet in Council.

D' Alva. Here's a Volley of Titles.

Cald. We must inform you further, of

The Queen's Death.

Alca. The Confessor should have told us that.

Bru. The Archbishop, you forget your self:

Arch. Markt ye that, my Lord?

Cald. Why, my Lords, the truth is nothing lessen'd
In my Report.

D' Alva. No nor the sadness: we shall attend the Constable.

Arch. I do not like that word of *Alcara*.

[*Exeunt D' Alva, Alca. and Bru.*]

Cald. Pish, 'tis a fond fear, who shou'd
Reveal it to him? he slept not since
'Twas done, and cou'd not dream it.

Arch. Wou'd 'twere undone.

Cald. Oh, your treacherous Conscience
Wakes too late; who shou'd betray it?

Arch. The disgriz'd Fryer.

Cald. He was ignorant of what he carry'd.

Arch. I have some busines that commands
Me hence, the rest your self can manage.

Cald. Be constant, or you loose us —————

[*Exit.*]

I like him not, this scrupulous Church-Man
Has a shrinking Liver, that stops the motion
Of his blood sometimes, and such another

Fright, may like an Earthquake

Shake him into discoveries of all;

A blush, in such a case as this,

Is Evidence sufficient for a Jury.

But I'll confirm him, or send his faint

Contrition to th' other World, and he

Shall be the Messenger.

He must be held in use, or he will rust,

We must find mischiefs out to keep him busie,

Lest he have time to think how to be good;

Leisure begets relapses in his Blood.

[*Exit.*]

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Caldoon*, followed by *Angelo*, and *Medina* thrusts him by and Enters.

Med. Stand by, Sir, methinks your well pac'd,
Greatnes might move a little.

Cald. For whom?

Med. For me, thou ill-drest Puppet of Authority ;
Thou Stalking Property, that walk'ft on Screws,
Which but laid by, thy Honour is unjoynted,
And grows as bedrid as the Impotent.

Cald. You shall be answer'd.

Med. Thou Mist, exhal'd from Dunghils,
Whose thick Breath poysons the purer Air
It mingles with.

Cald. You are very bold.

Med. I will be holder, and knock your Greatnes,
Without you study quickly a Set-form,
To ask Forgivenes in.

Cald. My Honour can defend it self
From worse Opposers.

[Draws.

Med. I'll mince your Honour.
And send your Lowse Family the Shares
Of your divided Greatnes.

[Draws.

Enter *Alcara* and *Bruchero*.

Alca. Hold, this place is not for Quarrels.

Med. Nor for Wrongs.

Alca. How was't?

Med. Let me speak, that dare tell truth.

Cald. When I relate the manner, it shall be
To those that have the power to punish.

Med. Let me go.

There's nothing that has a lawful Birth,
That can endure this mongrel Greatnes.

Enter the Duke of Lerma, leading *Maria* Veild, with Attendants.

Ler. What Hurry's here?

Cald. I know not, the Duke *Medina* thinks
His Greatnes Entitles him to Injure

Any one.

Ler. I'll blow him and his Storms quickly away.

Med. Is your Breath so powerful, that it can
Puff Men off like tops of Thistles?

Ler. I cannot now spare so much time
As to lose any on your Brawls.

Caldoon. I have Employment for you.

Med. And for that piece of
Night-work too I take it.

[Exeunt *Lerma*, *Maria*,
and *Caldoon*.

Alca. Pray peace, my Lord.

Med. Let me go, I will but ask him
A civil Question.

Alca. What is't?

Med.

Med. Whether great Men, and Fathers too
Are not the best and closest Bawds?

Alca. Fye, fye, consider who they are.

Med. 'Tis that consider'd doubles every wrong:
Had I been findg'd with Lightning, I had stood
With all my Wrongs hush'd as unwindy Night;
But to be scorch'd thus by a Candles Snuff,
A thing that only blazes in expiring,
And which must dye in its own noisomness:
Makes my Impatience swell above the Banks
Of common temper.

Alca. You must restrain this Fury, whose effect
Turns to your own destruction.

Enter the King, with a few.

Med. What's this?

Alca. The King.

Med. I will speak.

Alca. Take heed, good my Lord.

King. Which way went *Lerma*?

Med. Headlong, Sir, and 'twill be dangerous
To follow him.

King. What's this?

Med. I was your Souldier once, Sir,
And had Commission to destroy your Enemies;
And I have done it with my Sword as boldly
As I will now attempt it with my Tongue:
And 'tis against a greater Enemy
Than ever Fortune brought me to oppose
In all your Battels.

King. What Enemy is this?

Med. So great a one, that he's now become
More Terrour to your Souldiers, than those Armies
They always met, with Noble hopes of Conquest.
Here Victory is lost already: for *Lerma*
Has took you Captive.

King. 'Tis boldness, and not duty, to question
Prince's Favours.

Med. But not to beg 'em, Sir, no more than 'tis
To pray, that Heav'n wou'd turn a Vengeance from us,
Threatning in *Lerma*'s power: Do not forget,
Great Sir, the last Desires your Father made,
And force him to call louder from his Grave.
Turn, mighty Sir, your Looks the other way,
And see your widow'd People want their King,
Drooping like Days unlook'd on by the Sun.
Your Councel wither'd more with Care than Age,
Grown as much Strangers to your great Affairs,
As unto *Lerma*'s pleasure.

Alca. Excellent! 'tis nobly honest.

King. Must Prince's Favours then be limited,
Or judg'd by common Breaths?
'Tis restless Envy, that urges Mutinies
Shelter'd under duty.

Med. So the Lesson is learn'd perfect.
Oh Impudence! to make the Majesty of Kings

Exit.

The

The Pawn of all their Villanies.

Alc. Brave Lord, though I grieve to see you prest
Thus into needless dangers; yet I must
Joy, that our Country can yet boast such worth.

Med. O my Lord, so wretched are we growing,
I tremble to out-live our Happiness:
Those that wou'd always live among Diseases,
Ventures not more for Life than I for Death.

Alc. Nay, my brave Lord,
You shall see all your Friends dare share
With equal Courage the worst Fate;
For wisely to go back is now too late.
My Jealousies are just, lend me your aid,
And we may dive into the heart of all.

Med. And into his that wrought these Mischiefs too,
In greater privacy I'll utter more;
Let us be firm, and like a mighty Weight,
Sinking our selves, press others to their Fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter the King and Maria, with two Papers.

King. It is a thing of great Concern, *Maria*,
And I should have the Opinion of my Council.

Mar. Your Council, Sir? are you their Sovereign,
Or wou'd you be a Slave to their Opinions?

King. But if — — —

Mar. If what?

Dull Majesty, is this the loudest Tune
Of a King's powerful Breath? If's and but's,
The timorous Language of the meanest people,
That are to give account of their low Actions
Unto Authority: Princes Determinations
Shou'd be as free as they design their Power;
Not shaken with the Aguish touch of Doubts:
What Tracts leave the great Ocean? Or, who questions
Why it is calm, or rages? Who shall chide
The Sun that warms one portion of the World,
More than another? When you are absolute
In Love or Power, then I'll beg again.

King. Stay, I have resign'd my Reason to
My Love, give me the Warrants. — — —

— — — Now think, *Maria*,
Whether you have not ask'd too much
Of one you love so little.

Mar. Have you done it, Sir?

King. You see I have.

Mra. Do you not repent it, Sir?
Nor hate me as an Instrument,

Of pressing you to A&cts, unworthy of you.

King. Oh *Maria*, 'tis hard for me to hate,
As 'tis for you to love.

Mar. But have I not amaz'd you, Sir?
In pressing you so hastily unto an A&t
Of such Importance?

[*The King signs them.*]

King.

King. A little.

Mar. Thus low I beg your pardon ;
And by this measure see to what dangers
Princes expose themselves, and Crowns
By too much trust, and kindness.

King. How's this ?

Have you then acted, what you thought amiss ?

Mar. I have, Sir, by necessity, not choice ;
My Father's violence had took another way.
More fatal, had I not gain'd from you
These Governments, as he designs to send
Away the Marques of *Alcara*, and
Count *Bruckero*.

King. Ha !

Mar. Now have I set before you, Sir, a Mirroar,
That truly shews ——
— How fatal 'tis for Princes,
To shine on any with contracted kindness.

King. Whither must all this tend ?

Mar. For he that does engross your Beams
Rob others of your Light, and is a Cloud
That hangs upon your brightnes ; breeding
Ill weather to all the World besides ; while he seems
To make you practise power unlimited ;
Just then you have the least, obeying his.

King. Excellent Woman !

Mar. From henceforth, Sir, be every body's King,
And then you are your self : lend equal ears
To what all say, and like a skilful Chymist
Draw the quick spirit off, from every Counsel,
And from your wife breast breath it as your own.

King. Oh, *Maria* ! you set foundations for my
Love, upon my reason now.

Mar. One thing more I have to beg,
And then (my Father's Life only excepted)
It is the last I'll ask : these Warrants, Sir,
I will deliver to my Father ; but in the mean time
Those Lords shall have private directions,
A little to defer their preparations ;
If you dare trust me, Sir, it is your safety
I study now : pardon my foolish fears,
Your danger only nam'd, calls forth my tears.

King. Oh, do not waste the treasure of your eyes,
For such a life that you so much despise,
While I more justly disobey in this,
To dare be careless of the thing you wish.

Mar. Can you my heart for want of friendship blame,
That for your safety have expos'd my fame ?
Love to your glories, shou'd his flames resign,
As fires their Light, when the bright Sun does shine.

King. If Thrones be Seats for Cares, in a King's Breast
Love has a Title sure among the rest :
My love, as a fair Virtue I proclaim ;
When it grows foul, I will conceal my shame.

Mar. Ah, 'tis some ease to love, to be confess'd,
But, 'tis a torment, when it is supprest.

King.

King. Do's cruelty, a sign of kindness, prove?

Mar. It is the greatest to deny the Love.

King. Both cannot suffer in one cruelty.

Mar. I shou'd confess too much, shou'd I deny.

King. Wou'd you more cruel than you are appear?

Mar. Pray, Sir, be gone, I've said too much I fear.

King. Maria ——

Mar. —— If you have pity, Sir, be gone,
Leave me to blush a little while alone.

King. Farewel, I'll love, though you shou'd still design
To hide your own, and ne'er to pity mine.

[Exit.

Mar. Among what Rocks I steer a dangerous course,
My duty to a King, and to a Father ;
My Countries shaken honour, and my own,
Calling at once upon me to take heed :
There's something more than this, yet, shakes my heart,
But I will throw the Ague off, lest I
That to direct others their way design,
Shou'd my self want a friend, to show me mine.

II

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Have you prevail'd?

Mar. Yes, Sir —— but ——

Ler. No matter for a Reason, or a Circumstance,
Give 'em me ; and still maintain thy power,
That I may pay Allegiance to thy eyes ;
So now retire, for the Court begins to fill.

[Exit Maria.

Enter Álcara and Brácher.

They come, she was dispatcht in happy time.

Bru. See the full sail of Spain.

Alca. Strike, and pass by.

Ler. The King by me salutes you. [Lerma throws them the War-
rants, and Exit.

Alca. This was a running Lottery,
Mine's a good prize, the Vice-Roy Ship of Naples.

Bru. Mine, of Navarre ——

Alca. Why, this great man drops Kingdoms
As a full-plum'd Hawk mews her loose Feathers,
And never cares who stoops to take 'em up.

Bruce. He has some other meaning in't.

Alca. 'Tis certain his bounty else had never
Showr'd on us.

Enter the Archbishop, and Caldron.

Alca. See, these are of his Council.

Bru. And now come sweating with their fond complements.

Arch. My Lords, you are much engag'd
Unto his Grace, the Duke of Lerma.

Bru. We have the Bonds about us.

Cald. Oh, such another friend as Lerma,
The Earth holds not.

Alca. 'Tis believ'd.

Arch. Had you but seen, how he implor'd the King,

Pladed your worths, and your abilities ;

I think you wou'd have thought, as now you may,

Nature had ti'd him to you in some bond.

H h

Bru.

232 *The Great Favourite: Or,*

Bru. The Duke is, as he ever was,
Covetous to scatter Favours, though unask'd.

Cal. I, and so careful of the Men he marks
To make Election of in his great Thoughts,
That when they sleep, he wakes to make 'em great.
As I dare swear you never thought of this.

Alca. Not I, I vow to you.

Cald. I hope, my Lord, it shall not be forgotten :

Arch. That were too foul Ingratitude.

Bru. Oh, never, my Lord ; and to assure the Duke ——

Arch. 'Tis well, so may you prosper. [Exit Arch. and Caldroon.

Alca. What think you now ?

Bru. Tis Rank —— you and I, my Lord,
Are busie, and stand too much in his way ;
Our remove will give his Actions scope.

Alca. H'as wove his curst Inventions cunningly.
How he threw his guilty Favours to us ;
And durst not stay to take our Thanks,
Here's more Intelligence, see the Duke.

Enter Medina, leading Izabella *veil'd*.
He has got somethong too.

Med. Your way's now clear: there's one
Will bring you to your Attendance ——
Remember to bring *Maria* to the Garden
At the appointed time.

Izab. I will not fail on my part.

Alca. You have got a fair Charge, my Lord.

Med. When you know all, you'll say so.

Bru. We two, my Lord, are banish'd.

Med. Banish'd ?

Alca. But to honourable Employments.

Med. We have trifl'd then too long ;
And suffer'd this black Cloud to grow too big,
Whose breaking will drown us all.

Bru. See here the Sentence of our Banishments.

Enter a Woman *veil'd*, puts a Letter into Alcara's hand, and Exit.

Bru. What's this that vanish'd ?

Alcara reads, and
seems amaz'd.

Bru. Some secret Invitation.

Bru. How now, man, what not impart
It to your Friends ?

Alca. Yes, read.

[Bruchero reads.

To the Marquis of Alcara.

YOU and your Friend Count Bruchero, will receive two Patents for
your honourable Banishment, 'twill not be unpleasant to the King, if
you pretend Sicknes or Busines to defer going to your Employments: This
Advice admire not at, but follow.

Bru. This is strange.

Med. The Advice is good, no matter who sent it.
Nor could it come from any common hand,
The Busines is too young to be acquainted
With any thing but one that knew its birth.

Alca. 'Tis true, and we must put it off

Bru.

Bru. And yet it may prove dangerous.

Med. The danger's only in accepting it.

If we disperse our selves, he'll catch us up,
Like a flower Covey ; besides, the Letter says,
The King will not be displeas'd : there is some Mole,
That heaves for us unseen ; Count Bruchero,
You shall pretend, that to prevent all Rumours,
You'll perfect your Accounts before you go.
You, my Lord, must pretend sickness,
And seem to keep your Chamber ;
Prescribing to your Doctors a Receipt,
To make them say as you do, and in hard words
Set forth a dangerous Distemper.

Alca. Good ; but what success attends on this ?

Med. That we must wait for, honest designs
Justly resemble our Devotions,
Which we must pay, and wait for the Reward :
Yet this I'll add, to strengthen your resolvs,
I have some designs, I think can't fail me,
Shall shake the great foundation, *Lerma* laid ;
We search deep Mines, and if the veins but hold,
We purchase all the Wealth we wish to have,
And if it fails, we dig a noble Grave.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Caldron, with Letters.

Cald. Mischiefs, with Plagues, engender every where,
And beget new Diseases ; the Queen's Murder
Is more than whisper'd now ; and the Duke's Daughter
Is Indian talk, the 'tother World is full on't,
And, which is more than all, the Messenger
That brought that fatal Letter to the Queen,
In which her death was seal'd ; is by *Medina*
Sent for in private : whom we thought asleep,
But wak'd too soon, before our careful Friend
Cou'd stop him in his close attempt.
The Storm has overtook our greatest speed.
Nor can the Duke himself find out a shelter :
I'll instantly entomb my new got wealth
In a disguis'd Chappel which I've consecrated
To my dead Ancestors ; that may save me yet ;
'Tis pity to take ill pains to rake up wealth,
Which at the last can purchase us no more
Than a mean life, which we enjoy'd before.

Enter Lerma and the Archbishop.

The Duke, and trouble in his face,
I'll step aside a little.

[Exeunt.]

Ler. Said he, he would not go ?

Arch. Till his Accounts were level'd.

Ler. And *Alcara* is sick ?

Arch. 'Tis so given out.

Ler. They have me in the wind,
There is some secret trick in this, or else

H h 2

They

They durst not flight me thus; it must be so,
My violent motion grows already slow:
Ill weather falls about me, every way
I try to take, proves heavy travelling.

Arch. The peoples cries grow loud.

Ler. The gaul'd Rascals wince at my oppressions,
They are like swarms of Bees, when up and buzzing
They light on any thing; *Alcara*, and *Bruckero*
That dare dispute their Sovereign's Command,
Give Language to their murmurs, I have striv'd
In Hunters toils like a fierce *Lybian Lion*,
And am grown weaker by my strugling.

Arch. The King hears nothing of all this.

Ler. No, *Maria's* Charms hang yet about his Senses;
But all this weight will stretch Love's bonds; whose ties
Are weakly twisted between gazing eyes.
A little distance or some new Object
May set his heart free and unravel all.

Arch. 'Tis dangerous.

Ler. Extreamly; besides, I fancy, she grows
Dark to my busness, and has starts
As if she wou'd lose me before her Honour.

Arch. What's to be done?

Ler. No way but what we last resolv'd on,
And that out-does the soul of all invention.

Arch. I'm ready for the Journey.

Ler. Your safety is included in my peace,
Which with like care, all my designs propose.

Arch. The way for my departure's made already.
And the feign'd Letters from his Holines,
Show'd and allow'd by the King's great Council.

Ler. 'Tis well, this Pacquet then determins
All the rest, and now, my Lord, cut through
The tardy time, and let your expedition kill my doubts:
While I at home will fan away these fears,
Till this hot weather changes; so farewell.

Arch. Farewel, keep the storm off till then,
With the advantage of the Sun, you hold,
And my return shall be swift as your thought.

Ler. Farewel, and prosper.

[Exit.]

Enter Caldron with Letters.

Ha! thy face is full of News.

Cald. Such as I wish I had not:

Is the *Archbishop* gon ———

I dare not show my Letters ———

Ler. But now dispatcht.

Cald. But now? ——Humh!

Ler. Thou fright'ft me with thy Accents,
Why that Humh?

Cald. Nothing, my Lord.

Ler. Thou lyest.

Cald. My Lord.

Ler. Ha! dost thou swell, that art my creature?
Thy breath is nurtur'd from my bounty;
Why art thou then a Traitor to my trust.

Cald.

Cald. My Lord, you do amaze me.

Ler. Why dost thou hide such necessary truths,
And ruine all my Plots for want of knowledge?

Cald. I love your Peace so well, I dare not utter it.

Ler. Why, *Caldroon*?

What craven temper hast thou found in me?

What chill cold standing blood without a tide?

That thou shou'dst think I know what 'tis to fear;

Thou'st seen me fight against a destiny,

Which I have turn'd, by wise and bold designs;

Thou'st seen me poorer than the Cheeks of Famine,

Less lov'd and follow'd than infected Towns:

Could'st thou then witness once, in all these hazards,

That Fate could triumph in one sigh of mine.

Cald. Alas, my Lord.

Ler. Pitty me, if thou seest me tremble at it;

Come, I will know it all: and, tell it me,

In the most horridst Language thou canst study;

For I am skilful, and can tune all terrors.

Cald. My Lord, this packet first is a sad witness

Of too much danger.

Ler. So.

Cald. His colour changes.

Ler. Keep in, false Fear, he must not see thee!

Cald. His blood flies up and down, the storm has toss'd it.

Ler. Ha, ha, ha, does this trouble thee?

Let 'em all like creeping Snakes hiss at me,

I have a charm yet left shall dead their stings;

Yet it was fit I should know all this:

What more is there?

Cald. Much, my Lord — for —

Ler. Let it alone; Attend me in my Closet,

There I'll satisfie thee better.

Cald. I'll attend your Grace —

Ler. Now, heart, I give thee leave to sigh, and swell,

My thoughts must not be judg'd by these base Slaves

Who hang upon my Fortune, not on me;

Such Instruments, like flatter'd Princes,

Must never bear but of Prosperity;

Vertue can singly stand on its own trust,

But Passions must depend on truth of others.

Our hopes of Victory on mean Mens valours,

Ambition upon base and wretched Instruments,

On Women Love, more treacherous than all;

Yet in despight of my curst Enemies,

I'll find a Conquest in a safe retreat,

And though they rise, I'll sink to be as great.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Maria, and Izabella.

Mar. You're welcome, and I dare trust your goodness ;
 Since it can share with me in my condition,
 Which is a bitterness well gilded only.

Iza. I never shall deceive you, Madam.

Mar. Perhaps I may do you, and all the World
 Who thinks I doat upon my splendid shame.

Iza. What's this ?

Mar. The Character which I have had of you
 Gives me a confidence I've found a Friend
 That I may weep to ; sorrow's like a Child
 Which loves to be bemoan'd.

Iza. Sure she is Injur'd.

Mar. Come, sit down : see, *Izabella*,
 These Flowers live without the fence of sorrows.

Iza. And yet they'll hang their heads in scorching heat,
 When no kind drops fall on 'em.

Mar. 'Tis true, as if like me they wanted pitty,
 But I'll stoop down upon their fragrant Beds,
 And weep upon 'em. Oh, *Izabella*,
 Wou'd any thing could prosper by my griefs.

Iza. I must believe her. —

Mar. Hark, What's that ?

Iza. Nothing, Madam, 'tis but your fancy.

Mar. 'Tis Harmony, and cannot be my fancy,
 For that is out of tune.

Enter Medina as a Genius, in a glittering Habit.
 Ha ! What's this ? help, *Izabella*.

Iza. Sit still, Madam, 'tis only some design
 To entertain you, the Musick shows it now.

The Musick ceases ; and the Genius speaks.

Gen. I am the Genius which does wait
 Upon Spain's loose and shaken State ;
 I rule the Spirits of the Air,
 Who, as their guide to me repair ;
 And then by me to every mind
 A several genius is assign'd,
 Who wait and whisper to their Souls,
 But no Decree or Power controuls ;
 For every one their freedoms use,
 And all their Faults, and Vertues chuse.
 The account of every deed and thought
 Are by the winged Spirits brought :
 We sit in Sun-beams, while they tell
 The news of Mortals that do well ;
 But when they tell of Vice, they shrou'd
 Their heads, and whisper't in a Cloud.
 Some merit neither praise nor shame,
 Who tempt not fate, nor trouble Fame ;

Those

Those Spirits that on such attend,
I'll charm, to show how time they spend.

He Charms, an Entry of Spirits, imitating vain men dumb.

Now, from above, I'll call for one
That is the Genius of the Throne ;
Next thine, whose sighs encrease the Air,
That thou art not so chaste as fair :
'Tis those alone waste every hour,
That wait on Beauty, or on Power.

Enter the First Genius.

1. Gen. See, I obey, and now am weary grown
Longer to wait upon a Throne,
Then let me take some rest
And flie to whisper to a common Breast ;
Not fed with Luxury,
Nor flatter'd up to be a Deity.

He waves his Wand, and enter the second Genius.

2. Gen. I come, I come, fill'd with despair
To whisper longer, to the proud and fair.
Their own just Conquest they despise,
And please themselves with guilty Victories :
Against those Altars I in vain persuade
Where worship is by time decay'd.

1. Gen. I oft have mingled with the thoughts
Of Kings, and told, they were not Deities,
And how all Princes faults
Made men have daring Tongues and Eyes.

2. Gen. I told this Beauty too her fate,
That one foul Crime had such a weight,
That all must sink ; and he that first does find
A Beauty, yet unblemish'd, kind,
He is like one that does discover
An unknown World, by whose success
He makes a way for others to possess ;
As she's made ready for another Lover.

Both. Then set us free, that we may find,
In low Estates, a steady mind,
Whose harmless Life, and virtuous Love,
Is far above
The reach of Vice, or fear of Fate ;
Let no good Genius henceforth wait
Upon such false, and such unsteady things
As ador'd Beauties, or as flatter'd Kings.

Mar. Ha, Izabella, There is some
Further meaning, sure in this,
I do not like it.

Med. You must.
Mar. How must ? what are you ? I am betray'd,
Izabella, stay ; what was all this meant for ?

Med. Truth.

Mar. These shapes spoke falsehood.

[Exit Iz.

[Exit Iza.

Med.

Med. I'll help you to one then, shall tell you Truths.
D'ye know me ?

Mar. My honour'd Uncle ; brave *Medina*,
 My wonder's greater than my doubts before.

Med. The greatest wonder is behind.

Mar. What's that ?

Med. Thy Lust,
 That does exceed all wicked Miracles.

Mar. My Lord, for pitties sake.

Med. 'Tis pitty forces me to this Violence,
 The pitty of thy Blood, I had a share in
 Before it was infected with this Leprosie ;
 The pitty of thy Youth, thy beauteous Youth,
 Like a fair Flower pluckt up by the Root
 When 'twas but newly budding, before time
 Could show it to the World, how sweet it was.

Mar. Do but hear me, Sir.

Med. Yes, if you'll speak Repentance with a Passion
 As great as that which made you act your lewdness,
 Then I will hearken like a doating Mother,
 To hear her Children prais'd by flattering tongues.
 But if it be to excuse or mitigate
 Thy wretched Fathers, or thine own offence.
 And Bawd for whorish Acts, by poor excuses ;
 The Ears of Cruelty shall not be deafen,
 Nor storms to crying Seamen that must sink,
 As thy drown'd Honour does, though not so deep.

Mar. My Lord.

Med. Think of thy Mother now, that through some Star
 Looks blushing down on thy Impieties ;
 And finds it harder to hold a wrath from thee
 With all the Mediation of the Saints,
 Than 'twas to purchase for her self, by Virtue,
 That blest Eternity which she enjoys.
 Oh, thou hadst been blest, *Maria* ; if thy Father,
 Like other Wolves, had been then torn to pieces
 Before he knew what he begot in thee ;
 For thou hadst then wanted a powerful Pander :
 Or, had Heaven blest thee with Deformity,
 Thou hadst been safe in unattempted Virtue.
 Oh, *Maria*, it is thy Beauty that has been
 The fatal blazing Star that did foretel
 The hot Contagion that has follow'd in thee.

Mar. Will you not hear me then, my Lord ?

Med. Dost thou make way at all for me to
 Hear thee ? or hast thou yet let fall a tear ?
 To bribe me from pronouncing cruel Judgment.

Mar. When I want Innocence, I'll weep, or beg
 Of you and Heaven ; But I that have preserv'd
 My Virtue, as unstain'd as at the time
 When my blest Mother (who now smiles upon me)
 Gave me and that together to the World.
 I will not stain it by a false Confession.

Med. What's this ?

Mar. A Truth, which I am bound by tyes of Nature
 And Honour, to tell you, and all the World,

Nay,

Nay, on my Knees I thank you, that you take
The room of a lost Father up so kindly ;
And question me, for all you do suspect :
And I will gladly tell you my true Story,
Like those that with a pleasure do repeat
The Tales of mighty Dangers they have past.
But if your soul Belief, like the World's Tongues,
Can only think all ill, as they can speak 'em,
Then I rise thus, and from my Virtue borrow
A Scorn, as great as such from their own Vices
Can borrow foul Opinions.

Med. Why, what a Fool was I, I did expect
Repentance, and shou'd have look'd for Impudence :
Perhaps you fool your self into this boldnes,
And think there's no man that dares question
The Mistress of a King, but I wou'd sooner
Destroy a Traytor to my Prince's Soul,
Than to his Crown.

Mar. The King has as much Vertue as I wish him.

Med. That easly may be, but 'tis a question
Whether he will continue still so bad,
As thou desir'st him.

Mar. I see that you are deaf to hear of goodnes,
And I must either have a guilt within,
To beg enough, or Vertue to despise you.
And when you know, which you shall quickly do,
How you have injur'd me, you will repent
Your bold Injustice : — so farewell.

Med. Stay, stay, you must not go.

Mar. Must not ?

Med. No, nor shall not : the Masquers that you saw
Are all my trusty Friends, 'tis in vain
To cry, or tear your Throat.

Mar. What do you mean ?

Med. To shake you in your damn'd security,
Or set your Soul free from that gilded Frame,
Whose unseen rotteness corrupts it.

Mar. Will you murder me ?

Med. I did not come with that intention.
But thou haft rais'd me to a vertuous anger,
That tempts me to prevent thy shame and mine.
Yet will you turn your Eyes in to your Breast,
And they must weep, for they will see thy heart
So very foul, that it needs pious washing.

Mar. Nay, then
If your scorn'd Anger swell'd you to a Mountain
And were to fall upon me, I wou'd stand
Thus — and not shake, but woud despise
Your Ruine and mine own.

Med. Yet repent, and do not force my Hand
To a swift Justice, that must send thy Soul
Where vicious Falshenes dares not tell a Tale.

Mar. I had rather be judg'd there than here.

Med. Then, Justice, I thus obey thy strict Command,
But powerful Nature stays my feeble Hand.

Mar. Why do you pause ? your Passion is more noble

[Draws aside.

Then your Virtue, one can make tryal of me,
T'other dares not ; Strike, and all the while,
See what suspected Sin startles my Soul,
Or stirs me to a blush.

Med. Dare you endure to dye ?

Mar. Were't not a sin, perhaps I durst do more.

Med. What more ?

Mar. Give my self what I wish, as easily
As I provoke your shaking hand to do't.

Enter Izabella running.

Iza. Oh, my Lord, undone, undone, the King's just
Coming, and searches for *Maria*.

Med. The King ? —— no matter ——
I'll fall nobly, now you shall be reveng'd.

Mar. I cou'd weep now to see the great *Medina*
Believe all ill so easily ; when you speak
Of my unhappy Father, his bare Name
Confirms you in your cruel censure of me :
But though you talk of my blest Mother to me
A thousand times, you have not power to think,
One drop of Virtue has descended to me
From that pure Fountain.

Med. Oh Heaven ! send peace to my distracted Soul,
And tell me which is truth.

Mar. Heaven will tell you suddenly, but we forget,
Put on your Disguise, and leave the rest to me.

Med. This Disguise may be more fatal
Than my own shape.

Mar. You must not for the World appear your self,
For then you will be thought, the Author
Of something I intend, which will be fatal to you.
Dare you trust me in nothing ?

Med. Well, in this I dare —— *Izabella*,
Bid my Friends hide their Disguises,
And conceal themselves.

Iza. I will.

Mar. You remember there was a Letter
Written to the Marques of *Alcara*,
And Count *Bruchero*.

[*Exit Izab.*

Med. I do : Did you write it ?

Mar. No more Questions now.

Med. But I will ask something ;
For I grow willing to believe thee good :
Pray tell me.

Mar. Peace, I hear a Noise. —— Look
If you see any coming.

Med. 'Tis the King ; I trust you now, *Maria*.

Mar. Do so always then.

Enter the King, D'Alva, &c.

King. *Maria* —— How now, What's this ?

Mar. Pray, Sir, do not look upon him,
'Twill make the poor man so out of Countenance,
That I shall have no more Diversion ;
It seems that *Izabella* and the Gardiner

Contriv'd

Contriv'd an Entertainment for me,
It was done just as your Majesty came.

D' Alva. This is an odd Excuse.

King. I shou'd have been sorry to have
Interrupted your pleasures.

Mar. Pray, Sir, do not look at him,
He'll be so ashamed.

King. I will look on nothing but thy brightnes ;
Come, *Maria*, I fell in love with thee,
Then with thy Vertue which was hard to find
In so much Beauty ; th' other is so common
It bears no Rate, there's Poverty in Vice ;
The hardest things to find bear greatest price.

Med. This is the likeliest thing [Exit King, Maria, D'Alva.
To Vertue, I ever saw :
Besides, had she been vicious,
She would not have neglected her Revenge,
One of the pleasant'ft Lusts ill Women have :
All may be Counterfeit — and yet —
There may be such a thing as a good Woman.

Enter Izabella.

How now, What news ?

Iza. All safe ; I must hast after them.

Med. Stay, and prethee tell me, my best Cozen,
Dost thou think *Maria* Virtuous ?

Iza. By Heaven I do.

Med. By Heaven I have a mind to do so too.

Iza. I have observ'd things worthy of your knowledge.
Another time I will relate them to you.
Something she's resolv'd to do, I'll watch
To find it out : So farewell,
I dare not stay.

[Exit Izab.

Med. I know not what to think ;
I wou'd believe, but yet my shaken Faith
Creeps to its growth but slowly, like an Infant
Forc'd to a hasty Birth before its time.
Our lives and our devotions are but sickly,
When Aguish doubts their growing health controul ;
A shaken Faith's the storm of tottering Souls.

Enter D'Alva.

Ha ! *D' Alva* ? What has brought him back ?

D' Alva. Here's the Apparition still, I must be satisfied,
What are you, Sir ?

Med. One of *Lerma*'s Angels.

D' Alva. *Lerma*'s Devils.

Med. See, my Lord, I meant his evil Angel.

D' Alva. Oh, my dear Lord,

[Discovering himself.

Pardon my apprehension ;
We tread upon such rough and narrow paths,
That any trick, or error, throws us down.

Med. Fear not, my Lord, I have discovered
And broken, as I hope, the best foundation
That *Lerma* builds upon.

D' Alva. Let us delay no time, but instantly

To Council with the Marques of *Alcara*,
And Count *Bruchero*; they have something
To impart, that is of great Importance.

Med. To add to all, I have secur'd the Witnesses,
Antonio, and *Catalina*; we'll lose no time,
Whilst *Berma*, as I hear, thinks I am fled,
And Joys in fullness of his growing power.
But let him swell, fate never durst deny
Bold Spirits, to dispose of destiny.
Unshaken Trees, that have the largest roots;
A bold, and well-arm'd hand as well may throw
As those, whose Roots do not so deeply grow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. If my invention fail not, I have yet
Out-strip't em all; if my wing'd *Mercury*
Keep touch in time: The Court looks odly,
And every brow wears mysteries about 'em:
The fawning Rascals of it (which like Cobwebs
Shou'd be swept off) methinks avoid me now,
Who us'd to crowd, and stop my way with cringes;
Their smiles look like the grins of anger'd *Monkeys*:
But I am safe, while my *Maria*'s Charms
Hang on the King, and numb him to a Lethargy,
There's some that are too great, must be cut down,
Feign'd Accusations, and a little time
Will kill all wonder, which is shorter liv'd
Than dreams of Children, or old Womens tales.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. My Lord.

Ler. Ha! Death on thee, I was serious.
Begon —— this was a guilty start,
This Slave too, will perhaps
Grow wise, and gues's at something,
How hard it is, in slippery ways
To keep a steady Motion.

[Strikes him. *Ex. Angelo.*

Enter Caldron.

How now? what news? —— speak.

Cald. I am too narrow to contain,
It is too great to keep or to let out.

Ler. Curse on this form in thy Relations,
For thou dost practise on me like an Advocate,
Whose splenetic exordiums are more horrid
Than the ill cause he wou'd make monstrous.

Cald. Your Daughter, Sir. ——

Ler. Is sweeter than the Spring, wreath'd in the Arms
Of budding Flowers; what more of her?

Cald. There can't be Man enough in you to hear it,
And then out-live it; 'tis so great a weight,
I almost sink to bring it.

Ler. And yet art such an Ass under thy burden

As not to throw it off: or tell it me,
And I have all thy weight.

Cald. You cannot hear it.

Ler. Not if you do not tell it.

Cald. 'Twill crush you.

Ler. It must be heavier than all the weight
Of Peoples Curses, and the great Ones Envies:
Thou dost not know one thing, *Caldoon*;
Fortune and I did long ago agree,
I to make work for her, and she for me,
Tell it me boldly; and prethee now, *Caldoon*,
Do not like those that bring a bitter Potion,
Make scurvy Faces at it, as you give it.

Cald. Oh, my Lord,
Dogs howlings, or the groans of Mandrakes,
Wou'd be a Consort of soft Musick,
To this harsh thing I have to utter.

Ler. Thou'rt thumb'd my Senses like a skilful Surgeon.
And now may'rt strike, I shall not feel thy Hand.
But come, what of *Maria*?

Cald. She's gone, stole away,
Unknown by whom, or whither.

Ler. This is a dangerous Wound indeed,
I know not where to search it.

Cald. My Lord, I told you what 'twou'd come to.
Ler. Oh, Sir, you are a mighty Prophet,

Where was the King?

Cald. As they say, asleep.

Ler. Could he sleep? and his dull Soul without
A dreaming Whisper, that she was losing,
And when he wakes, and misses her, what then?

Cald. He will be troubled sure.
Ler. Troubles wear off from Kings, (they are too high
To grieve, and sorrow slides from them) like falling drops
From sides of houses, — they dare not hurt her sure.

Cald. It cannot be imagin'd that they dare

Ler. She must appear again, our rapid Motions
Will bring us round again to that fair Sun.
If the King loves her too, (as sure he does)
Her Absence makes it Night with him.

I wonder what they meant by't.

Cald. I cannot guess, my Lord.

Ler. Thou'rt shallow then; they fondly think
The King will be uncharm'd, and hearken to their
Clamours, now she that stood between
Their Breath and him, is thus remov'd;
'Twas politically done; —
And yet they dare not tell him where she is,
Nor the bold Ravisher confesses the Fact.
For yet, *Caldoon*, she hangs upon his Heart
Like hopes of Joy upon a troubled Soul;
I have a Plot to help us yet, at least
To give us time till I have search'd this further.

Cald. What is't, my Lord?

Ler. I'll instantly to the half-soul-less King,
For he must want his better part of Life

Now she is gone: and tell him she is retir'd
On purpose, till a hasty Vow be past:
And frame a Letter in her dearest Name,
Shall keep his Love from chilling.

Cald. 'Tis excellent.

Ler. He must not know she's lost.

Cald. Not for the World.

Ler. By that time, Fate will send her me again;
For those above, all know my Title to her;
She is my Child, *Caldoon*, but such a one
As can raise Sorrow above Nature's pitch.
Prethee observe, *Caldoon*, how other Fathers
Mourn for lost Children; then thou wou't see
I do not talk so idly as thou think'st;
But in this loss, I must not lose my self,
And whine to nothing: I'll to the King.

Enter the King and Medina, D'Alva, Alcara, and Bruchero, whispering to him and Medina shewing Papers: the King sad, and expressing Amazement angrily, and so passes over the Stage.

Cald. He comes.

Ler. But with a Guard, I like not.

Cald. We are undone.

Ler. He wou'd not look upon me once,
While round about him, all my Enemies
Whisper'd Destruction to me.

Cald. All's out, I fear.

Ler. Base Prince; By Heaven, *Caldoon*, he has forgot her;
How easily his fond and childish Love
Threw the fine Thing away, that it so cry'd for.
The Memories of Princes are but Graves
Where Beauty, and where Merit lye forgotten.

Cald. Think of your self, my Lord.

Ler. When the thick crowd of Thoughts for lost *Maria*
Will leave the least way open, then I will;
Oh, she had Eyes, *Caldoon*, I hope she has,
That did, and may, yet look him into nothing.

Cald. Cou'd we but find her.

Ler. She cannot be conceal'd, she is too glorious,
Had she been coupl'd with some rough-hewn Slave,
Her Language wou'd have play'd upon his Soul,
And charm'd him into dotage, if she had griev'd
Like an Idolater, he wou'd have gather'd
Her Tears upon his Knees, for sacred Relicks.
But had he lost her thus, thus as she's lost,
He wou'd have search'd her out, or else destroy'd
All that he could suspect, and then himself.
But this sick shadow of a Lover
That whin'd, and pin'd away in passion for her,
Is like a School-boy, glad to be releas'd
From a hard Lesson.

Cald. Here's more Company.

Ler. The worst is come already, and the rest look'd for.

Enter Medina, D' Alva, Alcara, Bruchero, with Angelo, led Prisoner by an Officer, with a white staff and a Guard attending.

Med. You shall have more Company,
Stignior Angelo — Do your Office, *Algazil.*
Algaz. Roderigo del Caldron, I Arrest thee

In the name of *Philip*, King of Spain.

Cald. I obey it, we are o'er-taken.

Ler. Medina, I will answer the Arrest.

Med. Your case is not much better,
You will be summon'd, *Lerma.*

[Exeunt

Ler. Why then I will appear, *Medina* ;
You're a kind Brother.

Cou'd I turn all my Passions into Curses,
And make 'em as effectual as my sorrows,
They might, perhaps, destroy the proudest of 'em ;
And yet my well-prop' heart shall bear it all,

He only is above Envy and Fate,
Whose mind in sinking Fortunes keeps its height.

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lerma appears, as in his House, with a Letter in his hand; two Men bringing in a Coffer after him, opens a Door, and they place it in.

Ler. **H**ere, set that Treasure in, for they are Reliques,
And will preserve their faithful Worshippers ;
Why, here are mysteries Canonical,
That must not be searcht into by disputes ;
'Twas a good purchase too, considering
The deep necessity ; or if compar'd
To the vast sums I gave my Instruments
To turn them Fiends, and make my self a Devil,
For I am Sainted at a cheaper Rate,
Thanks to his Holiness, my pack of Councillors,
I have out-gone you all ; but to my Letter.

[He Reads.

My LOR'D,
This Coffer holds your wishes, and the full salutes from Rome ; your Money is return'd as promised : I have at Naples here, met news so fearful, has alter'd all my purposes : I have serv'd you faithfully, pay it to my memory ; you are secure, and I preserv'd from shame, by a death of my own chusing, Poyson. So farewell, no more yours, nor any more

Toledo.

Kind Man, that with such pious Charity
Sav'd me the labour ; he knew I honour'd him,
And wou'd not have his Life laid to my charge,
But Piouly he took it from himself ;
Where's such another Churchman ?
For Caldron, by this time he is going after him,
I wou'd the Bishop had but taught the Slave,
His Wife, and charitable way of dying :

But

246. *The Great Favourite: Or,*

But where's *Maria*? I dare not ask my self,
For I, alas, can't tell, and Heaven will not ;
Where is its Mercy then? for it ne'er had
Another way to Blefs, but by *Maria*.
Could my prophane and passionate Revenge
Reach but the Hearts and Lips of the Religious ;
No Incense evermore shou'd upward fly,
Of Prayer or Praise ; I'd stop all Piety
Till they restor'd *Maria* to me — hark —
I hear some noise — ha? what's this?

[Sing here.]

Enter Caldron, going to Execution, led by two Fryars; a Fryer going before, carrying a Crucifix; after follow others of several Orders, every one with a wax Taper in his hand; they pass round the Stage, singing his Funeral Dirge.

After they go out, Medina enters with a Guard.

Ler. Oh, are you come? what Tempest now?

Med. How do you like the sight you saw?

Ler. What the Pageant? I did not like it.

Med. I thought so.

Ler. I was vext to see how the poor Slave
Hung down his head, he shou'd have laugh'd at you.

Med. This heavy Spectacle was meant —

Ler. To frighten me?

Med. No, to prepare and touch thy Conscience
Before thy Summons which I here pronounce ;
Charles Duke of Lerma, the Council do Command
In the King's Name, that you appear immediately
To answer Articles prefer'd against you.

Ler. Philip, Duke of Medina, I dare come.

Med. Your impudence was never question'd.

Ler. Nor shall my confidence be shaken by you.
This was no kind Office for a Brother.

Med. Where I find Vertue, there I own Alliance,
But I still persecute ignoble Acts, though
Against him that wou'd be call'd my Brother.

Ler. Wou'd be call'd?
Take thy disdain'd Alliance back again,
I do despise to plead the chance of Nature
To give me Title or pretence to any thing.
And if you are such as you talk, your self,
You might more nobly have pursu'd those Actions,
That you count ill : I always wore a Sword,
And do so now.

Med. I love not to be urg'd to draw my Sword,
Though that of Justice is much fitter now
To strike at thee, which is so sure and sudden,
That thy pretended Courage is despair.
Yet, now I think on't better, 'tis an Honour
To be thy Executioner.

Ler. I did not think yet to have found *Medina*
A poor malicious Enemy, cou'd you believe
That I have lost my Courage with my Fortunes,
But to take off your mean ignoble scruple,

[Draws.]

Know

Know, Medina, that at this time, my Life
Is as secure as thine, by Heaven it is.

Enter Alcara.

Thou rob'st not greedy Justice of a morsel?

Alc. What's this? the Guard there, hoa?

Ler. What, betray'd?

Alc. How now, my Lord? suff'ring a Traytor
With a Sword drawn upon you.

Med. My Lord, you are mistaken.

Alc. The Council call for you, and are
Just going to Sit, and immediately expect
Your Prisoner's Appearance.

Med. My Lord, I'll follow you.

Alc. I must not leave him Armed.

Med. Take my Honour, my Lord, there shall be
Nothing done, he is my Brother, and as far
As Justice gives me leave, I'll use him Nobly.

Alc. The Guard, my Lord, must wait in sight.

Med. As you please; but he and I must have
Some words in private.

Alc. Upon the engagement of your Honour.

Nothing but words shall pass, I leave you.

[Exit.]

Med. My Lord, you have it, I'll follow presently.
You see we are prevented.

Ler. You have dealt Nobly, and I am calm again;
Only, I wou'd beg leave to tell you a little tale
Before you go. There was a Man, that from a world below
Whose Pious Love to Honour, made him forget
Friends and Alliance: such Chimera's
Have brought on Cruelties in your cousin'd mind
That Nature startles at, and the forc'd World
Who make advantage on your formal dotage,
Condemns you for that ruine which they wish;
And call it cruelty in you to bring it.

Med. You are a subtle Sophister, and might
Talk a believing Fool from his just ends.

Ler. Why, Did you never try in all this time
To teach my heart in private, and direct it;
And where you found a wound, like a good Chirurgeon,
Search it to Cure, and not to kill your Patient.

Med. Away.

Ler. The love of Vertue reaches not to Ruine,
And all will judge your course thus violent
(But such as flatter you for their own ends)
To be your hate to me, not love to Vertue.

Med. I'll hear no more.

Ler. It's true, perhaps I am my self an Ocean,
And mingled something dangerously by Fortune,
And yet but only gently whisper'd to:
I am as calm as Nature undisturb'd
In sleeping Infants; but when loud breaths
Blow me to storms, I care not then who sinks.

Med. I trifle time to hear thee:
The hour of your Appearing's come, make hast,

Or you'll be fetch'd by common Officers :
So farewell, I fear you fool your self with hopes.

[Exit.]

Ler. He's gone ; he durst not stay to hear me ;
He did begin to melt : good natur'd Gentleman.
I love to try Mens tempers to laugh at 'em ;
For I shou'd hardly trust a promis'd kindness.
I will not beg, that can command my Peace ;
He that secures himself well in the end,
Must destroy Foes, and never trust a Friend.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Medina, D'Alva, Alcara, and Bruchero, ready to
sit as in Judgment.

Med. I hope, my Lords, I have deserv'd your thanks.

D'Alva. And all the Nations.

Bru. Caldroon and Angelo did hardly thank you :
The Ants had pil'd a mighty heap of Treasure.

Alca. No news, my Lord, yet of your Niece ?

Med. Not any.

D'Alva. She has show'd a Vertue in this close retreat
Beyond all Story.

Med. I do confess I'm glad I was mistaken ;
I thought her worse than she has prov'd.

Alca. The King they say begins to have suspitions
That she's convey'd away by some of us.

Med. That fancy will be nourish'd in his mind
By Lerma's Creatures, we must haste the Tryal.

Alca. All's ready, see the King.

Enter the King.

A Cloud of sadness gathers on his calmness ;
He seems disturb'd.

D'Alva. Sir —

King. What, you wou'd make excuses for the fact,
Or, wou'd you own it for a Politick Vertue ?

D'Alva. What fact, Sir ?

King. Dare you ask me what ? or do you think
I am too young, not grown up to a King ?

Alca. We do beseech your Majesty —

King. To give you leave to be all Kings, and Tyrants
Of my Affections ; you Ravishers of Vertue,
Either restore Maria to the World,
Or all go suddenly, and lose your selves.

Med. Does your Majesty believe ? —

King. Yes, I do, that all great Men
Have jealous envies, equal unto Rivals ;
And all the courted Beauty is Ambition,
Hid under Justice, which, take heed you follow,
And closely too, or ye shall all feel mine :
So, you may sit, but I will watch your actions.

D'Alva. This is unhappy.

Med. It will be more, unles we now embrace
The opportunity : Come, let us sit
And call the Witnesses.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Izabella.

How now, What's the news with you?

Iza. I wou'd speak with the King.

Med. From whom?

Iza. Maria.

Med. What's your business?

Iza. 'Tis only for his Ears.

Med. How, Izabella, are you grown her Servant?

Iza. I am a Servant to her Vertues.

Med. And so brought a virtuous Message?

Iza. My Lord, you may say what you please.

Med. But you must not go; unless you first

Tell me the busines — Where's Maria?

Iza. I must tell neither.

Med. Ha, Did not I intrust you?

Iza. And so does she, and I'll be just to both:

Pray stop me not.

Med. Sure, Izabella, you forget your self,

And what I am?

Iza. But not what I ought to be.

Med. Go back, I say, and tell that counterfeit Maria,

She shall not save her Father, with the losſ

Of her own Prince — go — Nay, no help.

Iza. Then I must speak.

Med. Put her out, and from henceforth

I do difown my blood in thee too.

Iza. This is Cruelty, not Justice.

Med. Stop her mouth; out with her.

[Puts her out.

D'Alva. What's the matter, my Lord?

Med. Nothing but a Tale-bearer dispatch'd
Away.

Alca. I have seen her ſure.

Med. It may be ſo: Come, we trifle time,
Sit, my Lords, and call the Witneſſes.

Enter Catalina and Antonio.

Med. Antonio, you are ready to averr
Your own Confession, made at ſeveral times.

Anto. My Lords, I am.

Med. The Heads of your Confession made out
The Queen's Death, and your reward; and how
At laſt your own Death was design'd.

Anto. All this I am ready at large to teſtifie,
And prove.

Med. Your Father was a worthy Man,
And you were more unfortunate than ſafe;
Your proof's fair: Catalina,
I know, will be as steady as your Virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

[The King appears above.

Is Lerma come?

Mess. He has refuſ'd to come the common way,
And is deſcending by the private Lobby.

Kk 2

D'Alva.

D'Alva. That private way is not for Traytors.

Med. Envy him not, my Lords, 'tis the last time
That his proud humour shall be satisfied ;
I do believe he knows not what he does,
But like a tir'd o'er-hunted Deer,
Treads fatal Paths offer'd by chance,
And not design'd by him.

Enter Lerma in a Cardinal's Habit.

[*They cry, Room.*

Hark, he comes — ha — What's this?
A Vision?

D'Alva. A Mask, I think, not an Arraignment.

Alca. He has o'er-reach'd us all.

Ler. I see you are amaz'd, my worthy Lords,
To find your Loves to Vertue made so useles,
As not to practise your admir'd Justice :
Perhaps you are so fond of that fair Mistress,
As that it mingled Passion with your Actions,
But now you may discharge your manag'd Witnesses
That stand prepar'd against the Duke of *Lerma*,
Lerma the Cardinal cannot here be Try'd :
Be not so dull, my Lords, it shews uncharitable,
An envious Malice will be thought the Father
Of such a Sadness : nothing but Ruine please you?

Med. D'ye come hear to rail?

Ler. No, to Preach, it is my Office.
I did no sooner touch this Sacred Habit,
But I was fill'd with Notions.

D'Alva. The Devil helps thee to 'em.

Ler. Still so uncharitable?

D'Alva. Dost thou name any thing that's good?

Ler. Ha, ha, ha!

Med. Are you so mercry too?

Ler. Why, wou'd you have me whine, and beg from you
A thing you never had ; and which I need not ?
He that seeks Safety in a States-man's pity,
May as well run a Ship upon sharp Rocks,
And hope a Harbour : nay, if you are so dull,
You'll make me laugh again : 'tis not ill sport
To see your cruel Aims thus lost and cozen'd.
Cou'd you believe, I meant to dye so tamely,
And quench the Thirst of your ambitious Envies
With my desired Blood ?

This holy Robe tells me, it is my duty,
And I forgive : but sure I may laugh at you.

Med. Impudence, stand off. Let us consult.

[*They whisper.*

Ler. Do, whistle out your Brains.
The Council will run mad ; they are angry,
I wou'd not take their way to Heaven.

I must preach Patience to 'em : Now for an Oracle.

Med. You know 'tis in our power to Confine you.

Ler. In that I have as well prevented you :
Here's the Assignment of a holy Prison
By my own choice, and granted by his Holiness,
In that fair Monastery I rais'd my self.

Med.

Med. Subtle Devil.

Ler. I will not longer trouble you, my Lords,
But leave you now to prey upon your selves.
He that devours the rest, in time may be
A Monster, more o'ergrown than e'er I was.
When you are low, and poor, you are all Friends,
And in one fair pretence together join,
While every one conceals his own design.
It is your Countreys cause until full grown
In long fought power, then it proves your own.
When you seem good, your Crimes are not the less,
Men have all new Creations by success.
Ambition like a wanton Womans hast,
Invites new Slaves, grown weary of the last.
Mankind each others stories do repeat,
And Man to Man is a succeeding cheat.
So to this fate I leave you, and shall joy,
To see those Crimes you blame, your selves destroy.
May you all sink in fates for me you meant,
And be too dull, your ruines to prevent ;
That when you're lost in this ambitious toil,
I in my safe retreat may sit and smile.

[Exit.

D' Alva. Here's a strange change: thanks to his Holiness.

Alca. We may blush to be thus cozen'd.

Med. Methinks the greatness of his Spirit stir'd me,
I cou'd almost forgive him.

Enter Maria led by Nuns, and Izabella.
She discovers.

What, More Masquerades; How, *Maria*?

Mar. Where, or to whom, shall I now bend
My almost worn out Knees? Alas the Deity,
From whom I shou'd hope mercy, is not here:
How short are Kings of gods? they're every where.

[She weeps.

King. Maria on her Knees?
Dare they suffer her to kneel
To whom I bow?
Mar. How durst you to a King shut up the way?
Shou'd Saints deny a wretched Soul to pray?
Did I your safeties with such care design
For you to take the Life, that gave me mine.

[Above, and Descends:

Med. Her sorrow moves.

D' Alva. Her Vertue more; rise, fair *Maria*.

Mar. Speak, must my Father dyé? if it be so,
We'll both together to my Mother go.

D' Alva. Fair virtuous Maid, your Father lives.

Enter the King hastily.

Med. Ha! the King.

King. Maria,
Tell me the wretch, that ravish't thee from me;
That my Revenge, great as his crime may be.

Mar. When you your Sacred Word to me did give,
My Father by your Mercy still shou'd live,

[Exit.

I stole away that you might be left free
To be as just, as merciful to me :
And durst not else, but unto those above
In Prayers for you, confess my secret Love.

King. Your Father is preserv'd from danger, free,
And sav'd himself that had been sav'd by me.
He in a Holy Robe is now retir'd,
By danger urg'd, by Heaven I hope inspir'd.

Mar. What an excess of Blessings Heaven can give ?
Oh happy Father that does more than live !
With joy now to my Sacred Cell I'll go ;
I shou'd not weep, but my fond tears will flow.
My Zeal it self has a temptation too,
I scarce shall pray for any thing but you.

King. If you, in leaving me so cruel prove,
Your Prayers will be as useles as your Love.

Mar. Time, Sir, alas, will in a little space,
An Image drawn but faintly, quite deface.
Love, like a shadow, while youth shines, is shown,
But in old Ages darkness, there is none.

King. But all pure Love, like glow-worms heatless fires
Lives where it shines, and with that Life expires.
Beauty, like Time on Dials, moves so slow,
That they who always gaze, can't see it go.

Mar. But I must now leave Heaven, Sir, or you.

King. The choice were easie, were the question true.

Mar. Is not Heaven then the best felicity ?

King. But you as well may go to Heaven with me.

Mar. 'Tis hard, thorow the World to find the way,
If I talk long, I shall my self betray ;
Your Joys I study, and deny my own ;
Shou'd *Lerma's* Daughter share your Bed and Throne ;
Farewel, Sir, when you think of this, confess,
I lov'd you, far beyond my happiness.

[*Going out.*

King. Stay yet, and hear this Vow,
Spain's empty Throne,
Unless from you, shall want succession.

Med. Now, by my Sisters blessed Soul, I share
Between her Vertues, and my Kings Despair ;
Maria, stay, you must to Duty bow.

D'Alva. You sav'd us all, preserve your Nation now.

Alca. That Virtue still may flow from you, their Spring.

Bru. And make a Nation happy with their King.

Mar. What shou'd I do ?

King. ——— Defer your cruel thought,
Till by my grief you are more pitty taught.

Mar. This, Sir, is to o'ercome the easiest way,
My Forces will all lessen by delay,
Yet, Sir, in this I must submit to you,
And Heaven, to teach my heart what's best to do.

King. Till then ———

Let all that love me, in my troubles join,
And let their griefs, Allegiance pay to mine.

Let not a smile upon a Face be seen,
Till fair *Maria* yields to be my Queen.

Epi-

Epilogue

Spoken by M^{rs} Ellen.

Much injur'd Gentlemen, may you now please,
You true Committee of such Grievances,
Kindly to hear me now, and I will show it,
We have been all ill us'd, by this days Poet.
'Tis our joint Cause ; I know you in your hearts
Hate serious Plays, as I do serious Parts,
To trouble us with Thoughts and State-designs,
A melancholy Plot ty'd with strong Lines,
I had not the least Part to day you see,
Truth, he has neither writ for you, nor me ;
You are not hard to please ; though a Poet scarce
Can make a Play, yet he might make a Farce,
With small ridiculous things to stuff it full,
And make you pay to laugh, not to be dull.

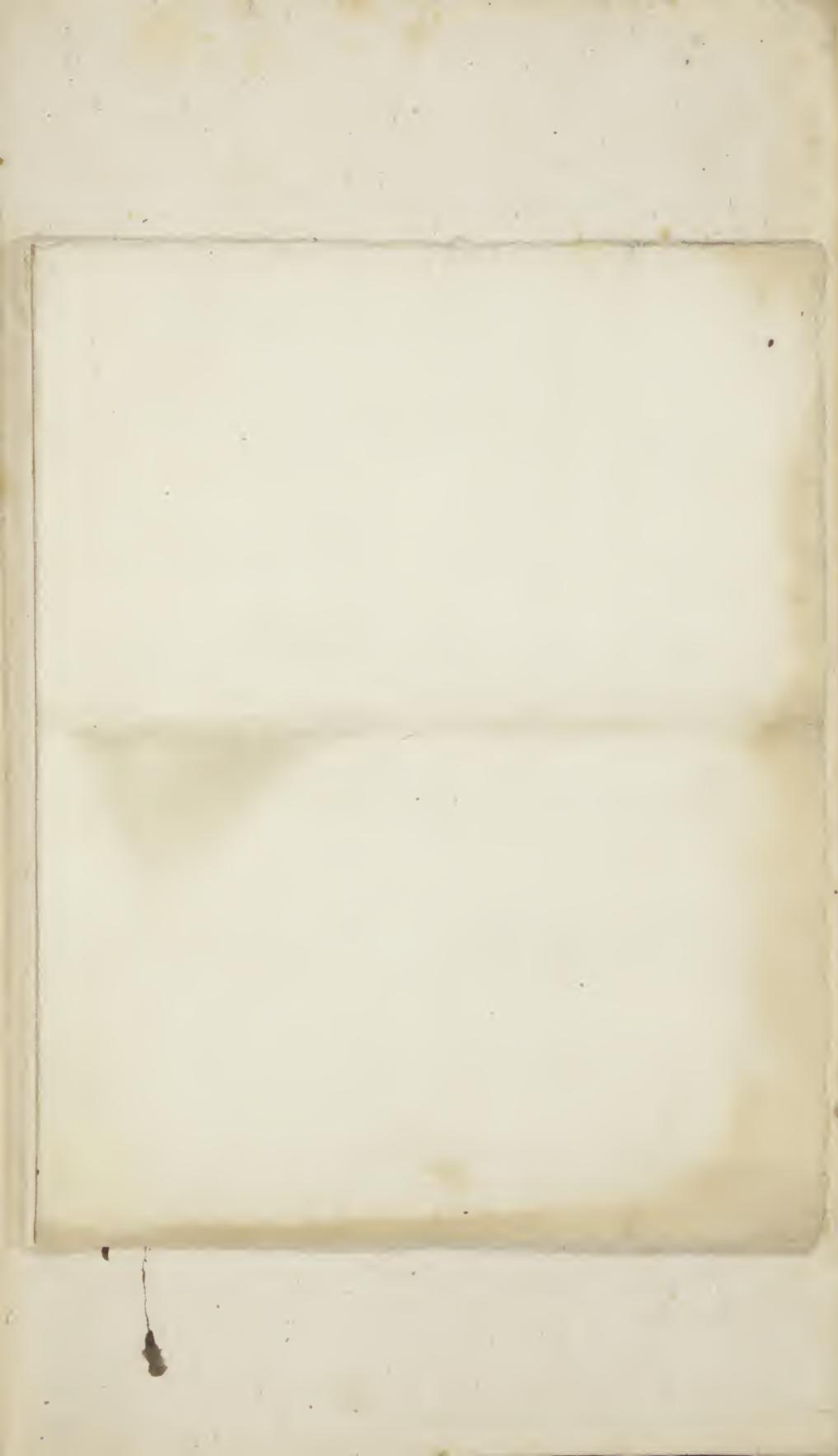
Henceforth, against all sad and grave int'regues,
We'll make Offensive, and Defensive Leagues ;
And for all those that dare write Tragedy,
We'll make a Law, with a huge Penalty ;
And yet few Poets so much Wealth possess,
Or Wit, where you might levy a Distress ;
Let the grave Poets then trouble but few,
Write Elegies on Men, which few Men knew,
And few perhaps will read ; or let 'em write
Rhimes for the Bell-man, to be spoke at night.

This Poet may be pardon'd, lest it be said
You did condemn before the Law was made ;
I mean, if's Play be good, I tell you True,
He thinks it is, but pray now, What think you ?

FINIS.

Engolise

1988 May 11 10:22



An Account of the several Vouchers dated the
22^d of October 1854 amounting to £1000.
On the 21^d October was paid towards all that
part of the sum of £1000 due for Edward
the King, £100 made by Mr. G. L. Smith
Signer to the Royal Charter for the
Government of the Bank of England
dated October Monday 10th 1854 in London
for the payment of this and other certificates
and copies of the same were paid at the Bank
of England Oct 1854.

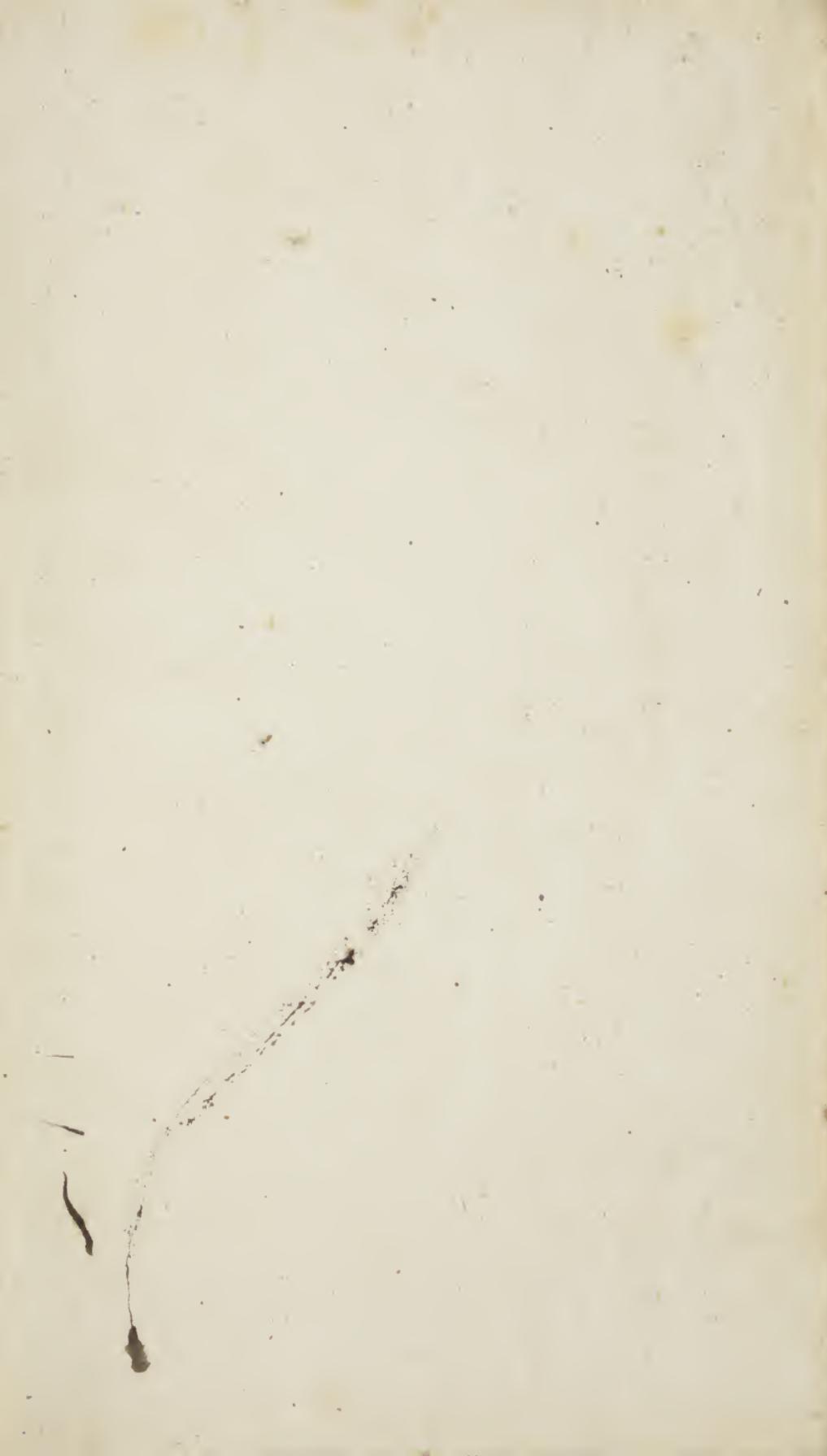
Dates of Rec'd & amount of Dr. & Cash. Name & Date of Payment.

10/7/9 Aug 31.	£ 30 000	10/7/9	£ 30 000	10/7/9
£ 30 000	31	£ 30 000	10/7/9	£ 30 000
£ 30 000	32	£ 30 000	10/7/9	£ 30 000
£ 30 000	33	£ 30 000	10/7/9	£ 30 000
				£ 3000

108241	333	5000	-	30.8119 - 30.8119. 30000 - 30.8119. 30000
4 Sept.	41	2273	-12	- 13.09pt. 1679 - 19.09pt. 1679
108241	42	2000	-	- 16.09pt. 1679 - 19.09pt. 1679
108241	43	2000	-	- 19.09pt. 1679 - 19.09pt. 1679
108241	45	2000	-	- 10.09pt. 1679 - 23.09pt. 1679
108241	47	3000	-	- 2.09pt. 07 - 27.09pt. 07
108241	48	3000	-	- 2.09pt. 07 - 30.09pt. 07
				<u><u>34273.12. -</u></u>

21 Octo 6, 1679.

Editorial





Aleph 2116850 04-44678

